University of Alberta

Johann Nestroy's *Der Talisman*: An English Performance Translation

by

Brigitte Simone Gerdes

A thesis submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.

Department of Drama

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The undersigned certify that they have read, and recommend to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research for acceptance, a thesis entitled Johann Nestroy's ***Der Talisman***: An English Performance Translation submitted by Brigitte Simone Gerdes in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.

Dr. James DeFelice

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Dr. James McTeague

March 31, 1997.

Dedication

For my parents, Martha and Wilhelm Gerdes.

Abstract

Johann Nestroy's **The Talisman or the Wigs of Fate** is translated with the intention of making it accessible to English-speaking actors and appealing to English-speaking audiences. The farce with songs in three acts is a performance translation as opposed to one written for the reading public or the student of German literature. Included in the thesis is a discussion of the numerous influences on the translation including critical works, audio and video recordings, drawings and paintings, theatrical tradition, the play's original source, and the effects of Nestroy's acting ensemble on **Der Talisman oder die Schicksalsperücken.** Also included is a piano score of Adolf Müller's original score, transcribed by Vincent Ho. The performance translation, piano score, and accompanying documentation are assembled and intended for actors, directors, and designers interested in performing Nestroy for English-speaking audiences.

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I am especially grateful to Barry Yzereef for the original suggestion to translate Nestroy's ***Der Talisman***, for his excellent alterations to the lyrics and editing of the text, and for his continued efforts to stage the translation. Thank-you also to Vincent Ho for permission to print his piano transcription of Adolf Müller's original score, and to Toni Krieger for helping me to transcribe the *Kurrentschrift* lyrics. Special thanks to my supervisor, James DeFelice, and Marianne Henn, Albert Sturm, James McTeague, and Alex Kliner for their kind suggestions for improving the performance translation, and to Helmut Gruntorad and Franz Zwolfer for supplying me with essential documents and recordings. My sincere appreciation goes to Leo Seewald and Martha Gerdes for their support, and to Wilhelm Gerdes for his interest and dedication in helping me to create the performance text of **The Talisman or the Wigs of Fate**.

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Chapter One: Introduction

The name of Johann Nestroy (1801-1862) is carved on the exterior of Vienna's *Burgtheater* along with the names of Shakespeare, Molière, and Goethe, all of whom have been recognized as world class dramatists, yet the English speaking world is only vicariously familiar with Nestroy. Tom Stoppard's **On the Razzle** and Thornton Wilder's **The Matchmaker** (which was later converted into the Broadway Musical **Hello Dolly!**) are both adaptations of one of Nestroy's most popular plays, ***Einen Jux will er sich machen***. In the English-speaking world Nestroy's reputation rests precariously on these few though popular adaptations. In Austria, Germany, and Switzerland his reputation is due to his domination of the Austrian folk theatre, both as actor and playwright, from the mid-1830's until his death in 1862. Regarded as "the Viennese Shakespeare"[1] and "the Austrian Aristophanes,"[2] Nestroy wrote a body of more than eighty plays and performed approximately 880 roles in his forty-year career on the stage.[3] After his death the widespread belief was held that his plays could not be performed without his comic genius at the helm, but this false notion was eventually dispelled by critics and by actors who became Nestroy players, thus assuring Nestroy a prominent place within Austrian and German theatre history. A second belief, that the plays of Nestroy cannot be translated (even into German) because they are written in the Austrian dialect,[4] has also been dispelled by the publication of English translations of six Nestroy plays.[5] What has yet to

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[1] Kurt Kahl, *Johann Nestroy oder der Wienerische Shakespeare* (Wien: Verlag Fritz Molden, 1970).
[2] *Three Comedies by Johann Nestroy*, translated by Max Knight and Joseph Fabry (New York: Frederick Ungar Pub., 1967) 19.
[3] Jürgen Hein, *Johann Nestroy* (Stuttgart: J.B. Metzlersche Verlagsbuchhandlung, 1990) 35.
[4] Hans Weigel, *Johann Nestroy* (Vienna, 1962) 76.
[5] *Three Comedies by Johann Nestroy*, translated by Max Knight and Joseph Fabry (New York: Frederick Ungar Pub., 1967). *Three Viennese Comedies by Johann Nepomuk Nestroy*, translated by Robert

be proven is that an English translation can have appeal when performed in the English-speaking world, for only then may Nestroy take his proper place in theatre history amongst the world class dramatists to which he has been compared.

What follows is an English translation of Nestroy's ***Der Talisman or the Wigs of Fate***, translated with the intention of making it accessible to English-speaking actors and appealing to English-speaking audiences. The farce with songs in three acts is, in short, a performance translation as opposed to one written for the reading public or the student of German literature. Two such translations of ***Der Talisman*** have already been published. Max Knight and Joseph Fabry have admittedly "fondly tampered with"[6] the original, yet give a fine sense of the spirit of Nestroy, while Robert Harrison and Katharina Wilson's translation is academically faithful to the letter of the original, yet is spiritless. Neither seem to have been written with the intention of performance, seem suited for production, nor (to my knowledge) have ever been performed, and yet I am indebted to both for reasons which I will discuss in detail in my final chapter, 'On the process of translation.' This last chapter will also discuss the numerous influences on the performance translation including critical works, audio and video recordings, paintings and drawings, performance traditions, the play's original source, and most importantly, Nestroy's own processes and intentions for ***Der Talisman***. My own intention is to provide not only a translation suitable for performance, but also a dramaturgical source-book for actors, directors, and designers interested in presenting Nestroy's most famous play to English-speaking audiences.

Harrison and Katharina Wilson (Columbia South Carolina: Camden House, 1986). *Freedom in Krähwinkel* (The Drama Review 1961).

[6] *Three Comedies by Johann Nestroy*, (New York: Frederick Ungar Pub., 1967) iii.

Chapter Two: Biographical Introduction to Nestroy

Nestroy's fame rests on a large body of plays of which only the first, ***Rudolph, Prinz von Korsika*** (1822), is not a comedy, in addition to his reputation as 19th Century Austria's leading comic actor. His family, however, intended Johann Nepomuk Eduard Ambrosius Nestroy, born on the 7th of December 1801, to follow in the footsteps of his Czechoslovakian born father and become a barrister. Although he received an excellent education at Vienna's finest high school, the *Schottengymnasium*, and although he spent three years reading law at the University of Vienna, Nestroy quickly discovered that his talents and his interests lay not in law, but in music, theatre, and opera. On the 8th of December 1818, at the age of precisely seventeen years and one day, Nestroy debuted the bass solo part in Händel's oratorio **Timotheus** at the *Redoutensaal*.[7] In 1822 he abruptly abandoned his legal education altogether and took to the stage, singing the part of Sarastro in Mozart's **The Magic Flute** on the 24th of August, and due to popular acclaim, again on the 31st.[8] His aptitude for a career as an opera singer is confirmed by a series of contracts held in Vienna at the *Hofoper* and *Nationaltheater*, in Amsterdam at the *Deutsche Theater*, in provincial houses in Brünn, Preßburg, and finally Graz where his career as an opera singer was ultimately superseded by a career as a comic actor. In Amsterdam in 1825 he performed 195 singing parts and nine speaking parts, but five years later and back in his native Vienna, his repertory had entirely reversed; only seven of his 226 parts were sung.[9]

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[7] Jürgen Hein, *Johann Nestroy* (Stuttgart: J.B. Metzlersche Verlagsbuchhandlung, 1990) 23.
[8] *ibid.*
[9] *ibid.* 23 & 25

Nestroy's apprenticeship in the provincial and German theatres served him well not only as a performer, but also as a writer, in that they provided him with intimate knowledge of a wide spectrum of conventions and traditions which he could both employ and parody. His initial plays, written between 1826 and 1835, were mostly *Zauberstücke* (magic plays)[10] and include ***Der konfuse Zauberer oder Treue und Flatterhaftigkeit*** **(The Confused Wizard or Fidelity and Fickleness** 1832), ***Die Verbannung aus dem Zauberreiche oder Dreißig Jahre aus dem Leben eines Lumpen*** **(The Banishment from the Magic Kingdom or Thirty Years in the Life of a Bum** 1828), and the play which culminated in his rise to popularity ***Der böse Geist Lumpazivagabundus oder Das liederliche Kleeblatt*** **(The Nasty Ghost Lumpazivagabundus or the Trio of Rascals** 1833).[11] This body of plays and his acting abilities garnered him a contract with the theatre manager Karl Carl at the *Theater an der Wien*, where all the above mentioned plays were staged in his first season, 1832-33, with considerable box-office success. The association proved to be satisfactory to both Carl and Nestroy, despite Carl's demands for three plays per year from Nestroy's hand in addition to his acting duties, and despite Carl's reputation "as one of the most demanding and mercenary theatre managers in theatre history."[12] Nestroy remained under his employ, transferring from the *Theater an der Wien* to the *Josefstadt Theater* with the company in 1845, and eventually becoming

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[10] Nestroy's play titles were translated into English by the author.
[11] W.E. Yates, *Nestroy: Satire and Parody in Viennese Popular Comedy* (Cambridge: UP, 1972) 56.
[12] Laurence V. Harding, *The Dramatic Art of Ferdinand Raimund and Johann Nestroy* (The Hague: Mouton, 1967) 71.

theatre manager of the *Leopoldtheater* (taken on in 1847 and renamed the *Carls Theater*) after Carl's death in 1854.[13]

As resident playwright of a financially successful company run by a demanding manager, Nestroy was under considerable pressure to produce popular works. He therefore changed the styles of his plays in accordance with the changing tastes of his audience, the clearly expressed demands of his critics, and the capabilities of the actors in his company. He quickly abandoned the conventions of the 'magic play' with its allegorical characters such as Fate and Fortuna, replacing them for a short time with *Besserungsstücke* (Betterment plays) whose intention was to teach *Biedermeier* virtues and values. ***Zu ebener Erde und erster Stock oder Die Launen des Glücks*** **(On the Ground and First Floors or the Mood Swings of Luck** 1835), ***Der Treulose oder Saat und Ernte*** **(The Faithless or Sowing and Reaping** 1836), and ***Gegen Torheit gibt es kein Mittel*** **(There's no Cure for Stupidity** 1838) each "contained an overtly moralistic element"[14] and were therefore praised by the critics of the day. Out of this style of theatre grew the *Volksstück*, under which category ***Der Talisman oder Die Schicksalsperücken*** **(The Talisman or the Wigs of Fate** 1840) falls. The *Volksstück* was intended to present a realistic portrayal of the middle and lower levels of society in order to make the theatre relevant to them and exert influence upon them, but in Nestroy's hands this form of theatre became an opportunity to satirize and parody the "*Volk*." ***Das Haus der Temperamente*** **(The House of Temperaments** 1837) featured four simultaneous playing

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[13] Otto Basil, *Johann Nestroy in Selbstzeugnissen und Bilddokumenten* (Hamburg: Rowohlt Taschenbuch Verlag, 1967) 137, and W.E. Yates, *Nestroy: Satire and Parody in Viennese Popular Comedy* (Cambridge: UP, 1972) 47.

[14] W.E. Yates, *Nestroy: Satire and Parody in Viennese Popular Comedy* (Cambridge: UP, 1972) 64.

spaces stacked in a cube configuration with each room representing one of the four humours, and in addition to being a novelty in theatre history it was widely praised for its realistic portrayal of human behavior.[15] This was followed by a series of plays wherein Nestroy's wit was especially sharp: ***Die verhängnisvolle Faschingsnacht*** **(The Fateful Carnival Night** 1839), ***Das Mädl aus der Vorstadt oder Ehrlich währt am längsten*** **(The Gal from the Suburbs or Honesty is the Best Policy** 1841), ***Einen Jux will er sich machen*** **(A Joke he wants to Make** 1842), ***Liebesgeschichten und Heiratssachen*** **(Love Stories and Marriage Matters** 1843) and ***Der Zerrissene*** **(The Frazzled** 1844). In all these plays Nestroy mocked pretension wherever he found it, showing, for instance, that the poorer classes in **On the Ground and First Floors** are just as corrupt, petty, and snobbish as the wealthy who live above them. Nestroy only stopped at ridiculing religion and the aristocracy, but this was demanded by the censor under the dictates of Prince Metternich, foreign minister and all powerful advisor to the monarch Emperor Franz I.[16] Modern critics look to Nestroy's play ***Freiheit in Krähwinkel*** **(Freedom in Krähwinkel)**, written during the eight months of the Revolution of 1848, to discover if his playwriting changed when not controlled by the censor, but his most significant changes are simply the addition of revolutionaries as targets for his wit and healthy attacks on the notion of censorship. The revolution did, however, spark Nestroy's creativity and shortly thereafter he wrote the last of his full-length comedies to achieve success: ***Lady und Schneider*** **(Lady and the Tailor** 1848), ***Höllenangst*** **(Hellish Fear** 1849) and

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[15] *ibid.* 65.
[16] Ilsa Barea, *Vienna: Legend and Reality* (London: Pimlico, 1966) 113.

Kampl oder Das Mädchen mit Millionen und die Näherin **(Kampl or the Millionairess and the Seamstress** 1852).

Changes to Nestroy's acting ensemble resulted in changes to his playwriting and for the remainder of his career Nestroy concentrated primarily on one-act plays. The particular talents of the acting ensemble had always greatly influenced the characters, the plots, and especially in his later years, the length of his plays. The comedian Carl Treumann, an addition to the ensemble as of 1852, preferred to perform in one-act pieces and Nestroy wrote to accommodate him. Of his 73 extant works, scholars have only attributed two plots to Nestroy himself, making it all the more remarkable that his adaptations regularly include characters which are specifically tailored to the members of his company. ***Der Talisman*** is no exception to this tradition. Nestroy always wrote the leading part, that of the *raisonneur* who stands outside of society in order to comment on its foibles, for himself. He wrote lines that seemed innocuous in order to appease the censor, but with ironic delivery accompanied by punctuating gestures like a raised eyebrow, his real meaning was effectively and hilariously communicated:

> According to the usual sources, the actor Nestroy stands before us as thin, tall, in stance somewhat forward leaning and slightly bent, overall agile, his vocal powers uncannily suggestive, his gestures underlying his every meaning, aggressive in his manner and utterly convincing.[17]

The biting sarcasm and scathing cynicism of his *raisonneur* was usually softened by a less aggressive and more humane side-kick, a part usually written for Nestroy's 25 year acting companion, the short and bulky Wenzel Scholz (1787-1857) whose figure added comic contrast to the tall and lean Nestroy. In ***Der Talisman,*** *Titus Feuerfuchs* does not have a

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[17] My translation of Johann Hüttner, *Theater als Geschäft* (Vienna: Habil, 1982) 104.

faithful companion and there was no Scholz role, although there were roles for Karl Carl (*Spund* or Herr Beerbarrel Bungle) and Nestroy's common law spouse, Marie Weiler. The part of *Flora Baumscheer* (Flora Treeshears) was, in fact, written for Weiler and the play opened as a benefit performance for her on the 16th of December 1840.[18]

The effect of the *Carls Theater* ensemble on ***Der Talisman*** receives fuller examination in the last chapter, but what requires mentioning here is Nestroy's personal life in which Marie Weiler (1809-1864) played a significant part. Called "*die Frau*"[19] but never given that status due to a short-lived but earlier marriage of Nestroy's,[20] Weiler was instrumental to his success as actor, playwright, and especially manager. They met in Graz in 1827 while both were employed as opera singers, and Nestroy secured a contract for her at the *Theater an der Wien* when he joined the company in 1832. According to the Nestroy scholar Otto Rommel, she almost never played leading roles, was rarely seen on stage after 1844, and left the acting profession altogether in 1851,[21] but this permitted her to successfully manage the financial affairs of the *Carls Theater* after Nestroy became its manager. She also bore Nestroy two children, Karl Johann Anton (1831-1880) and Maria Cäcilia (1840-1873), struggled through a number of Nestroy's affairs with other women, many near disastrous gambling bouts, countless conflicts with the censor that ended in prison terms, and more than two years of seemingly endless farewell performances. On the 25th of May 1862, two months after his final farewell performance in the part with which he first gained widespread popularity (***Knieriem*** in ***Der böse Geist***

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[18] *Nestroy Komödien*, edited by Franz H. Mautner (Frankfurt: Insel Verlag, 1970) 176.
[19] Jürgen Hein, *Johann Nestroy* (Stuttgart: J.B. Metzlersche Verlagsbuchhandlung, 1990) 26.
[20] Nestroy married Maria Wilhelmine von Nespiesny in 1823, she bore him a son, Gustav Johann Wilhelm in 1823, and the relationship ended in 1827.
[21] Johann Nestroy *Gesammelte Werke*, ed. by Otto Rommel (Wien: A. Schroll, 1962) 434.

Lumpazivagabundus), Nestroy died of a heart attack at his holiday home in Graz. Weiler died nineteen years later and they are buried together in the *Wiener Zentralfriedhof*. Theatre historians have concluded that Weiler was a domineering mate,[22] but Nestroy wrote in his will that she was a "*treue Freundin meiner Tage*" (a true and faithful friend of my days). He also declared her his "universal heir," a title which the reader will soon discover resonates strangely with ***Der Talisman***.[23]

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[22] Franz H. Mautner writes that Marie Weiler's "*persönliche Eigenheit einer gewissen Scharfzüngigkeit konnte sie als Flora Baumsheer im "Talisman" zur Geltung bringen*" in his biography, *Nestroy* (Heidelberg: Lothar Stiehm Verlag, 1974) 143. Translation: Marie Weiler's personal attribute of a sharp tongue could be successfully employed by her for the role of Flora Baumscheer in *Der Talisman*.

[23] Jürgen Hein, *Johann Nestroy* (Stuttgart: J.B. Metzlersche Verlagsbuchhandlung, 1990) 34.

Chapter Three:

Johann Nestroy's

The Talisman

or

the Wigs of Fate

A Farce with Songs in Three Acts

Music by Adolf Müller

CHARACTERS

TITUS FIREFOX a redheaded unemployed journeyman barber

SALOME GOOSEGIBLET a redheaded goose-girl

LADY CYPRESSCASTLE a widow and a wealthy authoress

CONSTANSIA her chambermaid, also a widow

FLORA TREESHEARS her gardeneress , also a widow

PUMPKINHEAD a gardener

MONSIEUR MARQUIS a French hairdresser with a French accent

HERR BEERBARREL BUNGLE a fat and wealthy beer seller with an Austrian accent, uncle to Titus

EMMA Lady Cypresscastle's daughter

NOTARY HAWK

COUNTRY BOYS among them CHRISTOF, HANS and SEPPEL

COUNTRY GIRLS among them HANNERL

GEORG and KONRAD servants to Lady Cypresscastle

GARDEN HANDS

GENTLEMEN and LADIES

The action takes place at the castle and adjacent estate of Lady Cypresscastle near Vienna.

ACT ONE

A village square. A well centre stage flanked by two stone benches which face each other. On one side a garden wall with a small open gate leading to the estate garden of Lady Cypresscastle.

SCENE 1

COUNTRY GIRLS *among them* HANNERL *and*
COUNTRY BOYS *among them* CHRISTOF, SEPPEL *and* HANS.

Girls (*enter while singing the following chorus*)
Today we'll go dancin' at the church fair,
We'll dance at the church fair,
Look here come the boys who we'll be dancin' with there.

Boys (*enter*) At last you've arrived, yer all lookin' great,
The dance floor's a jumpin' and you girls is late!

Girls Geez don't have a fit.

Boys All right but let's git.

Girls Geez don't have a fit.

Boys All right but let's git.

All Let's sing and let's dance, make a lovin' advance,
To the (boy/girl) of our choice, it's a day to rejoice!
Let us dance, let us sing, have an amorous fling,
Before the day's done, we'll all have some fun,
Before the night ends, we'll be more than friends!
Singin', dancin', won't it be fun?
Huggin', kissin', when it's all done!

Christof (*to a country girl*) The two of us'll dance together.

Hans (*to another*) We here been partners at ten church fairs.

Hannerl (*to a country boy*) Won't catch me dancin' with anyone in the world but you.

Christof Well look it who's a comin'. It's ol' Salome.

Hannerl With the fire wagon red hair.

Christof What does she want at church fair?

Hannerl To ignite all yer hearts, that should be clear.

SCENE 2

SALOME *and the previous characters.*

Salome (*enters dressed poorly in country clothing*) Golly, they sure seem to be havin' a good ol' time. Looks like the dancin's started ain't it?

Christof Maybe.

Salome I'm sure you all don't mind if I tag along?

Hans Well - Why not? Anybody can go.

Christof (*referring to Salome's red hair*) But what about the fire hazard?

Hans The guards gonna be there y'know.

Christof And he's a thinkin' about how you walked your gaggle of geese by the ol' barn and how it burned to the ground a week later.

Hannerl And everyone knows the barn was ignited by yer flamin' red hair.

Salome Its purtty disgustin' how you all go on about me, just 'cause I'm the only one in town that's got red hair. Ya call me the ugliest, but I'm really the purrtiest.

Girls Aww that's a good one. She's the purrtiest.

Christof (*to Salome*) Ya can tag along, but ya gotta find yerself a partner first.

Seppel (*a very ugly boy*) I'll dance with ya. What have I got to lose?

Christof Are ya crazy? A good-lookin' kid like yerself can do better than the redhead.

Seppel You're right. Ain't wise to just put m'self out on the likes of her.

Hans Quit yer yakkin' an' let's git.

All To the dance floor! (*Alpine yodels*) *Juhe*! *Juhe*! Let's go a dancin'!

SCENE 3

SALOME *alone*

Salome Been left behind again. An' why? 'cause I'm the redheaded Salome. But red is surely a purrty colour. Purrtiest flowers are roses an' roses are red. Purrtiest thing in nature is the sunrise and it rises gloriously red. Clouds surely ain't a purrty invention but even the clouds 'r purrty when the ev'nin sun burns red through 'em way up t' heaven. That's why I say whoever has somethin' 'gainst the colour red, hasn't got a' inklin' of what bein' truly purrty is. But what's the use? I still don't got no one who'll take me t' the fair. Could go by m'self. But the girls 'ill tease me an' giggle an' gaggle. My gaggle of geese don't giggle 'cause they're nasty. My gaggle giggles cause they're glad to see the good grub I give 'em to gobble. And when they see me they look at my hands, not my head. (*exits*)

SCENE 4

FLORA *and* PUMPKINHEAD

Flora (*enters*) Unbelievable! I could spit from here to the city but the coach needed an hour and a quarter to get there and back. It should be ashamed of itself.

Pumpkinhead (*enters carrying a laden basket*) Why ashamed? A coach just needs to be coached to run.

Flora Too bad that yer not a coach, yer certainly slow enough.

Pumpkinhead Nope. Ain't smart enough for that. A coach is the smartest thing in the world. Let's everyone sit on it regardless 'a standing.

Flora I think your havin' one of yer witty days where yer even harder t' take than usual.

Pumpkinhead Whine. Complain. Go ahead and let it all out on me. It won't last forever.

Flora What? Ya gonna quit the service of our Lady Cypresscastle? Wouldn't that be smart.

Pumpkinhead Nope. My dear Mrs. Treeshears, you'll be married again soon. Then you'll leave me alone and nag yer husband t'death.

Flora *Dummkopf*. I'll never marry again but be true to m' poor dead husband. May his soul rest in peace.

Pumpkinhead He may believe that now that he's dead. Sure didn't when he was alive.

Flora If I was our Lady Cypresscastle I would 'a gotten rid of you a long time ago.

Pumpkinhead If I was our Lady Cypresscastle I'd 'a fired some people too.

Flora Ya never know who'll be sacked next. I've been given permission t' hire a strong and capable fella fer the garden.

Pumpkinhead Well then there's less work fer me. All I'll have t' do is drink beer and plant peas in the garden. Nothin' like beer to help ya with the peas.

Flora Get outta here and go find Mr. Post. He's got someone he wants t' recommend.

Pumpkinhead Hey maybe the new garden fella 'll be yer future husband?

Flora No garden fella is good 'nough fer me. I leave 'em all holdin' the bag.

Pumpkinhead Don't I know it. But if ya want me to visit the ol' Post then yer stuck holdin' the bag. (*gives Flora the basket*)

Flora Get outta here why don't ya Pumpkinhead? (*exits through the garden gate*)

Pumpkinhead (*alone*) I gotta hunch that it ain't the garden whose a needin' a strong an' capable fella. (*exits*)

SCENE 5

TITUS FIREFOX *is pushed on stage by a man*

Titus
Did you see what he did?
That stupid young kid,
He knocked me right down,
That detestable clown,
And he did it I swear,
Because of my hair,
He laughed at my hair,
(*ironic*) Which surely is fair.

Red hair is a sign of a nature untrue?
To judge by one's hair, what a dumb thing to do.
I've met some real villains with raven black curls,
Who have done wretched things to some innocent girls,
And we all know the blond man so faithful and true?
With his wife and three children and four girlfriends too,
And those wise gray haired teachers who lecture and preach?
Why they're often more hare-brained then those that they teach.

(*ironic*) Oh it surely is fair,
To be judged by one's hair,
Yes it surely is fair,
To be judged by one's hair.

(*a woman enters, snubs Titus and exits*)

I never shall wed,
Because of my head,
When girls look at me,
They despise what they see,
Girls treat me with spite,
When I come in their sight,
And they never will care,
For me and my hair.

Redheaded women lead men on it's true,
But that's something all shades of women will do.
I've heard that brunettes make quite pleasing wives,
And how pleased they are when their old husband dies,
And blondes are curvaceous, yes blondes they are fun,
They'll take all your money and run when they're done.
Even grayhaired women won't leave you alone,
For they yell and they cry and they nag 'till you moan..

(*ironic*) Oh it surely is fair,
To be judged by one's hair,
Yes it surely is fair,
To be judged by one's hair.

How wrongheaded it is to judge by the head, and even standing on it changes nothing. Prejudice is a big brick wall to beat your head against. I've exchanged my prejudiced home for the wide world but the wide world is more prejudiced than I thought. From the thorny bush of bitter experience I carved myself a walking stick, threw on a pair of walking

boots, waved my see-ya-later cap, and with one silent step stepped into the middle of the wide world. What now? Well, since Luck and Smarts are always apart, Luck should come with someone dumb. I'd consider it a good omen to meet a real idiot.

SCENE 6

TITUS *and* PUMPKINHEAD

Pumpkinhead Geez. Another trip fer nothin'. (*notices Titus*) Is this a stranger I see before me?

Titus (*aside*) Fate, I think you were listening.

Pumpkinhead (*looking Titus over*) This could be the garden fella Mr. Post was gonna recommend. He's built big - big mouthed, big eyed, big eared. Only his hair? (*to Titus*) Are ya lookin' for bread Mr.?

Titus Yes sir, bread for my purse to buy bread for my belly.

Pumpkinhead (*aside*) He wants money, the suspicious character. (*to Titus*) Are ya a treasure hunter?

Titus Show me a town where treasure is buried and I'll gladly take digging lessons from gophers.

Pumpkinhead So yer a robber?

Titus Not yet. My talents for thieving stopped developing in an underdeveloped development stage.

Pumpkinhead Do ya have an inklin' of the gardenin' profession?

Titus I've sown a few wild oats in my time.

Pumpkinhead (*aside*) He's our man. (*to Titus*) So ya'd like t' be the strong an' capable fella t' the widow Treeshears?

Titus A widow's fellow? I qualify myself for every profession.

Pumpkinhead I'd be helped if I helpe her to a helper like him. Wouldn't dare bring her this carrot top.

Titus (*angrily*) Sir, this outward remark hurts my innermost self.

Pumpkinhead Aww git lost tomato head. (*exits through the garden gate*)

SCENE 7

TITUS *alone*

Titus What can I say to his high degree of lowliness? The people I meet are so friendly, so full of love. I think I feel thoughts of misanthropy organizing within me. Yes, I hate you inhuman humanity. I wish to be free of you. I wish to be hermitized! I wish to be alone! Wait - racing thoughts - such decisions are to be carried out by the well fed not by the hungry. No mankind, you won't lose me so easily. Appetite is the tender leash which binds me three times daily to humanity. (*noticing Salome*) Good God. A gorgeous goose girl guiding her gaggle of geese by the gate. Think I'll take a gander.

SCENE 8

TITUS *and then* SALOME *who enters holding a loaf of bread and a knife*

Salome I need a drink. I feel so full. (*goes to the well and drinks*)

Titus (*aside*) She's full. If only I could share that feeling with her.

Salome (*notices Titus, aside*) A strange young fellow. And look at his purrty red hair. Just like mine.

Titus (*aside*) I wonder if that radish head will call me a tomato head. (*to Salome*) God be with you kindred spirit.

Salome At your service handsome sir.

Titus (*half-aside*) She thinks I'm handsome. She's the first one here.

Salome Aww stop it, I'm the last one here in town. I'm Salome Goosegiblet an' jest a poor ol' goose-girl.

Titus Poor? My sincerest sympathy yee careful molder of tender young geese. Your governess counterparts in the city are certainly more wealthy, but their young charges are not made nearly as rich as yours, who are so well-crammed for careers on dinner plates.

Salome Don't understand a word yer sayin'. But ya say it so purrty. Who was yer Poppa?

Titus He is at present a passed-away Principal. And the school where he taught is currently unprincipled.

Salome How nice. And yer Momma?

Titus Before her death she was the long time wedded wife of the aforementioned.

Salome Ah how nice.

Titus (*aside*) She finds everything so nice I may be as foolish as I wish.

Salome And may I know your name or at least your Christian name?

Titus I'm called Titus after the bust of Titus.

Salome What a purrty name.

Titus Just a name for a man with a head on his shoulders.

Salome Such a rare name.

Titus Yes. I've heard it will soon fall off altogether.

Salome And have ya no livin' relations?

Titus O yes! Aside from the aforementioned deceased there are definite traces of an uncle on my family tree, but he's a rotten branch. Doesn't give me a penny.

Salome Maybe he don't got no money either?

Titus My child don't blaspheme! He sells beer and beer sellers are always foaming with money. They work very hard turning beer into silver and lining their purses with gold.

Salome Did ya do somethin' to him that he didn't like?

Titus Yes indeed, I touched his most sensitive part. The eye. I irritate his eye. Each time he looks at me he sees red.

Salome How cruel.

Titus He concluded from my hair that I'm a false and back-stabbing twerp, And when he concluded I was excluded from his heart and from his purse.

Salome How terrible.

Titus More stupid than terrible, but nature offers us an explanation. If we look at the animal kingdom we will find that bulls hate red, and so it follows that if a man hates red he's full of bull.

Salome Golly are you ever smart. I'd 'a never thought 'a that.

Titus Flatterer. But I have further troubles to share. The withdrawal of my uncle's funds is not the only bitter pill I've had to swallow. I sought fortune in the sanctuary of love, but women found me distasteful. I looked into the temple of friendship, but friends looked to it to insult me. My penniless, loveless, and friendless situation became so unbearable, that I cast off all relationships as one would cast off a heavy coat in hot weather. I stand before you here in the cool shirt-sleeves of liberty.

Salome So how're ya likin' it?

Titus If only I had provisions to cloak me from the storms of hunger.

Salome Ya mean ya need bread? That's easy done if ya wanna work for it. My brother is apprentice to the master baker in town. His business is risin' and he sure could use a helper.

Titus What? I should become a baker's helper? Me? Who was once a barber's hand?

Salome A barber's hand? We once had one of 'em, but he was cut off.

Titus How so?

Salome Had his hands in all the wrong places, so the judge declared him barbarous.

Titus Terrible. But getting back to your brother. (*referring to the bread Salome carries*) Did he have a hand in this loaf?

Salome He sure did. He's a real loafer.

Titus I would very much like to know how your brother is progressing in the science of bread baking.

Salome Well then try some, but I don't think you'll like it. (*she cuts him a very thin slice of bread. Titus eats*)

Salome So what do ya think? Bad ain't it?

Titus I would hate to judge your brother too hastily. To judge a work fairly one must delve into it deeply. (*takes the bread and cuts a small slice which he returns to Salome, keeping the larger portion for himself*) I will conduct a thorough test at a later date and inform you of the results at my leisure.

Salome So yer goin' spend some time here after all. That's the right idea. Ya gotta set pride aside if ya got nothin' at all. Everythin' 'll be just fine as soon as the baker takes ya on.

Titus I will rely on the patronage of your dear brother.

Salome Won't be no trouble at all. (*she looks off stage*) Sir, look over there!

Titus (*looks*) The coach? The horse is running straight for the water! (*runs off stage*)

SCENE 9

SALOME *alone*

Salome He ain't gonna -? He's runnin' towards 'em. Gawd forbid somethin' should happen t' 'im. He's grabbin' the horse! He's pullin' 'im to the ground! The horse is stopped! He stopped it! What a daredevil! A man is gettin' out 'a the coach. They're comin' this way. This I gotta tell the baker. When he hears about it he'll take Titus on fer sure. (*exits*)

SCENE 10

MONSIEUR MARQUIS *and* TITUS

Marquis (*enters*) *Mondieu, mondieu, mondieu*! I am still trembling with se fear.

Titus (*enters*) Would it please your honour to rest for a moment?

Marquis (*sitting on the stone seat*) Oh *cette* damned horse. It has never in its life done *cette* before.

Titus Would it please your honour to have a sprain?

Marquis *Non mon ami.*

Titus Or perhaps it would please your honour to feel a broken arm?

Marquis *Mondieu*! *Non.*

Titus Or perhaps your honour would be pleased to suffer from a little smashed skull?

Marquis *Non non* not at all. I am almost completely recovered and se only sing it would please *moi* to do is to extend *mon* gratitude -

Titus Oh I beg of you -

Marquis T'ree young people stood by who know *moi* and sey shouted 'oarsely at se 'orse, "Monsieur Marquis, Monsieur Marquis, se coach is 'eaded *pour le* water!"

Titus What? I've rescued a Marquis? That's really grand.

Marquis *Mais* not one would lend *moi un* 'elping 'and and sen you flew to *mon* rescue.

Titus An ordinary humanitarian duty.

Marquis And just in se nick of time.

Titus Extraordinary coincidence.

Marquis Se nobility of your character places *moi* in a position awkward. I do not know 'ow to express *mon* gratitude. *L'argent* could only cheapen your deed noble.

Titus O I beg you, money is a thing that -

Marquis - would only insult *un homme* of your sensibilities.

Titus Well now, you see, I mean -

Marquis - you mean set no sum of *l'argent* could compensate for se worth of your kind deed.

Titus That depends -

Marquis - on who performs such a deed noble. Ser was *un* time sis - I don't know what 'e was called - who rescued a prince - I don't know what 'e was called - and 'e wanted to give 'im diamonds but se rescuer replied, "virtue is its own reward." I am convinced *cette* you are no less noble in thought san se rescuer who I don't know what 'e was called.

Titus There are cases when nobility of character -

Marquis - is cheapened by too many words *tu* wanted to *parler*? Too too true. True gratitude cannot be expressed with mere words. Serefore not another word will be *parler* about se incident.

Titus (*aside*) The Marquis is terribly considerate but if he were terribly inconsiderate the result would be the same.

Marquis (*looking at Titus's hair*) But *mon ami* I just noticed - What a terrible liability *cette* must be.

Titus It appears that your honour is not pleased with my head. But it is the only one I have and I cannot purchase another.

Marquis *Peut-être* you can. I will - You must - *Un* small token from *moi*. *Un* moment.

SCENE 11

TITUS *alone*

Titus There is only one thing he failed to do out of gratitude, call me (*imitating the Marquis' French accent*) "tomato 'ead." Such a kind and considerate Marquis. What's he doing there? (*looks off stage*) He's run to the coach. He's looking for something. "A token" he said? He's going to give me a valuable present after all. What is that? He's brought out a hat box. He's running this way with it. He's not going to reward me for saving his young life by giving me an old hat?

SCENE 12

TITUS *and* MARQUIS

Marquis (*enters with a hat box*) So *mon ami*, take sis. You could use it. Appearances mean a great deal, almost everysing in fact, and sis can only 'elp. 'ere is *un* Talisman. (*gives Titus the hat box*) It gives *moi* great *plaisir* to lay se foundation of your good fortune. *Adieu mon ami. Adieu.* (*exits*)

SCENE 13

TITUS *alone and astounded by the box in his hand*

Titus Founder of my good fortune? Talisman? I'm sure curious to know what's in this box. (*Opens the box and takes out a black wig*) A wig? Nothing more than a coal black wig? This must be a practical joke. (*calls after Marquis*) Wait you living wig stand, I refuse to be the target of your wit! But just a moment. Hasn't this always been my wish? Hasn't lack of money been the only reason I haven't purchased my own wig of deception? "Talisman," he said. He's right. If I put on this wig Adonis will seem a pimply faced teenager and Narcissus will be erased from mythology. My career is just beginning. The gate of good fortune opens before me. (*looks at the open garden gate*) Nay, 'tis open. Who knows? I'll try it. With good looks I can never fail.

SCENE 14

TITUS *and* SALOME

Salome (*off*) Oh my dear Master Titus. (*enters*) It's so upsettin'.

Titus Salome, what's wrong?

Salome The baker ain't taken ya. I can't help ya. I feel like cryin'.

Titus And I feel like laughing. Is it so difficult in this town to become a baker's helper?

Salome The baker said that first of all he ain't seen yer references, and then so many others have been recommended to 'im and he's gotta choose accordin' to protocol.

Titus Too bad he didn't ask for official written applications with signed and sealed references. My dear Salome, other avenues have been opened to me. The castle awaits.

Salome The castle? Get outta here. When the Lady of the manor gets a look at you she'll throw ya out in the blink of an eye. (*gesturing towards her hair*) I ain't allowed to be seen by her.

Titus The bias of the dear Lady is a side issue since my life's major issue has changed. I stride confidently towards my destiny.

Salome I wish yer luck much luck. It ain't right but it still hurts t' have another one of my wishes fall into the well.

Titus What wish?

Salome If you would stick around then folks would say that we two were the ugliest two in town. Red Titus. Red Salome. No girls 'd look at Titus just like no boys look at Salome.

Titus And the object of Titus' desire would be reduced to a single passion.

Salome We'd become the greatest of friends.

Titus And the path from friendship to love is strewn with flowers.

Salome Well - now - I hadn't thought that far ahead.

Titus Why not? Thoughts are tax free.

Salome Oh no. There are thoughts that tax the heart. My plans never work out.

Titus Yes. Man desires - (*aside*) the wig conspires. (*aloud*) See you Salome. (*goes to leave*)

Salome Not so proud, Master Titus. Ya could be a little friendly. Take me by the hand and say, "God be with ya, dear Salome."

Titus Of course. (*takes her hand*) We part the best of friends.

Salome Take care of yourself. Maybe we'll meet again soon.

Titus That's hard to say.

Salome Who knows, your stridin' through the gate so cockily I figger I'll see you thrown out through it.

Titus How convenient for you.

Salome (*gesturing towards the stone seat*) I'll be waitin' here every day watchin' that garden gate -

Titus - and waiting until I land in your arms? Enjoy your fantasies and God be with you. My destiny is calling, "get in here already." I follow my summons. And bring myself as luggage. (*exits through the garden gate*)

SCENE 15

SALOME *alone*

Salome There he goes and I don't know - I jest don't got no kind o' luck at all and I get the feelin' that he jest took some of mine with 'im. If only I could get 'im off my mind. But how? With what? If I was a man I'd know how to help m'self, but I'm a woman. Men have it better 'n us in all ways. (*sings*)

If we wanna man we sure can't let 'em know,
They gotta make the first move but golly they are slow.
Them men got it easy 'cause they can chase a girl,
And she won't know what's hit her cause it's all a whirl,
And she won't know what's hit her cause it's all a whirl!
A man will play desp'rate, bang 's his head 'gainst a door,
A girl will then rub it though its not even sore,
She'll be told to give in and convinced that she should,
Yup them men got it good, got it good, got it good,
Yup them men got it good, got it good, got it good,
Du li di e, di e, di e di, du li du li du li e, e, du li du li du li e!

When men hurt our feelin's ain't nothin' t' be done,
We cry in our rooms, they go out and have some fun,
We think they're upset and that they're sheddin' real tears,
But really they're drowning in schnapps and in beers,
But really they're drowning in schnapps and in beers!
They're off eatin' cheese and smokin' cigars,
They're flirtin' with waitresses in local bars,
And they'd fondle all women if only they could,
Yup them men got it good, got it good, got it good,
Yup them men got it good, got it good, got it good,
Du li di e, di e, di e di, du li du li du li e, e, du li du li du li e!

If a girl has a date with more than just three men,
She'll never get asked on another date again,
But men in compar'son are certainly kings,
For they can have forty or fifty wild flings,
For they can have forty or fifty wild flings!
And the more wild flings they have, the more the fuss,
The more we want 'em to come and just take us,
Yup we women would change 'em if only we could,
Yup them men got it good, got it good, got it good,
Yup them men got it good, got it good, got it good,
Du li di e, di e, di e di, du li du li du li e, e, du li du li du li e!

Set change. A room in the house of the Gardeneress, Flora Treeshears. A centre and side door, a window and a chest.

SCENE 16

FLORA *enters*

Flora The weeds, darn it all, are growin' so thick in my garden that I can't yank 'em out on my own. My dearly departed husband shortly before his departure said I should remain a widow. How could a late lamented have such a lamentable idea? The garden hands don't fear nor respect me. I need a man to show 'em that I wear the pants 'round here. My dearly departed is surely shakin' his head in the clouds, that is if he ain't stumblin' around like a ghost and knockin' about on my doors - (*a knock on the door; Flora screams in fright*) Aaah!

SCENE 17

FLORA *and* TITUS *wearing the black wig rushes into the room*

Titus Is something wrong or do you always scream like that rather than saying, "come in."

Flora No. Ya scared me!

Titus (*aside*) Strange creature. She's scared when a man knocks. Most women are scared when men stop knocking.

Flora Sir, you must wonder at my awful nerves.

Titus Wonder at the ordinary? Oh no. Nerves of spider-webs, hearts of wax, and heads of iron makes up the ground plan of the female structure.

Flora (*aside*) He's not bad. And that coal black hair. But I gotta - (*aloud*) Who is the sir and what does the sir want?

Titus I beg of you the honour is all mine. I am your most obedient and humble servant.

Flora (*she nods in good-bye thinking he will depart; because he remains she says after a pause*) Well? That's usually what's said when someone wants t' leave.

Titus I say it because I wish to stay. You require a garden fellow and I present myself as such.

Flora What? The sir is a servant?

Titus For garden use.

Flora As an assistant?

Titus If you call me an assistant or a gardener it is all the same. If as your gardener - and I speak hypothetically - I were to plant feelings in your heart - I continue to speak hypothetically - and you made me the all inclusive owner of this plantation - this being only a hypothetical example - even then I would still be your most obedient and humble servant.

Flora (*aside*) He seems charming but - (*aloud*) Sir your speakin' is somewhat bold, somewhat presumptuous.

Titus I humbly submit that when one says, "I speak hypothetically" that one may say whatever one wishes.

Flora So ya are -

Titus - an exotic plant not indigenous to this soil, but uprooted by circumstance and transplanted by chance in your amiable garden where, in the warmth of your graciousness I, as a tender plant, hope to find nourishment.

Flora The question is do ya understand anythin' about gardenin'?

Titus I understand mankind therefore also plant kind.

Flora How does that fit together?

Titus Very well. Whoever knows mankind knows vegetation, because only few men live while most, countless numbers, vegetate. Whoever wakes in the morning and then goes to the office and then goes to eat and then plays cards and then goes home to bed, vegetates. Whoever wakes in the morning and then goes shopping and then pays taxes and then goes to eat and then goes shopping again, vegetates. Whoever gets up in the morning and then reads a role and then rehearses and then goes to eat and then goes to a coffeehouse and then performs a comedy and then does so day after day, he vegetates. To live comfortably a million's the minimum. And even that's not enough. Intellectual capital is also required, although the two so rarely go together. At least most

millionaires are so million-nuts in their passion for profit, that their dull and dried out existence hardly merits the flowery title of vegetation.

Flora (*aside*) He must have studied advanced gardenin'. (*aloud*) Yer as bright as your hair is dark.

Titus Does my dark hair offend?

Flora Offend? You joker, of course ya know that that head o' black curls makes ya tall, dark, an' handsome?

Titus (*aside*) The wig works.

Flora Ya wish to work here? All right yer hired, but not as a servant. Not with yer knowledge, character, an' fabulous appearance.

Titus (*aside*) The wig wigs her out.

Flora Yer in charge of the garden personnel. Yer to give orders. Yer the head of the garden - after me.

Titus (*aside*) The wig triumphs. (*aloud*) How can I thank you? How came I to this good fortune?

Flora (*studying his hair*) How black. How Italian.

Titus Yes it's almost Sicilian. My mother was a southern gardeneress .

Flora Do you know what a vain man ya are? I think ya curl yer hair. (*tries to touch his wig*)

Titus Don't touch! My head is most ticklish.

Flora Ya silly man. But I can't possibly introduce ya to my Lady in such an outfit.

Titus Then you believe in the proverb that "clothes make the man?"

Flora Your suit doesn't have anythin' that a gardener -

Titus - the suit is altogether too gardenerish. It is oversown with patches and it has come out at the elbows and elsewhere. Because I never carry an umbrella it is regularly watered, and while it was still in the bloom of condition I often planted it in the pawn shop.

Flora How foolish. (*gestures to a door*) Go through that door and in the closet in the bedroom you'll find the weddin' suit of my dearly departed husband. May his soul rest in peace.

Titus I should wear the wedding suit of a corpse? (*hesitates*) All right. (*flirtatiously*) But I cannot be responsible for the feelings which may be recalled as a result. (*exits*)

SCENE 18

FLORA *then* PUMPKINHEAD

Flora Such a charmin' man, and ya never can tell what'll happen next. Wouldn't it be a great joke if I was to come to my second marriage before our Lady's chambermaid? She's always lookin' down her nose at me because she has a hairdresser as a suitor. He's certainly lettin' time pass before he marries her. I could get it goin' in a terrible hurry and what a triumph that would be! But before I do anythin' I gotta call everyone t'gether. (*going to the window*) Pumpkinhead, get everyone quick. Quick! We got us a new gardener who'll be givin' ya all orders 'stead 'a me.

Pumpkinhead (*through the window*) Really? (*Constansia calls*)

Flora Who's that? Our Lady's maid! (*calling through the window*) Your most obedient servant. (*leaving the window*) She's comin' over. I wonder what she wants? Somethin' has probably gone wrong again. My garden folks cause a flood and I gotta bail 'em out.

SCENE 19

FLORA *and* CONSTANSIA

Constansia (*enters*) Mrs. Treeshears.

Flora (*curtsies*) At your service. What do ya wish?

Constansia Her Ladyship is expecting visitors from the city this afternoon and desires that unlike last time, no spoiled fruit be sent to the castle.

Flora I sent the most beautiful -

Constansia Her Ladyship is generally dissatisfied with the garden's general care.

Flora That's not my fault. My garden folks - But everything's about to change. Her Ladyship has enabled me to hire an able man, and it just so happens that since my enablement an able man was found.

Constansia Good. I shall inform her Ladyship.

Flora If ya don't mind I'm plannin' to present 'im myself.

Constansia What has gotten into you? You most certainly are not going to present a lout to our Ladyship.

Flora Oh I beg of you Madame, he cannot be compared to a common laborer. He is - it is actually possible, in fact almost certain that I'm gonna marry 'im.

Constansia So? This betrothal will be of as little interest to our Ladyship as the man in his entirety. I therefore assert as I have done previously that his presentation to our Ladyship is completely uncalled for.

SCENE 20

FLORA, CONSTANSIA *and* TITUS

Titus (*enters in a somewhat old-fashioned gardener's uniform, carrying a bundle in his arms. He fails to notice Constansia*) Well? Here I am. I've bundled together my things.

Flora You could 'a left 'em in there.

Titus Do I successfully conjure up the image of your husband in his wedding clothes?

Constansia (*aside*) Such a lovely black head of curls like I've never seen before.

Titus (*to Flora*) And this bundle? Where should I place it?

Flora (*pointing*) You can put it in the chest over there.

Titus (*turning around*) All right. (*notices Constansia*) Ah! I wouldn't bleed a drop even if I cut a vein. (*bowing deeply before Constansia*) I humbly beg of you - (*to Flora*) why did you not tell me? - (*to Constansia with an ever deeper bow*) not to be cross with me - (*to Flora*) that her Ladyship had arrived - (*to Constansia bowing deeper yet*) for neglecting to show the respect due to your Ladyship - (*to Flora*) the position in which you have placed me is truly terrible.

Constansia I am not her Ladyship.

Flora (*to Titus*) What's gotten into you?

Constansia I am only -

Titus No it is your honour and you only want to spare me the embarrassment.

Flora She's our Ladyship's chambermaid.

Titus Stop it. The carriage of her forehead, the haughtiness of her eye, the autocratic manner of her stance.

Constansia (*flattered*) I am only the chambermaid of Lady Cypresscastle.

Titus I only believe it because I hear it from your own lips. A chambermaid? My mother was also a chambermaid.

Flora Ya said yer mother was a gardeneress.

Titus First she was a gardeneress then she became a chambermaid.

Constansia (*aside*) A truly interesting cultivated personage.

Flora (*to Titus whose eyes are fixed on Constansia*) So put yer bundle in that chest.

Titus (*still gazing upon Constansia*) Fate knows not what she does when she places thee in the antechamber.

Flora Don't you hear me? There. In that chest.

Titus Yes, in a minute. (*admiringly towards Constansia*) What a classic salon figure. (*he goes, still looking at Constansia, to the chest*)

Flora (*aside*) How she leads him on the brazen hussy.

SCENE 21

PUMPKINHEAD *and the previous characters*

Pumpkinhead (*entering*) The folks 'll be here in a jest a sec'nd.

Titus (*notices Pumpkinhead and quickly turns his back*) Damn it. If he recognizes me.

Pumpkinhead (*to Flora*) So this is the new gardener? I better introduce m'self.

Titus (*turns to Flora to keep his back towards Pumpkinhead*) Send him away, I don't stand on ceremony.

Flora No need to be shy.

Pumpkinhead (*attempts to gain Titus' attention*) Sir, as the most deservin' man o' the personnel -

Titus (*reaching into his pocket*) I must quickly retrieve a handkerchief. (*instead of a handkerchief Titus pulls from his pocket a gray wig with a plait on the end and holds it before his face*)

Pumpkinhead That's a funny snot rag ya got there.

Titus What is this?

Flora (*laughing*) That's the wig of my dearly departed.

Titus It looks very *passé*. (*returning the wig to the bundle*)

Pumpkinhead What the devil? I seen that gardener somewhere before. (*to Titus*) Don't ya have a brother with red hair?

Constansia How dare you?

Titus I don't have a brother.

Pumpkinhead It must 'a been someone else's brother.

Flora What does he want the *Dummkopf*?

Pumpkinhead I saw a redhead. There ain't nothin' wrong with that.

SCENE 22

GARDEN HANDS *enter each carrying baskets of fruit and the* PREVIOUS CHARACTERS

Garden Hands Here's the fruit.

Flora That was supposed to be brought to the castle right away.

Constansia A fine state of affairs. The garden hands were not going to take the fruit to the castle themselves?

Flora It's always done that way.

Constansia (*gesturing towards Titus*) The new gardener will deliver the fruit, providing the perfect opportunity to present him to her Ladyship.

Flora (*to Constansia*) Present him? Why d' ya all of a sudden wanna present him? Ya jest said a minute ago that it was utterly inappropriate t' present her Graciousness with such a lout.

Constansia (*embarrassed*) That was - I meant -

Titus Lout?

Flora Yup.

Titus That's terrible

Constansia I have -

Titus That is outrageous -

Constansia It is of course -

Titus I don't believe it. (*to Flora*) How can she use the word "lout" to describe me?

Flora Those were her own words.

Titus (to Flora) Permit me, there are plenty of louts aside from myself and I am not such an egoist that I immediately believe that she is referring to me.

Constansia I only wanted -

Titus If this Lady formed her lips to produce the word "lout" she was perhaps referring to a garden laborer, perhaps even one of these men, (*indicating the Garden Hands*) since she hadn't yet had the pleasure of meeting me and still knows me far too little to comment on any possible degree of loutishness. (*to Constansia*) Am I not right?

Constansia Entirely.

Flora Are you makin' a liar outta me?

Titus No, only a slanderer.

Constansia (*to Titus*) Come along now.

Flora He should go to the castle? An' what's the great rush? Our Ladyship ain't even at home.

Constansia Is it not more appropriate for the gardener to await the arrival of our Ladyship than for her to wait on him?

Titus But of course. (*to Constansia*) She knows nothing of etiquette.

Flora (*aside*) I could tear her t' shreds. I really could.

Titus As a gardener I must observe proper decorum - Ah ha, just what I need. (*rushes to the window and tears the flowers from the window box*)

Flora What do ya think yer doin'? My flowers -

Titus Will have to do as a bouquet. I also require a ribbon. (*rushes to the table*) Here one lies. (*takes a wide satin band and wraps it around the stem of the flowers*)

Flora What's he doin' now? The new ribbon I just bought in town - !

Titus For such a festive occasion the very best is not nearly good enough. (*to Constansia regarding Flora*) Poor thing, she knows nothing of proper etiquette.

SCENE 23

Several more GARDEN HANDS *and the previous characters*

Garden Hands (*entering*) We're here to offer our respects.

Titus My underlings, you may carry the fruit and follow me!

Garden Hands As ya wish.

Constansia (*to Titus*) You must take this opportunity to gain the respect of your subordinates. It would not be out of place to give them something.

Titus You are correct to suggest that this is the place and it most certainly is my place, but (*with his hands in his pockets*) in an integral place I find nothing.

Constansia It gives me great pleasure to give you this. (*attempts to hand him a small money purse*)

Flora (*preventing Constansia*) If ya don't mind this is my affair. (*to Titus*) Here. Take it. (*attempts to give him money*)

Constansia (*preventing Flora*) Halt. This I cannot allow. It touches upon the honour of her Ladyship's household, and as her chambermaid I must represent her.

Flora I can just as easily bring her Ladyship the bill and it's my -

Titus Permit me. This matter can be easily resolved without locking horns. If I may? (*taking the purse from Constansia*) Give it here. (*taking the money from Flora*) It is important that no one be slighted. (*to the Garden Hands*) Today you'll all be treated.

Garden Hands (*alpine shouts and yodels*)

Titus Onward to the castle.

Chorus We like the new gardener for he's a clever man,
We'll drink to his health for as long as we can.
He is a clever man!

During the chorus Titus exits with Constansia followed by the Garden Hands who carry the fruit. Flora looks angrily on. Pumpkinhead laughs at Flora. Amid the action the curtain falls.

ACT TWO

The scene depicts a section of the castle garden. On one side the front entrance to Flora Treeshears' home with a table and several garden chairs before it. On the other side a stone wall with a fully operational window belonging to a wing of the castle.

SCENE 1

PUMPKINHEAD *and several* GARDEN HANDS *sit around the table drinking and singing*

Chorus These beers ain't to last,
We will drink 'em real fast,
Let's sing a song to beer!
Just ask the playwright
He'll tell ya we're right,
To raise our steins and cheer!
We'll drink from the morning until the night,
It's better than working all day, that's right!
Let's raise our voices for one big cheer,
Singing to glorious beer! Here! Here!
Let's raise our voices for one big cheer,
Singing to glorious beer! Here! Here!

Pumpkinhead (*drunk*) Our work ain't - it ain't pressin'. No siree. We got more beers to drink - hic - drink up. Still all this beer and no- no- no- not enough time to drink it. So what's this mean boys? This means - what does this mean? - Hic - Quittin' time's gotta be earlier.

First Hand No one 'ill be late fer that.

Pumpkinhead And remember, a gardener's the most important plant - ya hear me? - the most important plant. He's gotta be watered regularly or he'll wilt right up.

First Hand That new gard'ner o' ours is a hell o' a man! (*other Garden Hands drink in agreement*)

Pumpkinhead The hell he is! You short-sighted folk. He's a lazy - hic - good-fer-nothin', that one. I know the type. He won't be takin' any kind o' work away from the likes of us. Nope. Nope! We'll have to serve him. He'll stick his ol' hands in his pockets and git on his - hic - high horse. He'll play Lord an' Master a' the garden personnel, the overblown -

SCENE 2

FLORA *and the previous characters*

Flora (*enters from her house with a basket laden with plates and table ware*) - How 'bout it boys? I think enough is enough. Grab yer glasses and git, I'm needin' the table.

The Hands We was just leavin'

Pumpkinhead We was just drinkin' the health of our new gardener.

Flora (*to the Hands*) And see to it that some work gets done 'round here.

The Hands Of course Ma'am. (*exiting*)

SCENE 3

FLORA *and* PUMPKINHEAD

Pumpkinhead I jest don't git how you can have the heart - the heartless - the heartlessness to stop the poor ol' boys from enjoyin' such, such, such - hic - simple pleasures.

Flora (*spreading a tablecloth*) Shut up, get up, and help me set up the table.

Pumpkinhead Right away. You don't have to tell me twice - hic - twice. (*takes plates and food out of the basket*) This here's only fer two people.

Flora I don't see how more is necessary?

Pumpkinhead So the new gardener's eatin' in the castle there with the chambermaid?

Flora *Dummkopf*. He's eatin' with me.

Pumpkinhead Him. You. And me. But that makes three? - Hic -

Flora You only ate at my table because eatin' alone was too borin' fer myself. It ain't necessary no more. You got your lunch money, which is why when I tell ya to you'll buzz off.

Pumpkinhead But I don't us'ally buzz off.

Flora Quit yer bellyachin' an' see to it that ya get the soup.

Pumpkinhead What? Now? But it'll get cold. Who knows when - when - when - if he's gonna show.

Flora You shut up you and do as I say.

Pumpkinhead (*exiting and speaking as if to himself but for the benefit of Flora*) The young fox must be sowin' his oats in someone else's garden - sowin' an' reapin' I'd say - or I wouldn't know how to explain his - hic - bein' so late.

SCENE 4

FLORA *and* TITUS

Flora (*alone*) That's the last time Titus 'll go visitin' up there. How that chambermaid throws herself at men. It's unbelievable.

Titus (*appears at the window of the castle with a napkin tied around his neck and a pheasant drumstick in his hand*) Ah Mrs. Treeshears, I'm glad I found you.

Flora What's keepin' ya? I'm waitin' with the lunch.

Titus I'm not. I've already eaten.

Flora In the castle?

Titus With the chambermaid in the chamber I ate a wonderful meal. I gave my first pheasant its last rights. With this drumstick his life on earth ends and his afterlife begins in my stomach.

Flora You ain't to be so improper, spongin' off other people like that. I forbid yer doin' so again.

Titus You can forbid yourself all you wish but there is nothing you can forbid me. I am no longer the victim of your tyranny. I have taken on a better position.

Flora What did you say?

Titus Wait a minute, I've got something of yours. (*pulls away from the window*)

Flora (*alone*) Chambermaid I know ya, and I know this is yer doin'. A widow who herself has a lover, fishin' fer the lover of another. That fer certain is a widow's work.

SCENE 5

PUMPKINHEAD, TITUS *and* FLORA

Pumpkinhead (*bringing the soup pot*) Here's the soup.

Titus (*appears at the castle window*) Here are the clothes which I presently no longer require. My compliments. (*throws the bundle of clothing out of the window so that they land on Pumpkinhead's head and then disappears*)

Pumpkinhead What's all this? Been had - hic - haven't ya? (*referring to the bundle*)

Flora (*to Pumpkinhead*) Go t' hell!

Pumpkinhead This mean there won't be any eatin'?

Flora No! (*to herself*) If it don't make a person lose their appetite they ain't got no appetite t' lose.

Pumpkinhead (*pointedly*) I thought this was gonna be a real roman'ic dinner fer two where I'm the three that ain't invited?

Flora Get outta my sight. (*to herself*) Nasty bugger. (*exits into her home*)

Pumpkinhead (*alone*) He ain't eatin' here. She ain't eatin' at all. And me, who weren't invited to eat at all gets to eat fer 'em both. Fate - hic - I didn't think you was capable of such sweet justice.

Set change. A large banquet hall in the castle with a centre and two side doors, and at least two luxurious chairs.

SCENE 6

TITUS *enters alone in an elegant Forester's livery*

Titus The chambermaid made me the same offer as the gardeneress . She gave me the livery of the husband she outlived and invited me to become the resident Forester. If her Ladyship expects no more of a forester than to open her carriage door and hop on the foot board, then a forester I will be. Oh wig - wig - wig! I have so much to thank you for. The food is

delicate, the drink exquisite, and I don't know which makes me more dizzy, my change of fortune or the schnapps?

SCENE 7

TITUS *and* CONSTANSIA

Constansia (*enters*) Ah. How lovely you look. The garden clothes were too common for your exterior, an exterior which requires a noble livery.

Titus Now if only my exterior pleases her Ladyship. I'm terribly afraid that an unkind look from her will remove my forester's knife and rifle and replace it with a pick and shovel.

Constansia You do not give my influence adequate credit. My deceased husband was the forester here, and my mistress will certainly not expect me to remain a widow.

Titus Of course not. Such a face is not meant to be hidden for life by a widow's veil.

Constansia Imagine momentarily if I were to marry again. Do you doubt that her Ladyship would not offer my husband a place in her service?

Titus Such a doubt would be frivolous.

Constansia Of course I do not make such utterances because I have intentions towards yourself -

Titus Naturally you had no idea -

Constansia It goes without saying that I only divulge such information to prove to you that I have the ability to find a position in her Ladyship's service for whomever I please.

Titus (*aside*) Oh raven black hair you work heavenly wonders.

Constansia My dear deceased husband -

Titus Please desist and do not call him "dear" who has departed. No my dear, he is dear who dearly loves life. Oh Constansia, you make no compliment to marriage when you only call the husbands you outlive "dear."

Constansia So you agree to stand by me -

Titus - proudly staring into the wide world and thinking, "Everywhere it is well but here it is best of all."

Constansia Flatterer.

Titus (*aside*) Such are the metaphysical gallantries I've had to take up recently. (*aloud*) I believe I hear someone in the antechamber.

SCENE 8

SALOME *and the previous characters*

Salome (*timidly enters*) Permit me -

Titus (*aside*) Oh yey it's Salome. (*throws himself in a chair and turns his face away from Salome*)

Constansia How did you get in here?

Salome There weren't no one outside so I thought this must be the hallway, but now I see - Oh please, Madame, please come to the hallway with me. I can't say not a word in a room that's so - so - purrty.

Constansia Quit your fussing. What do you want and be quick about it.

Salome I'm lookin' fer someone. I already asked at Mrs. Treeshears but I didn't find 'im there so I came here.

Constansia (*becoming suspicious*) Whom do you seek?

Salome I'm lookin' fer someone with red hair.

Constansia (*relieved*) You shall find him easily. He will be visible from one hundred paces.

Titus (*aside*) Such a refreshing joke which has so often thrilled me.

Constansia Your efforts will be thwarted here in the castle as her Ladyship, like myself, cannot tolerate red hair.

Salome But if he does show up could ya tell him people from the city were lookin' fer 'im? And that they asked me so suspicious like 'bout him?

Titus (*forgetting himself he jumps up*) And what did the people say?

Salome They said that - (*recognizes Titus, faints and falls into Constansia's arms*)

Constansia What's wrong with the girl? (*to Titus*) Bring forth a chair. I cannot hold her.

Titus (*bringing a chair*) Place her here.

Constansia (*letting Salome sink into the chair*) She hasn't moved. She's entirely still. (*to Titus*) How very peculiar. You brought about her unusual behaviour.

Titus That's impossible. I will fetch fresh water. (*attempts to depart*)

Constansia None of that, it is unnecessary. Or do you have a particular reason for desiring to disappear?

Titus I wouldn't know why. I do not know the personage.

Constansia Then you need not fear her waking.

Titus Not at all. Who suggested that I am afraid?

Salome (*waking*) Ah Madame. I'm feelin' better.

Constansia What was wrong with you?

Salome The gentleman -

Constansia So you do know him?

Salome No I don't know him. Not at all. (*standing*) But he spoke t' me all of a sudden.

Constansia And that is why - ?

Salome Yeah, ain't it a shame? Such city nerves in a country girl. (*to Titus who stands astonished*) Don't ya be angry with me. And if ya see him with the red hair could you tell 'im I only meant t' do good? I only wanted to warn 'im. I won't tell the people who were lookin' fer 'im where he is and I won't stand in the way of his luck no more. (*suppressing her tears*) Tell him that, if you see 'im with the red hair. (*to Constansia*) I'm askin' once more fer your forgiveness that I fell over in a room that ain't my equal. And God bless ya both. (*bursting into tears*) Now I'm

startin' t' cry which don't belong at all. I didn't mean no harm. I'm such a clumsy thing. (*exits*)

SCENE 9

TITUS *and* CONSTANSIA

Constansia Hm. This creature - I must say I find the entire episode highly suspicious.

Titus (*recovering*) What?

Constansia She was so moved, so emotional.

Titus About a redhead as you heard.

Constansia She spoke of a redhead but it was your presence that made her highly -

Titus Stop! What are you thinking?

Constansia She was highly agitated -

Titus At first you blame me because she wasn't moving and now you let me have it because she did move -

Constansia - Now, now, there's no need to lose your temper. I could be entirely mistaken. Your association with such a common person is unthinkable.

Titus I agree wholeheartedly. I am just a young man trying to get ahead in the world. (*with meaning*) My aspirations soar to the heights.

Constansia (*coquettishly*) Really? It was certainly fortunate that the unsolicited appearance did not occur in the presence of her Ladyship. Her Ladyship ordinarily dislikes the ordinary and only has patience for the unordinarily intelligent, much like myself. She is herself an authoress.

Titus An authoress?

Constansia If the subject of literature should be approached - You do know something of literature?

Titus No.

Constansia That is unfortunate.

Titus Child's play. Even if I know nothing of literature I understand much about authoresses. I must only find her writings divine and she will assert, "ah, the gentleman understands, his perception has depth, his knowledge scope."

Constansia You have such a clever head. (*aside*) So much brighter than my hairdresser's.

SCENE 10

MONSIEUR MARQUIS *and the previous characters*

Marquis (*enters*) *Ma cherie* Constancy.

Titus (*aside*) It's the wig donor. I hope he holds his tongue. (*turns aside*)

Marquis I was almost denied se good fortune of pressing your *belle* 'and to my lips. (*kisses Constansia's hand*)

Titus (*aside*) How he lowers himself. A Marquis kisses the hand of this chambermaid.

Constansia It is so late already that I thought you were not coming.

Marquis You must know set only an extraordinary accident could - But what is sis? (*notices Titus who grabs a dust cloth from a chair and begins to dust the furniture*) You 'ave taken on a *nouveau* forester?

Constansia As of today. He is a man of many talents.

Marquis *Qu'est que vous* know of se talents of a forester? 'as 'e shot somesing? Of *quelle* use is a forester in se 'ouse of a Lady?

Constansia You see how hard working he is and how he applies himself to any task?

Marquis (*tries to look Titus in the face which Titus prevents by pretending to be busy*) *Certainement*. Sis I see.

Titus (*aside*) I won't show him my face for anything.

Constansia Marquis you are forgetting to explain the extraordinary incident.

Marquis (*tossing regular glances at Titus*) It was not an extraordinary incident, it was an extrarordinary accident and just by coincidence, at se last second,

as *mon* - But sis person - (*looking squarely at Titus*) my saviour - (*turning Titus around*) I am not mistaken. It is 'im!

Titus (*bowing deeply*) I beg of you, your Lordship, the Marquis has taken me for another. (*attempts to leave*)

Marquis Why deny sis honourable *monsieur*? You are 'e, se figure, se voice, se 'air.

Titus (*aside*) Oh no. Now he's onto my hair.

Constansia Of course his hair. His hair is unforgettable. Truly amazing those thick black curls.

Marquis Oh please. You are too kind.

Titus (*to Constansia*) The Marquis thanks you for the compliment on my behalf and I humbly decline from adding -

Constansia (*to Marquis*) You understand such matters. Have you ever before seen such shine? Such curl? (*attempting to run her hands through Titus' hair*)

Titus Don't touch! I am so sensitive.

Marquis You seem to 'ave taken an interest particular in se *nouveau* servant.

Constansia Myself? It is a kind of camaraderie that -

Marquis In *mon* experience need not exist between a forester *et une* chambermaid.

Constansia Monsieur Marquis, I thank you for the explanation. I am able, however, to judge for myself what is and is not appropriate.

Marquis (*aside*) I 'ave insulted 'er. (*to Constansia*) Forgive me *ma cherie* Constancy, I only wanted -

Constansia You only wanted to style her Ladyship's little blond wig. You will find it there in the cabinet. You are now free to do your business.

Titus (*shocked*) What's this? He's a hairdresser? (*to Marquis*) I thought you were a Marquis, a mixture of Baron, Duke and Knight of the kingdom.

Marquis I am only called Marquis and am a wig maker *extraordinaire*.

Titus Well then that's a horse of another colour. We can now be friends without embarrassment.

Marquis (*offering to shake hands*) I owe you *un merci*, (*quietly*) but you also owe *moi*. It is best for you to remain *mon ami*.

Titus Through thick and thin.

Constansia (*aside*) Monsieur Titus must know nothing of my relationship with Monsieur Marquis, but Monsieur Marquis' jealous behaviour could - I think it is best if I depart. (*aloud*) Gentlemen, I have important business to attend to. I therefore take leave of your new fond friendship. (*exits*)

Titus (*calling after her*) Cheers charming chargess of the chamber.

SCENE 11

TITUS *and* MARQUIS

Marquis Monsieur what does sis mean? Sis gallantry? I tell you straight sat I forbid it! Madame Constance is my intended and woe is to thee if she says "*non*" to me.

Titus What? You make threats?

Marquis *Oui*. I warn you Monsieur. Forget not sat your fortune 'angs by an 'air and -

Titus - and that you could be so ungrateful as to expose the relationship between myself and my wig and -

Marquis - and sat I am clever enough to remove *mon* competition in sis manner.

Titus What? So speaks the man? The man to the man without whom this man would have been a dead man? Without this man this man would now be food for cat fish.

Marquis I owe you *un merci* but not if you try to make off with *mon* intended.

Titus Who suggested that I intended to make off with your intended? I do not desire the love of the chambermaid, only her patronage.

Marquis I am glad to 'ear it. You may rely on my gratefulness and se secrecy of your 'airy situation. But be warned not to give *moi* reason for displeasure because (*threatening*) your 'ead is in my 'ands! (*exits*)

SCENE 12

TITUS *alone*

Titus What a day. I've been hit over the head so often. If only there wasn't so much knocking about in there. But the schnapps and the fact that the chambermaid is also the fiancée of the Marquis - Monsieur Marquis - the hairdresser. It all makes my head spin. (*throws himself in an armchair*) It's really a matter of the heart, but the heart dumps the matter, leaving it to the head even if the head is up to its neck in trouble. I'm exhausted. (*yawns*) It could still take another half hour before her Ladyship appears. (*letting his head sink into his hands*) I really could (*yawn*) take a little nap. Not fall asleep. A nap. A little - nap - (*falls asleep*)

SCENE 13

TITUS *and* MARQUIS

Marquis (*enters*) Sere is a broken window in sere. I cannot tolerate se draft so I *ferme* se shutters, but now it is so dark *cette* I cannot go on wisout *un* lantern. Se forester should bring *moi* - But where is 'e? 'as 'e escaped to se side of my Constance? *Mondieu*! I will - (*begins to exit but stops when he discovers Titus asleep in the chair*) Oh *non*. I 'ave done 'im wrong. Jealousy is crazy, I must not feel it. 'ow still *il va coucher*. No lover could *coucher* so silently. 'e 'as no thoughts *regard ma* Constance.

Titus (*in his sleep*) Con - sta - sta - stansia -

Marquis *Sacrebleu*. What was *cette*? (*tip-toes closer to Titus*)

Titus Love - ly - figure - Co - Con - stansia -

Marquis 'e dreams of 'er. Se scoundrel dares to dream of 'er.

Titus (*as before*) Just - one - more - ki - ki - kiss -

Marquis *Diablement*. Such dreams I cannot tolerate. (*begins to grab Titus by the chest but changes his mind*) *Arrêt*. I have *une bonne idée*. We shall see 'ow successful 'e is with 'is own red 'air at giving *ma* Constance a ki - ki - ki - A *bouche*! (*goes behind the chair and carefully removes Titus' wig*)

Titus Let go - Sta - stansia. It tickles - on - my head -

Marquis (*exits with the wig*) *Bon chance* you red 'eaded Adonis. Never again will you have sis Talisman.

SCENE 14

TITUS *alone*

Titus (*in his sleep*) Oh tender ha - hand - (*the sound of an approaching carriage and immediately after a loud ringing of the Servants bell. Titus wakes*) What was that? It looks like - (*looks out*) A servant has just dashed out. Her Ladyship must be about. Now I will be presented. (*straightening his suit*) My suit is rumpled, my tie wrinkled. Quick, where is a mirror? (*runs to a mirror on the wall looks at himself and jumps back*) Heavens! The wig is gone. It must have fallen off in my sleep. (*runs to the chair and searches*) No. Gone? Lost? Stolen! Whose mean joke is this? Jealousy is playing a part. That hairdresser. Monster! This is your work. You've committed wig robbery and just now at the most decisive and inspiring moment I am forced to stand like a flickering light at the coffin of my young career. Halt. He is in there styling her Ladyship's wig. He will not get away with this. You will give back my wig or quake you hair-rake, I'm going to shake the hair powder out of you. (*storms angrily out*)

SCENE 15

LADY CYPRESSCASTLE *and* EMMA

Lady Cypresscastle (*enters*) I must say I find it very presumptuous, almost impertinent of Constansia, that she finds it permissible during my absence to employ domestics without the prior permission, the explicit consent of myself.

Emma (*enters; Emma lisps heavily*) Don't be testy Mummy. She's taken on a forester and I've always wanted a forester. It looks so much better on the back of the carriage than the two bowlegged creatures in francophonian liveries that we have presently.

Lady Cypresscastle What need have Ladies of a forester?

Emma But Mummy, Constansia told me that he is supposed to be the most regal black haired forester. Mind you he is missing a mustache, but

Mummy will permit growing one, and side whiskers. All very, very black so that nothing will be seen of him outside of his shining black eyes. Such a thing will look smashing on the back of our carriage.

Lady Cypresscastle Silence. I will send him away and so it stands. Where is he? Titus she said he is called? Titus!

SCENE 16

TITUS *and the previous characters*

Titus (*enters wearing a blond wig*) I present myself and bow in the dust to her most worthy Ladyship whom I, in future, am to serve.

Emma (*aside*) But what is this? His hair is not black.

Lady Cypresscastle (*to herself, aloud*) Such a well spoken blond.

Titus (*aside*) What? She called me a blond?

Lady Cypresscastle (*to Titus*) My chambermaid has assigned you the position of forester, an assignation with which I concur. (*turning to Emma*) Emma - (*continues discussing the matter with Emma*)

Titus (*aside*) She said blond? But I have - (*sees himself in the mirror*) Oh my God I'm blond. Due to the darkness in there I have a light wig up here. As long as the chambermaid doesn't appear.

Lady Cypresscastle (*in conversation to Emma*) And tell Constansia -

Titus (*aside*) Oh no, they're going to get her.

Lady Cypresscastle - she should prepare my gown for this evening.

Titus (*aside*) Thank heavens, that will keep her busy.

Emma Without delay. (*exiting, aside*) That silly Constansia. She must be joking, telling me we have a dark haired forester when we have one that is so obviously blond. (*exits*)

SCENE 17

LADY CYPRESSCASTLE *and* TITUS

Titus (*aside*) I stand opposite an authoress which means that everyday words are not sufficient. I'll have to clothe my words in holiday costume.

Lady Cypresscastle Now we shall discuss yourself my friend.

Titus (*bowing deeply*) This is the moment that I have simultaneously desired and feared, the moment which I meet with knee shaking bravado and bold trembling.

Lady Cypresscastle You have no grounds to be afeared. You posses a distinguished stance, an agreeable appearance and if you conduct yourself - Where have you previously been in service?

Titus Nowhere. I lay at your feet the first fruits of my foresterness and the livery which I now inhabit encloses a personage who wishes to be of service, though I've never been serviced before.

Lady Cypresscastle Is your father also a forester?

Titus No, he pursues a quiet retired business where peace is the only trade. He is bound by a higher authority and yet is free and independent because he may mold as he wishes. In short, he is dead.

Lady Cypresscastle (*aside*) How wasteful his application of twenty elevated and sublime expressions to explain what requires but only a teeny tiny single very short and pithy syllable. I detect an aptitude for literature within him. (*aloud*) Who then was your father?

Titus He was a master of students. Books, slates, and whips were the tools of his trade.

Lady Cypresscastle And to what extent did your father further your literary education?

Titus I received a mixed and well shaken education. I possess a section of geography, a fraction of mathematics, an idea of philosophy, a germ of medicine, and a statute of the law.

Lady Cypresscastle Charming. You have learned much but nothing thoroughly, therein lies genius.

Titus (*aside*) Now I can explain why there are so many geniuses.

Lady Cypresscastle Your blond locks alone demonstrate an Apollonion intelligence. Was your mother or your father blond?

Titus Neither. My blondness is pure accident.

Lady Cypresscastle The more I gaze upon you and the longer I hear you speak, the stronger my feeling is that you do not belong in livery. You cannot serve as my domestic.

Titus Am I to be de-clothed, demoted and de-dignified?

Lady Cypresscastle By no means. I am an authoress and I require a personage who is to act not only as my copyist, but as my consultant, as secretary to my intellectual pursuits. To this purpose you are assigned.

Titus What I? Does your Ladyship believe that I can stand aside of your intellectual endeavors?

Lady Cypresscastle Without a doubt and I am most glad to communicate that the position is vacant. I recently sent away an individual recommended for his knowledge and education, but his hair was red and that is a *horreur* to myself. I told him almost immediately, "no no, my friend, this is not acceptable, *adieu*." I was most pleased by his prompt departure.

Titus (*aside*) Don't desert me now dear Talisman.

Lady Cypresscastle Please remove your livery as soon as possible. In one hour's time I expect the appearance of visitors, at which time I would like to present you as my new secretary.

Titus Your Ladyship, I may remove the livery of a forester, but my other suit is also a livery. The livery of poverty: a patched coat with ragged lapels.

Lady Cypresscastle That is easily remedied. Enter there (*gesturing to one of the doors*), through to the billiard room to the corner cabinet. There you will find the wardrobe of my eternalized husband. He was precisely your dimensions. Choose according to your pleasure but reappear immediately.

Titus (*aside*) Yet another suit from a dearly departed. One would almost think this is a farce with songs. (*bowing*) I shall hurry. (*aside, while departing*) Today I'll have worn a flea market full of dead men's clothes. (*exits*)

SCENE 18

LADY CYPRESSCASTLE *then* CONSTANSIA

Lady Cypresscastle (*alone*) The young man is positively dizzy with excitement about the heights to which I have elevated him. The recitation of my poetry will lead him quite to otherworldly ecstasy.

Constansia (*entering*) Shameful. Simply shameful.

Lady Cypresscastle What is wrong with you?

Constansia I must make a complaint regarding your Ladyship's daughter. I find it most shameful to take a joke so far. She had words with me suggesting that I had lied to her about the hair colour of our new forester. At first I thought she was merely jesting but she concluded our discussion by calling me a - a - (*lisping in immitation of Emma*) "stupid goose."

Lady Cypresscastle I shall reprimand her. For your information the aforementioned person is no longer a forester. I have named him my secretary and you will pay him the respect due his position.

Constansia Secretary? I am delighted by your pleasure with him. The black secretary's clothes will be well suited to his black hair.

Lady Cypresscastle What did you say?

Constansia Black hair, I said.

Lady Cypresscastle I suspect you are delirious. I have never seen finer gold blond hair.

Constansia Your Ladyship's are jesting.

Lady Cypresscastle It has rarely occurred to me to jest with my servants.

Constansia But your Ladyship, I saw with my own eyes -

Lady Cypresscastle My eyes are no less my own than yours.

Constansia And your Ladyship calls that blond?

Lady Cypresscastle What else?

Constansia If your Ladyship will forgive me, you must have very singular eyes. His hair is the blackest black in existence.

Lady Cypresscastle Ridiculous woman. Joke with someone other than myself.

Constansia No - that is - one could lose one's mind -

Lady Cypresscastle He is entering. Well? Is his hair blond or not?

SCENE 19

The previous characters and TITUS *who enters clothed in a black tail coat, knee breeches, silk stockings, and shoes*

Titus Here I am as your Ladyship commanded. (*notices Constansia*) Oh no. It's Constansia.

Constansia What is this?

Lady Cypresscastle (*to Constansia*) In future I shall not tolerate this sort -

Constansia But your Ladyship, I hadn't -

Lady Cypresscastle Not another word.

Titus (*to Lady Cypresscastle*) Your Graciousness seems distraught. What concerns you?

Lady Cypresscastle If you can suspend your disbelief, the fool there insists that your hair is black.

Titus That is a black lie.

Constansia I'm losing my mind.

Lady Cypresscastle A trifling loss. What is worse is the loss of my temper. Go and prepare my *toilette*.

Constansia I can only assure you once more -

Lady Cypresscastle And I can only assure you for the last time to go.

Constansia It's beyond all comprehension. (*exits*)

SCENE 20

LADY CYPRESSCASTLE *and* TITUS

Lady Cypresscastle Insolent woman.

Titus (*aside*) My position in this household is like a ship-wrecked sailor on a plank; I must push the others off or go under myself. (*aloud*) Your Ladyship, that was but a taste of her insolence.

Lady Cypresscastle Was she perchance discourteous to yourself?

Titus No, she was only too courteous. It may seem peculiar that I should discuss such a matter, but I so greatly abhor it. She always makes eyes at me as when - and continually speaks as though - and invariably acts as if - and I don't like it.

Lady Cypresscastle She must go. Today. Immediately.

Titus And then there is the behaviour of the hairdresser. He seems to entertain a permanent liaison with the chambermaid, which strikes me as entirely inappropriate to the honour of your Ladyship's household.

Lady Cypresscastle I shall let him go.

Titus I am offended by such displays of open affection, such groping amorousness, such carnal licentiousness. I just do not like to see it. (*aside*) I'd rather do it myself.

Lady Cypresscastle (*aside*) Such delicate, such noble sentiments. (*aloud*) Monsieur Marquis has coifed me for the last time.

Titus And then there is the gardeneress , but it is almost too shameful to repeat.

Lady Cypresscastle Speak. I desire it.

Titus She half proposed.

Lady Cypresscastle The impertinence.

Titus A formal half marriage proposal.

Lady Cypresscastle She will leave my house immediately.

Titus (*aside*) They're all being dismissed and I can remain the white haired boy.

Lady Cypresscastle You must write letters of dismissal for them all.

Titus No I cannot. My first task as secretary must not be so ghastly.

Lady Cypresscastle Such a tender hearted man.

SCENE 21

EMMA *and the previous characters*

Emma (*entering*) Mummy, I must complain about Constansia. Her behaviour forced me to call her a - a - a stupid goose.

Lady Cypresscastle You shall dismiss her immediately. You may tell Constansia to her face and the gardeneress and hairdresser in writing.

Emma How nice, dear Mummy.

Titus (*pretending to be amazed*) Mummy?

Lady Cypresscastle Yes. This is my daughter.

Titus O no. No. Stop it. No it is not possible.

Lady Cypresscastle Why not?

Titus The years fail to fit.

Lady Cypresscastle (*flattered*) They do my friend.

Titus Such a young lady and this grown daughter? No. Only some are to be deceived. She must be a younger sister or a distant relation of the house. If I am to believe that your Ladyship has a daughter then she can only be at the most, at the very most, this big. (*demonstrating the size of a new born baby*)

Lady Cypresscastle Yet it is as I have said. One has been well conserved.

Titus Oh I know what conservation does, but no conservatory could have accomplished this.

Lady Cypresscastle Silly man. I must attend to my toilette or my guests will surprise me. Emma, you will accompany me. (*to Titus*) We shall meet again momentarily.

Titus (*as though overcome by emotion*) Oh please let it be soon! (*pretends to be shocked by his own words, collects himself, bows very deeply, and adds obsequiously*) I wish for the opportunity to demonstrate how greatly I desire to serve you.

Lady Cypresscastle (*flattered*) Adieu. (*exits*)

SCENE 22

TITUS *alone*

Titus When I think about the difference between this morning and now. The changes that have happened in the space of four to five hours. Yes, Time is a tailor doing alterations in the workshop of eternity. Sometimes the work goes quickly, sometimes slowly, but it's always finished. Do what you will, Time changes all. (*sings*)

Yes there was a young lover who danced night and day,
He would climb through a window for rolls in the hay,
He'd run and he'd chase for a hot love affair,
For sleep and for rest he had no time to spare.
But one short year later he can't move no more,
For his heart is too tired, his body too sore,
Now he sleeps all day long or he sits up and bawls,
Oh how Time changes all, yes sweet Time changes all,
Oh how Time changes all, yes sweet Time changes all!

There's a man who's engaged, to a girl he'll be wed,
For a sign of her love he's done all that she said,
He stands on the street corner just for a kiss,
He shakes in the snow she's such heavenly bliss.
But once he is married he's hardly at home,
No he's out with his cronies, he's out on the roam,
Seems his passion has faded, he's just not enthralled,
Oh how Time changes all, yes sweet Time changes all,
Oh how Time changes all, yes sweet Time changes all!

And then what of the boy who was kind, who had tact?
When it came to his manners there's nothing he lacked,
He was nice and polite, he said nothing untrue,
Wherever you took him he knew what to do.
Both Ladies and Gents thought that he was a joy,
But they ever so quickly then ruined the boy,
Now he's shamefully rude and a total screwball,
Oh how Time changes all, yes sweet Time changes all,
Oh how Time changes all, yes sweet Time changes all!

And then what of the beauty who turned men away?
Of which eight had a house and horse, wagon and hay,
Well two hung themselves right on her window pane,
And three drowned themselves in the Danube for shame.
Though four took their lives at the Third Coffeehouse,
She's now duller and plainer than'an ol' country mouse,
And no one would notice were she nude at a ball,
Oh how Time changes all, yes sweet Time changes all,
Oh how Time changes all, yes sweet Time changes all!

What if jokes should be made about someone's new wife?
Then Ka-Bang right away there would be a great fight,
Bones would be broken and much blood would flow,
It couldn't be stopped it'd be blow after blow.

But husbands cool right off soon after the marriage,
When they have six children and one in the carriage,
Then jokes about wives are the best jokes of all,
Oh how Time changes all, yes sweet Time changes all,
Oh how Time changes all, yes sweet Time changes all!

SCENE 23

SERVANTS *carry in a large table spread for tea and place chairs about it.*
LADIES *and* GENTLEMEN *enter to the chorus of the following song.*

Chorus This estate is so charming and oh so nice,
For the cards here are banned along with the dice,
This estate is so charming and oh so nice,
For cards are banned along with all dice.
At Lady Cypresscastle in soiree,
We delight in the muses and in the tea,
Delight in the muses and in tea,
Delight in the muses and in tea.

SCENE 24

LADY CYPRESSCASTLE, *the previous characters, and then* TITUS

Lady Cypresscastle Welcome most honoured Ladies and Gentlemen.

Guests Thank you for the gracious invitation -

Lady Cypresscastle I trust you are all in good health?

The Men Very well, thank you -

The Women Migraines - Headaches - Rheumatism -

Lady Cypresscastle If you please? (*all sit for tea*)

Titus (*enters*) I come perhaps at an inopportune - ?

Lady Cypresscastle On the contrary you come as if called. (*presenting Titus to her company*) May I have the pleasure of introducing my new secretary?

All How do you do?

Lady Cypresscastle (*to Titus*) Please be seated. (*Titus seats himself*) The gentleman you see before you will recite my latest memoirs at our next soiree.

All Charming -

SCENE 25

FLORA *and the previous characters*

Flora (*enters crying*) Yer Graciousness, I beg forgiveness that I -

All (*shocked*) The gardeneress ?

Titus (*aside*) Damn it.

Flora (*to Lady Cypresscastle*) I can't believe that ya gone and fired me when I ain't done a thing.

Lady Cypresscastle I am not required to speak of the grounds that caused your dismissal. Besides which -

Flora (*notices Titus*) What's that? He's blond?

Lady Cypresscastle Of what concern is the hair colour of my secretary? Out with you.

SCENE 26

CONSTANSIA, EMMA, *and the previous characters*

Constansia (*enters crying, followed by Emma*) No. It can't be.

Emma I've told her what Mummy ordered.

Constansia I've been dismissed?

All (*to Lady Cypresscastle*) In earnest?

Constansia Your Ladyship, I would never have believed it of you to dismiss me without grounds.

A Guest What has she done?

Constansia The secretary's hair is to blame.

Lady Cypresscastle Ridiculous, that is not the reason. (*to her guests*) Tell me what do you think of this fool? She maintains his hair is black. Now I ask you is he blond or not?

Constansia His hair is black.

Flora I say so too. His hair is black.

SCENE 27

MARQUIS *and the previous characters*

Marquis (*entering*) And I say 'is 'air is not black, but neither is it blond.

All Excuse me Monsieur Marquis?

Marquis 'e is a red 'ead!

All A redhead!

Titus (*aside*) It's no use. (*removes the blond wig*) Yes I am redheaded!

All What's that?

Lady Cypresscastle *Fi donc*!

Constansia (*to Titus*) Oh how ghastly he looks!

Flora (*to Titus*) An' that tomato head wanted t' marry me?

Lady Cypresscastle (*to Titus*) He is a deceiver who has maligned the most faithful members of my household. Depart! Out with you or my staff -

Titus (*to Lady Cypresscastle*) No need. Rage overcomes thee. I am going.

All Out!

Titus Call no man happy until he is dead. (*exits slowly with bowed head*)

Chorus of Guests (*sing*) Oh! My word did you notice that?
We must attempt not to laugh, we must attempt not to laugh!

Lady Cypresscastle pretends to faint and the curtain falls amid general consternation.

ACT THREE

The set is decorated as at the beginning of Act Two; a section of the garden, the Gardeneress' home with a table and two benches before it, and a window and wall belonging to a wing of the castle.

SCENE 1

TITUS *alone*

Titus (*enters*) The strong foundation of my hopes has burned to the ground uninsured, my lucky stocks have fallen by one hundred percent, and I am worth the roundest of all sums - zero. But wait - I have still profited by the series of events. Fortune has left me a good suit, perhaps only as a mocking souvenir of a career that has stumbled and fallen on its face. This black tail coat -

SCENE 2

GEORG *and* TITUS

Georg (*enters*) - will with the velvet vest and knee breeches be returned to the castle.

Titus Oh dear representative, do you know what a highly unpleasant message -

Georg Don't make a fuss.

Titus Imagine, dear representative, that I had already skedaddled.

Georg Our guard captures all vagabonds.

Titus Or imagine dear representative, that I have forgotten human rights and beaten someone and run off, what would -

Georg Help! Help!

Titus Why are you shouting? I'm only asking and questions are allowed.

Georg Put your tramp clothing back on and leave the respectable clothing here.

Titus Such a flattering individual.

Georg No compliments. In a quarter of an hour the clothes must be here (*gesturing to Treeshears' house*) and you must be God knows where. Understand? (*exits*)

SCENE 3

TITUS *alone*

Titus Oh yes I understand it all. Fate is calling me home. I wanted to return in a black tail coat, but Fate said, "forget your pretentions and don't be going to any troubles on account of an old friend like me." (*exits*)

SCENE 4

HERR BUNGLE *and* SALOME *enter*

Salome Ya ain't gonna do nothin' bad to him are ya?

Herr Bungle Like I already zaid: *Nein*. I'm going to do vhat za beerbrew *Meister* told me. He iz za only von who can tap into *mein* soul.

Salome And what'd he say?

Herr Bungle He zaid, "zhat's what you get when you ignore him zince he vas a baby. Now he iz probably going zrough za vorld und bringing shame upon za family." Zat's vhy I've come after him.

Salome And do ya wanna lock 'im up?

Herr Bungle Me? For za life of me I do, but za beerbrew *Meister* zaid zhat too would bring shame to za family.

Salome I don't believe your being so angry with a blood relation.

Herr Bungle Your own nephew can be a pain in za zide if hiz hair iz red.

Salome Is red hair a crime?

Herr Bungle Red hair iz alvays a sign of a foxy character, of a backstabbing nature. *Und* he disgracez za whole family. Zhey are all dead now except for me, *aber* when zhey were in za family ve all had brown hair, all dark headz, not a bright head to be found az far back az za family goes. And zis boy has za nerve to come into za vorld az a redhead.

Salome But ya can't jest let a relation starve, 'specially if yer a man o' means.

Herr Bungle Vhat I have I owe to my vitz.

Salome D' ya really have some?

Herr Bungle Vell I hope zo. *Mein* parentz didn't leave me a penny. I vaz confined to my own vitz und let me tell you, zhat vas a narrow confinement.

Salome I think though -

Herr Bungle Zhen my godmother died *und* left me ten zouzand. I zhought to myself zhat if a few more relations vere to die zhat vould do. Right? Four veeks later a cousin died *und* left me zirty-zouzand. Za next summer anozer cousin dropped *und* I inherited anozer twenty-thouzand. Za winter right after an aunt popped *und* left me forty-zouzand. A few years later another aunt, *und* zhen anozer godmother, all of zhem just as I planned. *Und* zhen I won eighteen-zouzand in a lottery.

Salome That on top of it all?

Herr Bungle You can't zhink zhat inheritancez alone vill do it, you got to try at somezhing else. In short I can zay zhat what I have I have because of my vitz.

Salome Well Master Titus is sure to be just as smart and he'll inherit you when you die.

Herr Bungle A really smart *mensch* once told me zhat I can't die. Vhy? He didn't say, he vas obviously trying to flatter me. But if von of zhese days I vere to die, I vould zhen pick someone to inherit my fortune. I don't need zhat tomato head to disgrace me *mit* hiz last honours.

Salome So you ain't gonna do nothin' now or after yer death fer poor Master Titus?

Herr Bungle I'm going to do zhat vhat ze beerbrew *Meister* zaid. I'm going to buy him a barber shop in za town, because zhat'z vhat I owe my dead relationz. Zhen I'm going to give him a few zouzand so zhat he can be a decent man. Zhen I'm going to be really rude to him about hiz red hair und tell him to stay za hell out of *mein* zight.

Salome So yer goinna make 'im rich an' happy after all.

Herr Bungle I'm going to do vhat za beerbrew *Meister* zaid.

Salome (*aside*) I'm so happy about it, but when he ain't no longer poor, then he's completely lost to me. (*sighing*) Oh well, he didn't want me anyway.

Herr Bungle Tell me, vhat doez he do in za castle?

Salome That I don't know, but he's covered head t' toe in gold braid!

Herr Bungle *Mein Gott*! Zhat's a servant'z livery. Oh vhat a blot to za family name. Za nephew of a *bier* seller covered in gold braid. I bet all our relationz are lying upzide down in zheir gravez. Vhat an unbelievable scandal. Take me up zhere right away. I'm going to beat him out of zhat livery *und* fast. I won't have a momentz peace until I've viped za blot on my family name clean *und* until my relationz lie upright in their gravez.

Salome But -

Herr Bungle I zaid, let'z move. Redheadz lead za vay. (*pushes her off stage behind the wing of the castle*)

SCENE 5

FLORA *and then* PUMPKINHEAD

Flora (*enters*) Hey Pumpkinhead. Pumpkinhead.

Pumpkinhead (*enters*) Well now would ya like to hold a good-bye supper fer two where I ain't invited?

Flora *Dummkopf*. Shut up and see to it that ya send 'im away.

Pumpkinhead (*calling to Titus in the Gardeneress' home*) Hurry up in there.

SCENE 6

TITUS *and the previous characters*

Titus (*entering from the Gardeneress' home in the torn suit in which he first appeared*) Here I am already.

Flora Not very impressive fer a man who should 'a been gone a long time ago.

Titus The gardeneress who found a hair in my hair. Would you be kind enough to give me something to take on my way?

Flora Fer the trouble ya caused me, ya want me t' give you somethin' t' take on yer way? I'd rather look t' make sure ya haven't taken somethin' along already! (*exits into her home*)

Titus (*shocked*) What?

Pumpkinhead Yup, ya never kin tell. (*regards Titus contemptuously*) Ya hair embezzler. (*exits to the Gardeneress' home*)

SCENE 7

TITUS *then* GEORG

Titus (*alone*) Impertinent folk. How lovingly these people handle you when, like a weaver, you come to the end of your thread. But I guess it is my own fault. I didn't behave so lovingly myself when I was weaving this web of deceit. Which direction to turn now? Where to spend the night when I haven't a penny in my pocket? (*looking toward the castle and the Gardeneress' home*) Here there are rooms enough, but I am a delicacy these rooms cannot stomach. (*exiting*)

Georg (*enters from behind the castle, steps towards Titus and greets him with extreme politeness and servility*) Please forgive me for interrupting you, my most worthy gentleman.

Titus I beg of you don't take me for a fool.

Georg I know perfectly well what to take you for. (*aside*) But I ain't allowed to say. (*aloud*) You are requested to appear at the castle.

Titus Me?

Georg To the chambermaid.

Titus Me? To Madame Constansia?

Georg Then perhaps even to her Ladyship, but not immediately.

Titus (*aside*) Unbelievable. (*to Georg*) I shall appear as requested.

Georg In the meantime you may stroll in the garden. (*bows and exits*)

SCENE 8

TITUS *alone*

Titus The pieces are falling into place. Her Ladyship has had an attack of graciousness, has realized that she has handled me, poor devil that I am, too harshly and has decided to give me something to take on my way. But wait. In order to make absolutely sure I will pay her a most tender compliment. (*reaching into his pocket*) I still have here - she can't stand my red hair - I still have here the gray wig from the previous gardener in my pocket. (*producing the wig*) With this I will make my parting visit and for that she is sure to spring me something. (*exits*)

SCENE 9

FLORA *and* PUMPKINHEAD

Flora (*still within*) Didn't I jest tell ya? Didn't I jest know it? Somethin' like this was sure t' happen. (*enters angrily*) Oh I knew I was a good judge o' character. (*to Pumpkinhead*) Yer gonna chase right after him.

Pumpkinhead It ain't worth the trouble.

Flora The wig o' my dearly departed husband, may his soul rest in peace, has been stolen. Fer me it's priceless, if I want it to be.

Pumpkinhead Ah stop it. The moths are already eatin' it.

Flora You chase after 'im. Steal from that thief.

Pumpkinhead He ain't gonna getta red cent fer it.

Flora Go get him I said. And fast.

Pumpkinhead (*exiting slowly*) I'll see to it that he's rounded up. But I doubt it. (*exits*)

SCENE 10

FLORA *and then* GEORG

Flora Too bad that it's already dusk. By now the watchman's totally drunk or I'd have that Titus locked up, that rotten redheaded rogue. I'd give him something to remember me by.

Georg (*entering*) What's wrong Mrs. Gardeneress? Why so angry?

Flora It's all 'cause o' the good-for-nothin' tramp.

Georg Psst wait. I thought he was a tramp too. But turns out he has a filthy rich uncle who's arrived, will buy him a barber shop in town, and give him thousands and thousands.

Flora What?

Georg (*exiting*) Just like I said. I was sent to call Master Titus to the castle because he hasn't yet been told. (*exits*)

SCENE 11

FLORA *then* TITUS *and then* SALOME

Flora (*alone*) This news is a nightmare. And I've treated him so badly. Now it means turnin' it all around and puttin' all my eggs back in his basket. I jest gotta become the wife of a barber. I jest gotta! (*noticing Titus*) There he comes. I'm gonna pretend I'm so sorry. Pretend? I'm crazy with regret.

(*sings*) Titus! Titus!

Titus (*enters singing*) Gardeneress I hear you calling me.

Flora Ach dear Titus hark to me.

Titus Gardeneress I hear you calling me.

Flora Ach dear Titus hark to me,
I have no peace and cannot rest.

Titus Then speak and I will do my best.

Flora Can I have been so prejudiced?

Titus Yes you were, I'm unimpressed.

Flora (*simultaneously*) I have no peace and can't rest.

Titus Then speak and I will do my best.

Flora (*simultaneously*) Can I have been so prejudiced?

Titus Could you have been more prejudiced?

Flora (*simultaneously*) I have no peace and can't rest,
No I can't rest, can't rest.

Titus Yes you were I'm unimpressed,
Yes unimpressed, impressed!

Flora Please forgive my discrimination,
For I have an explanation.
Won't you listen?

Titus Well then? What then?

Flora Oh I wither.

Titus (*sarcastic*) Delightful.

Flora Woe me.

Titus Should I be poorly treated,
Mishandled by you people?
Far away from these flatlands,
I will form new kinds of love bands.
In Switzerland I will find a maid,
And end this fruitless masquerade.

Flora Of my temper I failed t' be master,
Forgive me and please don't be hard,
It's really not such a disaster,
Or has my mistake gone too far?

Titus How in me revenge rages!
Yes how honour, how love spurs it ever onward -

Flora But will you go again?

Titus Yes I will go, gay and free,
Your love I will not be.

Flora (*simultaneously*) Ach you can't imagine, can't believe,
All the torments that through my breast heave,
Yes I'm findin' it hard to breathe,
And regret makes my heart split in two.
I call ya my reason for livin',

All I wish fer is yer forgivin',
Don't ya respond t' my passion with cruelty,
Or reply t' my tears with such scorn,
Don't ya respond t' my passion with cruelty,
Or reply t' my tears with such scorn.
Don't ya respond t' my passion with cruelty,
Or reply t' my hot tears with such scorn.

Titus That I could wake her love so quickly?
Something tells me that it's sickly.
To make buns you must then bake them,
But my sweet buns, she won't take them.
Her tale is a farce,
But I sure don't care,
Off on a lark,
We're not a pair.
Do give up, you'll get nowhere,
Do give up, you'll get nowhere, nowhere!

Salome (*entering*) I don't have a single reason,
T' feel very jolly,
Maybe this is just the season,
For such happy folly.
There's this big fat man in there,
Scared the wits from little me,
But no one up there is scared,
For he's foolish as a flee.
But no one up there is scared,
He's foolish as a flee hehehehe!

Flora (*simultaneously*) And what does she want?
Titus you must watch yer tone.
We're no longer alone.
Ha!
All those tender words,
You have said and I have heard,
To me you have been returned,
What was lost,
What's lost, what's lost,
What's mine by Luck!

Titus (*simultaneously*) Salome.
The way out is entirely unknown,
Yes the way out is unknown,
Time to forgive I own, Oh!

All those tender words,
I have said and you have heard,
To you I've not been returned,
No I'm not yours, Not yours,
I've tricked, yes tricked by Luck,
By Luck!

Salome What is this?
He's with her?
Is he like the fat sir?
That I had to walk in on this,
It more than certain weren't my wish,
Ah!
I will jest go on my way,
Nothin' t' say,
Nope,
I've got no Luck!

Titus Ach - to see her in my net,
Ach - I would make the bet, yes
Ach - is easy to get,
Yet no no no no I don't want her.

For loving dideidldidum
Is never dideidldidum
Fulfilling dumdidldidum
And I don't want her,
No!

To see her in my net - Ack!
I would make the bet - Ug!
Were easy to get - yet no!
To light that hot fire,
I do not aspire,
Please leave my flesh intact.
Yes!

All Three We foolishly rely on Luck,
But mostly we're just thunderstruck.

Flora (*simultaneously*) I won't be tricked by Luck this time,
Redheaded Titus will be mine.

Titus (*simultaneously*) I won't be tricked by Luck this time,
Redheaded Titus won't be thine.

Salome I won't be tricked by Luck this time,
Redheaded Titus won't be thine.

All Three When you think all is safe,
That Luck is locked inside,
Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, like a thin waif,
Through the window she flies.

We foolishly rely on luck
But mostly we're just thunderstruck.

Flora (*simultaneously*) I won't be tricked by Luck this time
Redheaded Titus will be mine.

Titus (*simultaneously*) I won't be tricked by Luck this time
Redheaded Titus won't be thine.

Salome I won't be tricked by Luck this time,
Redheaded Titus won't be thine.

All Three Luck!
With the change of the moon we're now on our way,
Marching on 'til our Luck has been changed.
Luck goes round in the wide world it abounds,
Without grounds though it's often hell bound.

Flora & Salome We know our place -

Titus We know our place - We know our place -

Flora & Salome We're pawns of Fate.

Titus We're pawns of Fate - We're pawns of Fate.

Flora & Salome Just don't take her -

Titus Just don't take her - Just don't take her -

Flora & Salome Too too much to (*simultaneously*) heart,
And with hope do always, always, always, always, always, always, always start -
Definitely always, always, always, always, always, definitely always, always, always, always, always, always, always, surely always, always, always start!

Titus - Heart,
And with hope do always, always, always, always, always, always, always start -
Definitely always, always, always, always, always, definitely always, always, always, always, always, always, always always, always, surely always, always, always start! (*exit in opposite directions*)

Set Change. Solarium in the castle with glass doors in the background through which a terrace and moonlight shining on the garden can be seen.

SCENE 12

CONSTANSIA *alone*

Constansia (*enters*) Who would have thought it of the Marquis? With a proud and careless (*imitating the Marquis' French accent and manner*) "*Adieu Madame*!" he's made himself permanently free of me. Oh well. A new bridegroom, Master Titus, is soon to be lying at my feet. If only her Ladyship, who has taken an interest in the whole affair, could convince Herr Bungle to declare Titus as his heir.

SCENE 13

CONSTANSIA *and* LADY CYPRESSCASTLE

Lady Cypresscastle (*entering*) Constansia?

Constansia Your Ladyship.

Lady Cypresscastle It will not work.

Constansia Are you certain?

Lady Cypresscastle I have, for the past half hour, done my utmost with the man, but his leathery watertight soul is impervious to my rushing words. He wishes to establish Titus in business, nothing more, and there is absolutely no hope for an inheritance.

Constansia How disappointing. I thought it would be so simple. I've already called the Notary Hawk. Let us try once again, your Ladyship, and together we shall persuade him.

Lady Cypresscastle If you think it will help. Today in my haste I treated you most unjustly and I wish to make amends.

Constansia (*kissing her hand*) You are so very kind.

Lady Cypresscastle But I must tell you that I have very little hope. (*exit together*)

SCENE 14

KONRAD *leads* TITUS, *who wears a gray wig, to the solarium*

Titus (*entering*) But at least tell me -

Konrad I can't say a thing. (*staring at him in disbelief*) But what's that? You've got a gray wig on.

Titus Is it any of your business? I've been summoned. Announce me and that's that.

Konrad All right, all right already. (*exits*)

SCENE 15

TITUS *alone. Later* KONRAD

Titus (*alone, gesturing to his heart*) It will stab me a little right here when I see Constansia again. I'll just have to remind myself how she said, (*imitating Constansia's speech and manner*) "O how ghastly he looks!" Such a memory is a universal remedy for chronic heartache. She may be a chambermaid wherever she wishes but in the chambers of my heart she will enter no longer. They will be occupied by an unmarried bachelor whose name is Misogyny. (*Konrad enters*) Well? Have you announced me?

Konrad No. Her Ladyship is in conversation and she will not be interrupted. (*exits*)

SCENE 16

TITUS *alone*

Titus Off with you, you uninformed uniformed order filling machine. Oh how I've had it to here! (*sings*)

Someone comes to your room so you ask what he wishes,
He says he needs cash he'd be glad to do dishes,
He's been looking for work but the times are so hard,
Say's he's just spent ten weeks in a hospital ward.
But in early morning he stinks of stale beer,
Yes I've had it to here, how I've had it to here,
Yes I've had it to here, how I've had it to here!

"I think the tale seems strange" says the dear doting husband,
"What bosh" lisps the wife and then adds somewhat offhand,
"That he says such sweet and such tender things to me,
Is a sign he loves my mind and not my body,
And what you take for love is just friendship my dear."
Yes I've had it to here, how I've had it to here,
Yes I've had it to here, how I've had it to here!

And me? Well I loved this dear girl who's sweet as a bon-bon,
And she loved me too for she thought me a Don Juan,
So we then asked to marry, were told that'd be fine,
But to live with us her folks were also inclined,
And all twelve of her siblings which was my worst fear,
Yes I've had it to here, how I've had it to here,
Yes I've had it to here, how I've had it to here!

"I'm joining the theatre" this young man informs me,
I ask him politely what his first part will be,
He says he will play Hamlet for he's a genius,
He'll then play Othello for he thinks to please us,
I will bet his third debut will be as King Lear.
Yes I've had it to here, how I've had it to here,
Yes I've had it to here, how I've had it to here! (*exits*)

SCENE 17

LADY CYPRESSCASTLE *and* CONSTANSIA *enter together*. *Later* TITUS *and* Herr Bungle

Lady Cypresscastle What can be taking him so long?

Constansia Georg just informed me -

Titus (*enters*) Does your Ladyship mean me?

Lady Cypresscastle Ah there you are. You are about to be surprised.

Constansia (*in reference to Titus' gray wig*) Your Ladyship, you do of course see -

Lady Cypresscastle What is this?

Titus (*gesturing to his wig*) This old wig was the only thing I could find to present myself in, in order that your nervous system might be spared my injurious hair colour.

Lady Cypresscastle It is not so terrible. I am occasionally just a little childish.

Titus Childish? That characteristic could not be discovered in you by the most perceptive student of human nature.

Constansia Actually red hair isn't all that bad.

Titus (*shocked*) You say that? You who - ?

Lady Cypresscastle Now you will quickly remove that wig as someone will soon -

Constansia (*noticing Herr Bungle's entrance*) Too late. He is here already.

Lady Cypresscastle (*to Herr Bungle*) Here is your nephew Herr Bungle. (*exits with Constansia*)

SCENE 18

TITUS *and* HERR BUNGLE. *Later* KONRAD

Titus My uncle. How did you get here?

Herr Bungle In a more respectable vay zhan you did, zhat's for sure. Running avay isn't *mein* style.

Titus Yes of course. When one's as fat as you are one can only waddle off.

Herr Bungle You blot on za family you. (*approaches Titus and notices his gray hair*) Vat'z zis? Gray hair?

Titus (*aside*) Oh yey.

Herr Bungle But you're a redhead?

Titus I was.

Herr Bungle Und now?

Titus Now I'm gray.

Herr Bungle It can't be possible -

Titus Actuality is always the surest proof of probability.

Herr Bungle *Aber* you're only tventy-six?

Titus I was yesterday, but the worries and the pain that I have suffered, I who have been abandoned by my only uncle, I who have been forced to become a helpless runaway, it has aged me a millennium. I became gray overnight.

Herr Bungle (*amazed*) Overnight?

Titus The clock struck seven and I disappeared from home. Three quarters of an hour later I looked into the only mirror available to the poverty stricken, a puddle, and my reflection revealed that my hair was peppered with gray. But I attributed this to the evening sky. I then chose a ditch as my bed, chose the night fog as my blanket, and fell asleep. At the stroke of midnight I was awakened by two frogs sitting on my cravat engaged in a bitter argument. My following attack of desperation gave me the brilliant idea of tearing the hair from my head - and it was gray,

but I attributed this to the silvery reflection of the moon and slept further. Suddenly I was startled from my deep sleep by the sound of chattering milkmaids. It was early morning and by my side sat a gypsy making his toilette. He peered into a silver sliver of glass that was once perhaps a mirror. I followed suit and a gray head, that I only recognized as my own because it was attached to my face, stared back at me.

Herr Bungle Unbelievable.

Titus Oh no, history confirms this. Think of Belisarius, you've surely heard of him?

Herr Bungle Belisarius? Vasn't he a beer seller?

Titus No, a Roman General. His wife got the senate to scratch his eyes out.

Herr Bungle Usually vomens do zhat kind of vork themselvez.

Titus She did it by following the law of Justinian. Her husband took the matter to heart and three days later he was gray. Just think uncle, what took a Roman general three days I accomplished in twenty-four hours. And you are the reason for this historical phenomenon.

Herr Bungle Titus, *mein kind, mein* blood-relation. I don't know - I don't know vhat'z come over me. I'm za *Onkel* of a historical phenomenon. (*sobbing*). I haven't cried in nineteen yearz *und* now za tears come shooting out.

Titus It's good to get rid of all that old beer.

Herr Bungle *Komm her* you gray headed *kind*. (*hugs him*)

Titus Uncle Bungle. (*leaps back suddenly from his arms*)

Herr Bungle Vhy did you jump like a shtartled horse?

Titus (*aside*) He came within a hair of grabbing my pigtail. (*aloud*) You pressed so hard with your ring, I think.

Herr Bungle Don't be zo zensitive. *Komm* near to your *Onkel's Herz*. (*they embrace,while being hugged Titus lifts his pigtail with his hand to keep it from being noticed or touched by Bungle*)

Herr Bungle (*releasing Titus*) Zo, by za vay, zo zhat I don't prezz you *mit* my ring anymore - (*pulls a big signet ring from his finger with difficulty*)

Titus (*as this occurs, aside*) If he sees the pigtail it's over. He's not stupid enough to believe that grief also caused this pigtail to grow.

Herr Bungle (*giving him the ring*) Here you are. You got to know zhat I'm here to take you back to za city, to make a successful man out of you, to buy you one hell of a barber shop.

Titus Uncle.

Herr Bungle But look at you? Zhat suit. I've got to present you to her Ladyship as my relation *und* someone else in zhere -

Titus (*worried*) Can it be the hairdresser?

Herr Bungle Hairdresser? You, *kind*, don't be stupid. I've got bad eyez but I got a good look at vat'z to look at. Only zhat suit of yourz - (*Konrad enters*) Hey you - Ya you zhere. Do you have a - a - what's it called? (*he gestures a lint brush*)

Konrad A lint brush? I think so - (*reaching into his pocket*) Yes sir, I've got one right here in my pocket.

Herr Bungle Zo let me have it. (*Konrad gives the lint brush to Herr Bungle*) You can go. (*Konrad exits, to Titus*) Come here zo I can clean you up *ein bisschen*.

Titus What do you want?

Herr Bungle Turn around.

Titus But uncle, you are not going to lower yourself by acting as servant to your nephew?

Herr Bungle I am not zerving my nephew. I am cleaning za zuit of a natural vonder. I'm brushing za dust from a historical phenomenon und zhat doesn't take honour away, even from a beer seller. Now turn around.

Titus (*aside*) God, when he sees the pigtail. (*aloud*) Start at the front.

Herr Bungle All right. (*brushes Titus' torn suit*)

Titus (*aside*) Fate, give me scissors or I'll stab myself with a knife.

Herr Bungle (*brushing his legs*) Terrible. How za *kind* dressez himzelf.

Titus (*aside*) Is there no help? Let lightning strike. (*notices Constansia's arm with a gigantic pair of scissors in her hand sticking through one of the doors*) Ha! A flash of cold steel strikes my eyes. The heavens present me scissors.

Herr Bungle Turn around I zaid already!

Titus Let us move over here. (*goes to the door without turning his back to Herr Bungle*) The light is better over here. (*leans back and removes the scissors from Constansia's hand*)

Herr Bungle Now turn around.

Titus No. There's still lots of dust you've missed in the front. (*while Herr Bungle brushes the front of Titus' suit, Titus quickly snips the pigtail off his wig*)

Herr Bungle Not true. Turn yourself za hell around right now! (*turns Titus around*)

Titus (*pulls the pigtail over his head while being turned around so that Herr Bungle, who cleans the back of Titus' coat, doesn't notice, aside*) Thank you Fate, the amputation has been a success.

Herr Bungle (*as he stops brushing*) Look Titus, you're a good *kind*. You've suffered because of a hardhearted *Onkel, und* vhy vas I hardhearted? Because you had red hair. But you don't have red hair no more zo zhere's no reason no more. I got to be different. I got to become varmhearted. You're my only relation. You are, vis von vord, you're like a son to me. You are my universal hair - uh - heir.

Titus (*shocked*) What?

SCENE 19

LADY FROM CYPRESSCASTLE, NOTARY HAWK, CONSTANSIA *and the previous characters*

Lady Cypresscastle Universal heir! That is the correct word that we have awaited from your heart.

Constansia We never doubted it. And what a coincidence, the notary Hawk has just arrived and he happens to have the correct forms with him.

Herr Bungle Vell zhen let's have it. (*Notary Hawk pulls out forms and silently explains them to Herr Bungle*)

Titus (*aside, referring to Constansia*) She's falling all over herself. She's going after my inheritance more eagerly than I ever have myself.

Lady Cypresscastle (*to Titus*) Have you noticed how the creature (*referring to Constansia*) has your best interests at heart? I am aware of everything and am pleased to give my blessing to this union that love has bound and which gratitude shall only strengthen.

Titus (*bows silently*)

Herr Bungle (*to Notary Hawk*) *Gut! Gut! Alles ist in Ordnung.* (*Herr Bungle is led to the table, is handed a pen, and sits in preparation to sign the document*)

Titus (*aside*) That my blood relation buys me a barber shop, that I can allow. But to become his universal heir through a trick? That I cannot allow. (*aloud to Herr Bungle who is just about to sign the document*) Wait, uncle, allow me -

Herr Bungle Vhat is it? Aren't you happy yet?

SCENE 20

FLORA *and the previous characters*

Flora (*enters*) Yer Ladyship, I come -

Lady Cypresscastle - at an inopportune moment.

Flora - to settle accounts -

Lady Cypresscastle Have I not informed you that you are to be kept in my employ?

Flora Yes - but - It is not yet certain, but it may perhaps be that I'll be married in town. Why should I keep it a secret? Master Titus -

Lady Cypresscastle What?

Constansia (*simultaneously*) The impertinence.

Herr Bungle How many marriage proposals did you promise in your desperation?

Titus Promise? None at all.

Herr Bungle In any case zhat's besides za point. Marry whoever you vant. You are my universal hair - uh - heir!

SCENE 21

SALOME *and the previous characters*

Salome (*enters*) Master Titus. Master Titus. (*startled by the company, without noticing Flora, remains standing in the door-way*)

Lady Cypresscastle, Notary Hawk & Constansia What's this?

Salome (*shyly*) I'm begging yer pardon -

Lady Cypresscastle What business calls this person here?

Salome Master Titus, Mrs. Treeshears wants -

Lady Cypresscastle She is present.

Salome (*noticing Flora*) Right. Well then she kin tell ya herself.

Lady Cypresscastle Tell what?

Salome Nothin'. She's winkin' at me that I shouldn't utter a word.

Lady Cypresscastle Out with it immediately.

Salome Nope. As long as the gardeneress winks at me I can't say nothin'.

Lady Cypresscastle (*to Flora*) Treeshears, I won't have this. (*to Salome*) Out with it.

Salome The gardeneress told Pumpkinhead an' Pumpkinhead told me -

Lady Cypresscastle (*impatient*) What? What?

Salome Master Titus should give the wig back.

Herr Bungle Vhat kind of a vig?

Titus (*removing the gray wig*) This one here.

Herr Bungle What's zis? You *kind* you?

Flora (*aside, simultaneously*) Dammit. Now all is lost.

Constansia (*aside*) Dammit. Now all is lost.

Lady Cypresscastle (*to Constansia*) Silence. (*aloud to Titus*) You have allowed yourself to play a silly joke on your honourable uncle. You will not, however, allow yourself to believe that your uncle fell for your little joke? He must be the most stupid man under the sun not to notice your clumsy deception. But as a man of intelligence and understanding -

Titus He saw through it right away and made me the butt of the joke.

Lady Cypresscastle (*to Herr Bungle*) Is it not so?

Herr Bungle (*utterly dumbfounded*) *Ya - ya - ya* - Of course, of course. I saw zhrough everyzing.

Lady Cypresscastle (*to Titus*) It is now your duty to ask for forgiveness.

Constansia (*to Titus*) You may look forward to your inheritance with confidence as your intelligent uncle will not disinherit you because of your hair colour. (*to Herr Bungle*) Is that not so?

Herr Bungle (*bewildered*) Of course, of course.

Titus (*to Constansia and Flora*) That I freely renounce my inheritance is not something you had hoped for. My good uncle is buying me a barber shop, I require no more and for it I will be forever thankful. I need no inheritance as I truly wish that my uncle will live for three-hundred years.

Herr Bungle A beer seller has never gotten so old. You're a good *kind*, even zhough you've got terrible red hair.

Titus (*referring to Flora and Constansia*) Without an inheritance I cannot wed either of these two worthy ladies, who only find red hair pardonable on a universal hair - uh - heir. I shall therefore marry the one who shall not hold red hair against me, who has already expressed a liking for this poor redheaded devil. And I believe that is the case with Salome. (*embraces her*)

Salome What? Master Titus?

Titus Will be yours!

Lady Cypresscastle (*who has been conversing silently with Constansia then says aloud*) *Adieu*. (*exits*)

Constansia Her Ladyship wishes to be disturbed in her home no longer. (*exits*)

Flora (*to Titus*) Lottsa luck with yer lovely choice. As they say: "Heir today, gone tomorrow." (*exits*)

Herr Bungle (*to Titus*) You act az if I've got nozhing to zay to zis.

Titus Uncle, I know that red hair displeases you, it displeases almost everyone. But why? Just because it's an unusual sight? If there were lots of redheads things would be different. And to this task, to the multiplication of our species I can assure you, dear uncle, Salome and I will fully commit ourselves.

Titus puts his arms around Salome and the curtain falls.

Chapter Four: On the Process of Translation

Translating ***Der Talisman*** can certainly be more detrimental to Johann Nestroy's masterpiece than Metternich's censors could ever have been when making their 'corrections.' The most wicked of censors could delight in removing phrases and ideas, but this is considerably less harmful than the fond translator, who in painstakingly transcribing every word unwittingly removes all traces of the spirit and substance of the original. Translating Nestroy becomes increasingly complex as the voices of critics, scholars, actors, and directors form to discuss the degree and dispute the cause of Nestroy's genius. The play's source, the ensemble for whom it was written, and the conventions of the nineteenth century Austrian folk theatre also make their demands on the translator, as do the conventions of the modern theatre for whom the English version is written. The difficulties are further acerbated by the density and complexity of Nestroy's word-play, for the metaphors, images, and puns provide ample excuse for literary purists to put Nestroy on the shelf, forgetting that his plays on words are firstly words in plays. The task of the translator is, in short, both dangerous and daunting, especially if she begins by consulting anyone other than Nestroy.

Not wanting to see ***Der Talisman*** through the lens of other writers, I avoided historical documentation, biographies, and any and all critical evaluations until the play was translated in its entirety. Curiously, this was a great advantage, as the only influences on the initial translation were the original text, a slim volume of German definitions for the play's Austrian dialect words, and occasional use of two previously published

translations.[24] My translation ultimately is, however, the product of numerous influences including everything from helpful scholarly publications to the kind suggestions of family and friends. Each of these influences are discussed in detail below in an account of the process by which ***Der Talisman oder die Schicksalsperücken*** became an English performance text of **The Talisman or the Wigs of Fate**.

Character Names

Predictably, I began by translating character names. Having read the text aloud, I noticed that the only names contained in the play's dialogue were those of the main characters, making those of peasants, guests, servants, and garden hands relevant only to the program notes. *Hannerl* is not changed to Hannah nor *Seppel* to Joseph, as the actors are nowhere required to utter these names on stage. *Flora Baumscheer* retains her first name and her last is anglicized to Treeshears, which is a literal translation of the very apt original. I disagree with scholar W.E. Yates' assertion that "the emblematic comic names of [Nestroy's] characters cannot be translated"[25] as they are too critical to the audiences' understanding of the characters and the comedy to be left untranslated. I admit, however, that the full resonance of the original names are not always captured in English. *Frau von Cypressenburg* became Lady Cypresscastle, thus losing the richness of her pretentious *von*, which literally means 'from' and was intended to denote a relation to the nobility, however distant. In Nestroy's day the *von* was arbitrarily added to commoner's names to

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[24] *Nestroy Komödien 1838-1845*, edited by Franz H. Mautner (Frankfurt am Main: Insel Verlag, 1970). *Der Talisman: Erläuterungen und Dokumente*, edited by Jürgen Hein (Stuttgart: Philipp Reclam, 1975). Johann Nestroy, *Three Comedies*, translated (and fondly tampered with) by Max Knight and Joseph Fabry (New York: Frederick Ungar, 1967). *Three Viennese Comedies by Johann Nepomuk Nestroy*, translated and with an introduction by Robert Harrison and Katharina Wilson (Columbia, South Carolina: Camden House, 1986).

[25] W.E. Yates, "Let's Translate Nestroy," *Forum for Modern Language Studies* 18 (1982): 248.

express politeness, or deliberately dropped to express rudeness, which accounts for the servant *Georg* calling for "*Herr von Titus*" when he discovers that the redhead has a wealthy uncle.[26] The title of Lady, when combined with Cypresscastle, retains the syllable count and the pretentiousness of the authoress' original name, and in addition to being pleasingly alliterated, embellishes the location of her home from a manor or *Burg* to a suitably overstated and appropriately pretentious castle.

The name of *Titus Feuerfuchs*, the part which Nestroy wrote for himself, is literally translated as Titus Firefox. His last name is strangely not said during the course of the play, even though Nestroy included two lines whose effects partially depend on the audience knowing his full name.[27] It is probable that as Vienna's leading comic actor the names of the character's Nestroy played were familiar to his audience well before they came to the theatre. The hairstyle known as the *Tituskopf* (Titus head), from which the unemployed journeyman barber takes his name, was popular in mid-nineteenth century Vienna and would have been familiar to Nestroy's audience,[28] as would Mozart's **Clemency of Titus**, which is parodied in the *Quodlibet-Terzett* of Act Three, scene eleven. Salome's last name is similarly missing from the spoken dialogue, though it is included in the translation. The faithful rendering of *Pockerl* is giblet and when combined to form Goosegiblet is more than appropriate for a character about whom Titus exclaims,

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[26] The line in the translation reads "my most worthy gentleman" (III.vii). All quotations are listed by Act and scene number and are taken from the following text: Johann Nestroy, *Nestroy Komödien 1838-1845*, edited by Franz H. Mautner (Frankfurt am Main: Insel Verlag, 1970).

[27] In the original play, Monsieur Marquis refers to a red horse he has just sold as his "fiery fox" to which Titus responds in an aside, "Just now, I thought he was calling me by name" (II.x), but the line is not included in the translation. Herr Beerbarrel Bungle's comment that "red hair iz alvays [sic] a sign of a foxy character, of a back-stabbing nature" (III.iv) is kept in the translation, as the humor in his line is not dependent on the audience's knowledge of Titus' last name.

[28] Helmut Herles, *Nestroy's Komödie:Der Talisman. Von der ersten Notiz zum vollendeten Werk. Mit bisher unveröffentlichte Handschriften*, (München: Wilhelm Fink Verlag, 1974) 47.

"Good God a gorgeous goose-girl guiding her geese by the gate" (I.xi).[29] Scholars are unsure why Nestroy chose the name Salome,[30] but my guess is that her biblical namesake (who desired the head of John the Baptist), thematically links her to Titus whose name is also associated with a head. The original Hebrew meaning suggests a peacemaker, which also resonates nicely with Salome's gentle character.

The name of Monsieur Marquis remains intact, as it is essential to Titus mistaking his identity for a real Marquis, and the name of his chambermaid fiancée is almost identical to the original. The second 't' in *Constantia* became an 's' to ensure that English-speaking actors would pronounce the sound and thus highlight the notion of constancy in a character who is thoroughly fickle. The Marquis also calls her Constancy and Constance to further emphasize the irony in her name and nature. The most difficult name to translate, in contrast to Constansia and the Marquis, was that of *Plutzerkern*. 'Poponseed' captures the literal meaning, but a seed conjures the wrong image for the Viennese connotation behind the word *Plutzer*, meaning head. When discussing an individual with an intelligence deficiency, the Viennese will insultingly refer to his *Plutzer*. He became Pumpkinhead which is an admitted compromise of meanings, but Flora kindly communicates the less obvious connotation of his original name by repeatedly calling him a *Dummkopf*. Her insult has the added benefit of being a familiar word amongst English-speaking audiences who are simultaneously provided with a small taste of the play's Viennese flavour.

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[29] The alliteration of the translation was suggested to me by Dr. Barry Yzereef.
[30] Helmut Herles *Nestroy's Komödie: Der Talisman* (München, Wilhelm Fink Verlag, 1974) 48.

The character most responsible for the translation's Viennese flavour is Herr Beerbarrel Bungle, whose first name is added for the purpose of the program notes and whose last is embellished from the original *Spund*. 'Bung' captures the literal meaning of the word, which is a stopper inserted to plug beer casks, but Bungle more fully captures his blundering foolish manner. I initially called him Mr. Beertap, as audiences are unlikely to be familiar with the definition of a bung, but it is Titus who most often calls him by name and Uncle Bungle is a sound too fittingly ridiculous to be resisted. I also initially struggled with Herr Bungle's speech, as it seemed drab in comparison to the colourful colloquialisms uttered by the country folk. After briefly considering Italian and Hungarian accents, I decided on a thick Austrian accent to accentuate his stiff Austrian demeanor.[31] This accent seemed appropriate because, in addition to being comical, it serves as a reminder to the audience that he is a foreigner in the village where Lady Cypresscastle and her domestics reside.

Accents, Dialects, and Speech

The most essential and the most daring aspect of the translation was the decision to put country accents in the mouths of the country boys and girls. Nestroy's characters speak a country dialect, albeit of German, making the choice obvious to me, but it is noteworthy that other translators and adapters of Nestroy avoid the use of accents with the full support of critics and scholars.[32] Thornton Wilder, for instance, advised translators Knight and Fabry to avoid the use of modern American slang because it

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[31] Dr. Barry Yzereef and I read the initial translation aloud together in June of 1996 and agreed that the funniest accent for Herr Bungle was Austrian.

[32] W.E. Yates, in his article "Let's Translate Nestroy" argues against using accents, as does Kari Grimstad's article "Nestroy in English" *Momentum dramaticum: Festschrift for Eckehard Catholy*, ed. by Linda Dietrick and David G. John (Waterloo: UP, 1990) 439-449.

"shatters the whole web of illusion and reality and comicality" of Nestroy's 19th century Vienna.[33] Accents do run the risk of associating ***Der Talisman*** with a particular country, or worse, a particular city and surrounding countryside. Nestroy is purposely vague about location, setting the play "at the estate of Lady Cypresscastle, near a large city," but the audience understands that the estate is a microcosm for Vienna and the large city a microcosm for the world. Taking Nestroy's lead, I made the accents of the country characters as generic as possible because it would be incorrect for Salome, by way of example, to sound like a south Dakota belle or a northern Ontario native. The principle aim of the accent was to define the characters as country folk and this was accomplished with a straightforward formula for their speech: endings are dropped (something becomes somethin'), words are slurred (your becomes yer), and tenses are occasionally shifted (don't got no one). A handful of Austrian expressions are also retained for their flavour and words such as *ach* and *juhe* spice the translation where and when appropriate. The success of the accents is, however, mostly dependent on the audience who, if asked to believe that the characters are Austrian, probably will. The translator must remember what the audience never forgets, that theatre is a visual as well as an audio art form. Traditional Austrian costumes, including *Dirndls* for the girls and *Lederhosen* for the boys, should ensure that the audience associates the accents, and the country boys and girls, with the Austrian rather than the North American countryside.

As with the country characters, each of Nestroy's other characters express themselves in a highly individualized manner. The French Monsieur Marquis, for instance,

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[33] Max Knight, "adventures [sic] in translation," *American-German Review* 34.1 (1967/68) 27.

has such a command of the German language that he easily talks his way out of giving Titus a monetary reward for saving his life. His quick wit also ensures that Titus cannot find fault with his actions, a fact that Titus acknowledges; "the Marquis is terribly considerate, but if he were terribly inconsiderate the result would be the same" (I.x).[34] Rendering the speech of this "wig maker *extraordinaire*" (II.x)[35] should be accomplished in English by maintaining his sharp wit and his ironically considerate tone, but I chose to also give him the obvious, a French accent. I endeavored to incorporate as many French words into his lines as I believe English-speaking audiences are likely to comprehend, and all were placed for their comic effect; "We shall see 'ow successful 'e is with 'is own red 'air at giving *ma* Constance a ki- ki- ki- A *bouche*!" (II.xiii).[36]

The French accent of the Marquis does, however, have an effect on a potentially faithful rendering of the speech of *Frau von Cypressenburg*, who in Nestroy's text uses many French words. Including these words in her dialogue has little effect in English not only due to the Marquis' French expressions, but also due to the particular French words she employs. When pronounced, *horreur*, *soiree*, and *toilette* all sound very like their English equivalents and the pretentious effect for which Nestroy was aiming is lost.[37] This same effect is, however, readily accomplished in English with an accent that is neither British nor North American, but hovers metaphorically over the Atlantic ocean. This 'mid-Atlantic' accent is familiar to English-speaking audiences, as the pretentious in our own century often adopt it. The chambermaid Constansia, who claims to share the tastes

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[34] The original line reads, "*Der Marquis hat ein Zartgefühl - wenn er ein schundiger Kerl wär', hätt' ich grad 's nämliche davon*" (I.x).
[35] The original line reads, "*Ich heiße nur Marquis und bin Perruquier*" (II.x).
[36] The original line reads, "*Wir wollen doch sehen, ob sie dem Rotkopf ein Bububussi gibt!" (II.xiii).*
[37] Please note that *Frau von Cypressenburg's* French words are retained in the translation.

of her mistress, also attempts the 'mid-Atlantic' accent, but she is even less successful in its execution and even more prone to tonal and grammatical errors.

The accents of Lady Cypresscastle and her chambermaid are not written into their lines, but they are inferable from their sentence structure. The actors playing these parts must pay close attention to the commas separating the voluminous quantities of words, especially those of Lady Cypresscastle. The commas are carefully placed to indicate the rhythm, the relaxed pace, and the correct emphasis required by each utterance. The lisp given to Lady Cypresscastle's daughter Emma is, similarly, not incorporated into the spelling of her lines, lines that although few have the potential to make her one of the play's most hilarious characters. She believes herself to be a '*Biedermeier* princess,' when in reality her sexual desires are only partially corseted by her costume. Her primary concern seems to be with appearances, but the escalating excitement revealed by her phrasing in Nestroy's text strongly suggests that she desires Titus for more than his appearance on the back of the family carriage.

Critics and scholars may argue that the accents in my translation are a considerable leap from the dialects employed by Nestroy, and they do admittedly result in some curious spelling, but the accents are critical not only to character differentiation but to the story at the heart of ***Der Talisman***. Titus' climb to the top of the play's miniature society has less to do with the wigs that Fate presents him than with his own linguistic ability. He succeeds because his appearance, actions, and words appeal to the pretensions of each class of character, and his social position advances because he flatters widows at the expense of those they consider to be their lessers. Constansia, for instance, is treated with

considerably more respect than Flora when an argument ensues about who has the right to give Titus money:

Titus:	This matter can be easily resolved without locking horns. If I may? (*taking a purse from Constansia*) Give it here! (*taking the money from Flora*) It is important that no one be slighted. (I.xxiii)	*Erlauben Sie, diese Sache kann man rangieren, ohne daß jemand dabei vor den Kopf gestoßen wird. Ich bin so frei - (nimmt das Geld von Constantia) geben S' nur her! (Nimmt das Geld von Flora.) So! Nur in solchen Fällen niemanden beleidigen!*" (I.xxiii)

The contrast between "if I may" and "give it here" reveals that he is purposely slighting Flora for Constansia's benefit, but her position of privilege is just as short lived. Titus changes his tone, manner, and word choice when talking to both widows once he has gained the favor of a third, and for Lady Cypresscastle he even admits to clothing his words "in holiday costume" because he believes "everyday words are not sufficient" to impress the authoress (II.xvii).[38] Titus' climb of the social ladder is conclusively achieved by skillfully imitating the language of those he wishes to impress, making dialects essential to Nestroy's text and accents essential to the translation.

Other Translations

The use of accents is the most significant difference between my translation of ***Der Talisman*** and the two previously published 1967 and 1986 versions, and they in turn are significantly different from one another. A comparison of the three is not the subject of this thesis, but it is essential to mention their influence on my own work. The latter, by Robert Harrison and Katharina Wilson, is a literal rendering suited for the reader rather

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[38] The original line reads, "*Ich stehe jetzt einer Schriftstellerin gegenüber, da tun's die Alletagsworte nicht, da heißt's jeder Red' ein Feiertagsg'wandel anziehn*" (II.xvii).

than the actor, making the text and footnotes useful for understanding Nestroy's meaning though not his manner. I turned to their version on occasion, when vocabulary eluded me or a difficult passage presented itself, and once my initial translation was complete I carefully compared the two in order to find weaknesses in my own. Inevitably and undoubtedly I benefited from their version, mostly because it affirmed that the direction in which I was taking the language was a lot more fun. As critic Kari Grimstad observed, weak points occur for Harrison and Wilson "as soon as Nestroy's language becomes more complex and vocabulary tinged with dialect has to be rendered," which (we both agree) resulted in their translation being unfortunately "flat and lifeless."[39]

The same critic finds a similar fault with the earlier 1967 *adaptation* by Max Knight and Joseph Fabry. She rightly points out that their version is an adaptation, as they admit to "fondly tamper[ing] with"[40] the original by both adding to and deleting from the text. Some of their solutions to the language difficulties are ingenious, and they occasionally borrow from Nestroy's other plays to great effect. At Lady Cypresscastle's *soiree*, for instance, they remove a complex exchange between Titus and *Herr von Platt* (Lord Platitude or Sponge in their text) wherein Nestroy takes the opportunity to mock a theatrical genre made popular by a fellow dramatist. Friedrich Kaiser's *Lebensbild* ('slice of life' drama comparable to theatrical naturalism) is the subject of the exchange whose effect depends upon the audience's realization that Nestroy speaks for himself as well as for the character of Titus. Because the exchange is irrelevant to the dramatic action of the

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[39] Kari Grimstad, "Nestroy in English," *Momentum dramaticun: Festschrift for Eckehard Catholy*, ed. by Linda Dietrick & David G. John (Waterloo: UP, 1990) 446.
[40] *Johann Nestroy: Three Comedies*, translated (and fondly tampered with) by Max Knight and Joseph Fabry (New York: Frederick Ungar, 1967).

scene, and because its effects are mostly lost without Nestroy in the role of Titus, I removed the exchange whereas Knight and Fabry replaced it with another:

> **Titus:** Creation got carried away and wrote a sequel [to love] called "Marriage." But as often happens with sequels, there just wasn't the interest.
> **Sponge:** How true!
> **Titus:** And consider the practical side: Love is cheap to produce - only two characters, no extras, any scenery will do, and the less lighting the better. But Marriage - just think of the cast of characters: a wife, a husband, a maid, a cook, servants, children, and a lot of extras, particularly if the wife is pretty. And the scenery: a salon, a ballroom, expensive restaurants. And the wardrobe - you know the bill a wife can run up! The language, too, is much coarser here - no, no, stay away from the sequel.[41]

Although this replacement is ingenious, the practice of borrowing from other Nestroy plays struck me as curious especially since Titus' philosophizing monologues are already extensive. I initially chose to translate his every sentence and later removed those lines which seemed superfluous to the action, but the realization eventually set in that a majority of Titus' monologues **are** superfluous to the action. Instead they comment on the action that occurred and ponder the direction to come. Perhaps for this reason, Knight and Fabry whittled away at Titus' speeches and reduced the play to the plot-driven dimensions of farce. Their choice, in fairness, is partly justified by the sheer number of Titus' philosophizing speeches. Their adaptation reinforced what is already obvious from Nestroy's text, that although Titus' speeches are always clever and witty, they are written for an actor whose appeal extends beyond his part to his very person. The translator is,

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[41] ibid. 149. The passage appears in Nestroy's *Unverhofft* (The Unexpected), and although substantially edited, it cleverly mocks marriage with theatre terminology. The passage in my translation is cut, but appears for reference purposes in Appendix I.

therefore, as justified as the adapter in somewhat limiting the volume of Titus' speeches--but to what extent?

Scholar W.E. Yates is not as generous in his assessment of Knight and Fabry's reductions or alterations to Titus' speeches, calling their substitutions "banal generalities" that are untypical of Titus, and further condemning the entire translation for losing "all sense of the verbal dexterity typical of this most linguistically inventive of Nestroy's plays."[42] Although Yates' article does not consider the effect of Nestroy in the role of Titus, his point is valid. Knight and Fabry's solutions to the complexities of Nestroy's language are often tacky, inappropriate, and wholly unfaithful to the original rhythms of the characters' speech, especially when they borrow expressions from the 20th century. Flora, for example, blames *Constantia* for Titus' flirtatiousness and calls her both a "slut" and a "bitch."[43] *Cypressa* notices Titus' hair colour and calls him "blondie."[44] Although these words are jarring, they are not in themselves nearly as detrimental to **The Talisman** as is their overall rendering of characters' speech. Nestroy is careful to give his most inventive lines, those filled with complex wordplay, hyperbole, double entendres and the like, to the character he played himself, leaving the 'straight' lines and the occasional creaking pun to the characters that act as his foils. The temptation exists for the translator to make all the characters play with words in the manner of Titus, and this is a temptation that is gratified by Knight and Fabry with the undesirable consequence that all of **The Talisman's** characters sound the same.

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[42] W.E. Yates, "Let's Translate Nestroy," *Forum for Modern Language Studies* 18 (1982): 252.
[43] *Johann Nestroy: Three Comedies,* translated (and fondly tampered with) by Max Knight and Joseph Fabry (New York: Frederick Ungar, 1967), 120 & 122.
[44] ibid. 139.

Knight and Fabry's *adaptation* choices were incredibly useful as they served as a clear outline of pitfalls to avoid, and as with Harrison and Wilson's 1986 translation, I am indebted to them for making the difficult first attempt at rendering Nestroy in English. Both translations provided me with invaluable points of comparison, allowing me to build on what they did well, avoid what they did not, and produce a performance text that I believe is more fun and more faithful to both the meaning and the manner of Nestroy's ***Der Talisman***.

Music and Lyrics

Nestroy's lyrics were by far the most time consuming and difficult aspect of the translation to complete because they underwent continuous editing, rewriting, and rephrasing as new information became available. I began with Franz Mautner's edition of Nestroy's script and attempted to capture the meaning, render the rhymes, and adhere to the phrasing by counting the syllables, following the rhyme schemes, and interpreting the meaning of the original lyrics. Although my initial version captured the sense of Nestroy's lyrics with considerable fidelity, the rhymes and the phrasing of each line was made almost entirely obsolete by my gaining access to Adolf Müller's musical score. Dr. Barry Yzereef kindly lent me a photocopy of the 200 page score he had received from the *Stadtbibliothek Wien*, and with the help of my great uncle visiting from Vienna I was able to transcribe Müller's *Kurrentschrift* into handwriting I could read. This process proved to be enlightening as the musical score included repetitions of lines that Mautner as text editor had not included, as well, it occasionally employed different words, cut others, and

contained a different ending to the *Quodlibet-Terzett*.[45] I noted the differences between the two texts, but before I made corrections to my initial translation I received an audio recording of ***Der Talisman*** which included Müller's music.[46] Believing that this would save me considerable time because I could hear rather than read the music, I set about making the English lyrics 'fit' to those on the recording. This unfortunately proved to be an error. I received a piano score almost one year later from Vincent Ho, a music student from the University of Calgary who transcribed the original score, and realized that the music in the recording was significantly different from the original. The recording's musical director had arranged Müller's music, occasionally changing the tempo and cutting significant sections. For me this resulted in yet another round of alterations.

Although I made numerous attempts to match the English lyrics to Müller's music, I eventually recognized that I required the willing help of Dr. Yzereef. He originally suggested that I write a translation of ***Der Talisman*** whose lyrics, unlike the previous translations, adhere to Müller's music. He even gave me his own translation of Titus' *Auftrittslied* (entrance song), which due to its excellence is kept in my translation. In addition, he reformatted my translation of the choral pieces to better fit the music and drew my attention to the most important aspect of the songs-- their delivery. The audio recording was also helpful in this regard because the singing voices correctly reinforce the

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[45] Mautner's edition of the text uses the descriptive word "*riecht*" meaning "smells" in the first stanza of Titus' Act III, scene 16 song. In the musical score the word is changed to "*schtinkt*" meaning "stinks." The ending to the *Quodlibbet-Terzett* in Mautner's reads "*Mit ein' orndlichen Mag'n / Man kann alles ertrag'n, / Kann man alles ertrag'n*" which means "With a healthy digestion, / one can stomach anything, can one stomach anything" (III.xi), whereas the score concludes with the earlier line "*Wenn nur frohe Hoffnung glimmt, Endigt alles gut bestimmt*" which due to metrical reasons is translated as "with hope always, always (etc.) start" (III.xi).

[46] Johann Nestroy. *Der Talisman: Posse mit Gesang in Drei Akten* CD, music by Adolf Müller, directed by Ernst Wolfram Marboe, jacket notes by Bruno Prowaznik, Wiener Volksopernorchesters, Preiser Records, 90292, *n.d.*

contrast between Müller's gentle and pretty music and Nestroy's rough and ironic lyrics. The style of their delivery must echo the sense because, like Titus' monologues, the songs do not further the plot. Instead, they offer the audience a scathing commentary on the play's predominant theme-- the injustice of prejudice.

Der Talisman in Performance

The theme of prejudice is effectively though at first shockingly rendered by director Otto Schenk's production of ***Der Talisman*** at the *Salzburger Festspiele* in 1976.[47] Country boys and girls taunt Salome with words, pull her hair, and throw her to the ground in an opening that seems overly dramatic for a farce, but the production quickly recovers and does more than ample justice to Nestroy's masterpiece. Aired on Austrian television during the summer of 1996, a copy of the production was fortuitously made and brought to Canada for me by a family friend. Its influence on my understanding of the play has been profound, as the production added a visual dimension to a text I had only been able to read and hear. Although space does not allow for an exhaustive review, I here mention the elements of performance that most influenced my translation, and may in turn influence its performance.

From reading alone it is difficult to discover the pace of characters' speech, especially when their lines are minimal as is the case with *Plutzerkern*. The portrayal of the role by the performance's director, Otto Schenk, made a not so obvious feature of Nestroy's text obvious; *Plutzerkern* speaks and moves slowly. I initially struggled at rendering Pumpkinhead's lines into English because his first utterance on stage is a joke

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[47] Johann Nestroy, *Der Talisman*, directed by Otto Schenk, with Helmut Lohner as Titus Feuerfuchs, Salzburger Festspiele, 1976.

and his wit throughout the play is quicker than the majority of the other characters. The difficulty lies in the degree of his wit, which should nowhere reach Titus' level, but still amuse the audience. After watching Schenk's performance, I turned again to Nestroy's text and noticed that there are indeed clues to Pumpkinhead's particular brand of humor, and these clues are related to pace:

Flora:	Go get him I said. And fast.	*Nachlaufen, hab' ich g'sagt, g'schwind!*
Pumpkinhead:	(*exiting slowly*) I'll see to it that he's round up. But I doubt it. (*exits*). (III.ix)	(*indem er langsam hinter der Gärtnerwohnung abgeht*) *Ich werd' schaun, daß ich ihn einhol' - glaub' aber nit.* (*Ab*)

Pumpkinhead's docile slowness offers a perfect contrast to Titus' flaring temper, while simultaneously ensuring that the two characters are not in competition for the same kind of laughs. Schenk's large belly, stout frame, and unkempt appearance also offer a contrast to the tall, lean, and cleanly shaven Helmut Lohner as Titus. Theirs is a theatrical relationship strongly reminiscent of the Nestroy and Scholz team whose physical dimensions were identical. Shenk's double duty as *Plutzerkern* and artistic director also added a dimension reminiscent of Nestroy's double duty as actor and playwright, lending a richness to the performance that the audience acknowledged with especially loud applause and laughter.

The performance sharpened my understanding of numerous lines, but its most important contribution to my translation was a fuller understanding of Nestroy's genius. I had been tempted to cut lines and passages because their function was initially unclear to me. When Titus pulls the flowers from their pots on Flora's window ledge, for instance,

he does so with the intention of presenting them to Lady Cypresscastle, but because the intention is never fulfilled I deemed it irrelevant to the action and wanted to strike it from the translation. The performance luckily revealed that while tearing the flowers from their pots is not essential to the plot, it is essential to the escalating hilarity of a scene wherein nothing is spared to flatter one widow at the very real expense of another. The scene also reinforced the importance of Titus' movements. Lohner climbs over tables and chairs to access the flowers, and to Flora's despair and the audience's delight, he dumps the remaining dirt from the flower pots on to the floor. Lohner's movements reveal both his own agility and the agility required by the character. In the chamber with the chambermaid, for instance, he has Titus attempt to avoid Monsieur Marquis' gaze by hiding behind a tiny table, only to have his long limbs entwine in the thin spindled table legs and, of course, one of his legs is temporarily unable to free itself. His most memorable *lazzi* also occurs in the chamber when he prepares to take a little nap. Lohner begins by resting his head against a chair back, but believing a more comfortable position is possible he lies sideways, then upside down, then he tips the chair and tests the comfort of lying partly on the floor, decides against this position and slips his legs through the arms of the chair only to stumble a few paces before landing on his stomach. The hilarity continues until he eventually returns to his original position of resting his head against the chair back, at which point he adds a line to the original text, "well, why not like this to begin with?"[48] Predictably, the audience roars.

[48] The actual German line Lohner added was "*Na ja, warum nit glei' so.*"

Acting Styles and Performance Traditions

The excellence of Lohner's performance as Titus is achieved for two reasons, one because he pays close attention to the text, and two, because he makes obvious use of the *Hanswurst* tradition, a tradition which was skilfully incorporated into Nestroy's acting style. Although Nestroy's plays were not performed for nearly fifty years after his death, a tradition of performance has been revitalized along with his plays, beginning with actor Karl Kraus' impassioned readings of them in the 1910's.[49] Kraus was the first to do to Nestroy what Garrick did to Shakespeare; employ the editor's pencil with the actor's mind, cutting what seems obscure and adding whatever happens to appeal to the tastes of the current audience. The translator's task is similar, in that she has the potential to bring Nestroy to a new audience, or bring a new audience to a play wholly unlike Nestroy's. To ensure the former and prevent the latter, a knowledge of Nestroy's use of the *Hanswurst* tradition is as crucial to the translator as it is to directors and actors, for all three have a part to play in successfully performing Nestroy in English.

> Hardly any dramatist from the German speaking area has inherited as much from the rich tradition of Vienna's late baroque theatre as Johann Nestroy. All the figures he created for the stage were unmistakably new and entities very much in their own right; and yet, they just as unmistakably echo the age old comic heritage of Austria. Nestroy has repeatedly and in various ways paid his tribute to *Hanswurst* as the most vital embodiment of this tradition.[50]

The character of Titus is especially indebted to the *Hanswurst* tradition, as he shares most of the comic character's emblematic personality features, albeit less vulgarly expressed.

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[49] The actor Karl Kraus edited Nestroy's play, *Der konfuse Zauberer oder Treue und Flatterhaftigkeit (The Confused Wizard or Fidelity and Fickleness)* in 1912 and included the edited text in his book *Nestroy und die Nachwelt* (Frankfurt: Suhrkamp Verlag, 1975).

[50] Peter Loeffler, *Images of Hanswurst in Bildern* (Basel: Birkhäuser Verlag, 1984) 100.

Hanswurst, who is known to English audiences as Jack Sausage, is an insatiable glutton who has a hankering for women and for food, especially roasted goose.[51] Nestroy has Titus share these hankerings in clever combination when he notices Salome for the first time: "There shows herself an individual that chases other individuals into a stall. They're geese - Geese! Oh Goose-girl, why don't you chase roasted geese before you, and I would show myself how to take a sampling?"[52] Titus marries the Goose-girl in keeping with another tradition of *Hanswurst*; ending his escapades with a proposal of marriage and the promise to produce many children.[53] But it is *Hanswurst's* qualities of inventiveness and invincibility from which Titus borrows most. The black, blond, and gray wigs belong to the *Hanswurst* tradition of disguise, and they allow Titus to take on the roles of gardener, forester, and secretary in quick succession. This last role is especially inappropriate for Titus due to his lack of education, but as one scholar writes of *Hanswurst*, "what more than made up for his sketchy, haphazardly assembled education, was the old, inventive fox in him."[54] The inventive fox in *Hanswurst* is reflected in Titus Firefox's very name, which in turn reflects his ability to evade disaster with shrewd common sense, elaborate lies, and a cunning imagination. The manner in which Titus fools his uncle is typical of the inventive and invincible *Hanswurst*, as is his physical agility which allows him to hide behind a tiny table and sleep in contorted configurations as Lohner did in the 1976 production of ***Der Talisman***.

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[51] ibid. 29.

[52] *"Dort zeigt sich ein Individuum und treibt andere Individuen in ein Stallerl hinein, Ganseln sind's - Ganseln! O Hüterin, warum treibst du diese Ganseln nicht als a brat'ner vor dir her, ich hätt' mir eines als Zwangsdarlehen zugeeignet" (I.vii).*

[53] Mautner quotes Rommel's reading of the ending in his endnotes to *Der Talisman* on page 669.

[54] Peter Loeffler, *Hanswurst* (Basel: Birkhäuser Verlag, 1984) 31.

"This seemingly spontaneous but really carefully choreographed physical agility had a twin piece in *Hanswurst's* vocal acrobatics,"[55] as it does with Titus. His ability to imitate all kinds of speech from "the highest sounding literary, aristocratic, and stage German to the most dialectic dialect of the Viennese suburbs"[56] is reflective of *Hanswurst's* talent for vocal disguises which included clear speaking at a breakneck pace, the singing of popular folk songs, and the convincing parody of the vocal practices of opera. The *Quodlibet-Terzett* sung by Titus, Flora, and Salome has evident roots in the *Hanswurst* tradition of opera parody, as it takes aim at Mozart's **The Clemency of Titus**, Bellini's ***Nachtwandlerin*** and **Norma**, Rossini's ***Wilhelm Tell***, Meyerbeer's ***Hugenotten***, and even two of Adolf Müller's own compositions written for other Nestroy plays.[57] Nestroy's audience may or may not have been familiar with the precise opera selections, but as with English-speaking audiences today, they were sure to possess a general understanding of the conventions of opera singing and could therefore understand the style being parodied. *Hanswurst* is also owed recognition for stylistic contributions to Nestroy's couplet songs, as he too added stanzas to familiar songs on popular and often political subjects. Nestroy maintained the convention to the chagrin of the censor's office, and modern performances continue the tradition even today.[58] The *Salzburger Festspiele's* production of ***Der Talisman***, for instance, adds additional stanzas regarding political partisanship, obedience to the state, and the desire of some *Salzburg* residents to

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[55] ibid.

[56] Helmut Herles, *Nestroy's Komödie: Der Talisman* (München: Wilhelm Fink Verlag, 1974), 10. The original reads: *Von Hochgestochenen Literaten-, Adels- und Burgtheaterdeutsch zum dialektischen Dialekt der Vorstädte*.

[57] Bruno Prowaznik's jacket notes to Johann Nestroy. *Der Talisman: Posse mit Gesang in Drei Akten*, CD, music by Adolf Müller, directed by Ernst Wolfram Marboe, Wiener Volksopernorchesters. Preiser

tear down a Baroque building to make way for a parking garage.[59] One stanza is even performed without words; Lohner flips disgustedly through tabloid newspapers and magazines until the musical refrain of "I've had it to here, how I've had it to here"[60] begins, at which point he looks meaningfully at the audience. He sings nothing but his meaning is clear.

Performing ***Der/The Talisman***

Although a critical evaluation of the play and a discussion of Nestroy's source have been published, neither includes a detailed account of the play's original staging.[61] The play-text, together with some general information about the production of Nestroy's plays is, however, available and offers slight though significant insight into the staging of ***Der Talisman***. Nestroy's stage directions, because abundant, provide the clearest picture of the *lazzi's* actor's performed. Titus' scene with *Spund*, for instance, provides explicit directions on how to conduct the amputation of the gray wig's plait (III.xviii). The text does not indicate the size of the scissors used, but theatre historians have discovered that Nestroy's props were always significantly enlarged.[62] The size of the cast was also large, although this is less a function of Nestroy's writing than the expectations of his manager, Karl Carl. At the time of ***Der Talisman's*** creation, Carl's company included a large acting ensemble who performed at the *Theater an der Wien* on a stage which could

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Records, 90292, *n.d.* Müller parodies his own music by taking excerpts from Nestroy's plays *Der gefühlvolle Kerkermeister* and *Kirchweih in der Brittenau*.

[58] Knight and Fabry provide 20th century encores to their translation of Nestroy's lyrics.

[59] The author of the additional stanzas is Werner Schneyder.

[60] The original lyrics read, "*Na, da hab' ich schon g'nur, na, da hab' ich schon g'nur*" (III.xvi).

[61] The critical book is by Hauke Stroszeck, *Heilsthematik in der Posse: Über Johann Nestroy's "Der Talisman"* (Aachen: Alano Verlag, 1990) and the other book is Helmut Herles' *Nestroy's Komödie:Der Talisman* (München: Wilhelm Fink Verlag, 1974).

[62] This is evident in extant drawings and is a tradition employed by the *Salzburger Festspiele* production.

accommodate up to eighteen scene changes in the fly gallery and wings.[63] In order to keep his players busy and lure an audience with the promise of spectacle, Carl requested plays with large casts and impressive, ever changing locations. ***Der Talisman*** can, however, be staged without the five different locations listed in the script, and by doubling and tripling all of the characters except Titus, Flora, Salome, Constantia, and Plutzerkern, the play can be performed by a cast as small as fourteen players.[64]

The size of the ensemble at the *Theater an der Wien* was not Nestroy's only consideration in adapting the characters from the Parisian vaudeville ***Bonaventure*** into his Austrian-dialect farce with songs. He also had to consider the particular talents of the acting ensemble at the *Theater an der Wien*, just as Charles-Désiré Dupeuty and Frédéric de Courcy took the acting talents of the company at the Parisian Vaudeville Theatre into account when writing ***Bonaventure***.[65] Nestroy's use of the French play which opened in Paris on the 23rd of July 1840 was not unusual, as all but two of his eighty plus plots were taken from foreign plays about which he read in the *Bäuerleschen Theaterzeitung*, a theatre newspaper regularly in correspondence with Parisian theatres.[66] Nestroy's facility in German, Italian, Latin, and French proved useful for finding plots which he could then adopt to the particular talents of the ensemble to which he always played star.[67]

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[63] Helmut Herles, *Nestroy's Komödie: Der Talisman* (München: Wilhelm Fink Verlag, 1974) 57.
[64] The cast can be considerably reduced in size by doubling the ladies and gentlemen of Act Two, scene twenty-four with the country boys and girls of Act One, scene one. Lady Cypresscastle, Emma, Herr Bungle, and the Marquis may also double with these roles if sufficiently disguised.
[65] Helmut Herles, *Nestroy's Komödie:Der Talisman* (München: Wilhelm Fink Verlag, 1974) 17.
[66] ibid. 17.
[67] Laurence V. Harding, *The Dramatic Art of Ferdinand Raimund and Johann Nestroy* (The Hague: Mouton: 1974) 149.

For Wenzel Scholz, Nestroy's acting companion of twenty-five years, he wrote more than sixty parts, but curiously there is no Scholz role in ***Der Talisman***. There are roles for the other actors with whom Nestroy regularly worked, including his common-law spouse Marie Weiler. She rarely played *ingénues* as she was not considered to be very attractive and after 1842 she only took the parts of elderly women, but she was in 1840 well suited for the part of the gardeneress Flora Treeshears. Her Parisian counterpart in ***Bonaventure*** was intentionally erotic, a feature which Nestroy diminished in Flora in two ways. Firstly, he highlighted flirtatiousness in the character of *Constantia*. Played by *Fräulein* Ammesberger as a vainly pretty *kammerkätzchen* (chamber kitten), he built on her reputation for performing as pert and pleasantly immodest soubrettes.[68] Secondly, he removed the obvious sexual interest in Flora by the character who was *Plutzerkern's* counterpart in ***Bonaventure***. This was achieved by drawing attention to the comic abilities of Grois, an actor who joined the ensemble in 1836 and was also well regarded as a director and administrator in Carl's theatre.[69] Known for his "slow and dry" delivery,[70] his comic abilities led to the formation of a *Plutzerkern* who is seemingly easy going, but easily made aggressive-- especially towards redheads.

As with Flora, Constansia, and Pumpkinhead, the other main parts in ***Der Talisman*** were also tailored to specific actors. *Spund* was, for instance, written for the stout manager of the *Theater an der Wien*, Karl Carl. His acting was considered to be forced, his facial expressions limited, and his vocal range inhibited; he was, in short, the

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[68] ibid. 55.
[69] ibid. 54.
[70] ibid.

model for the rich and stupid beer seller.[71] Because Carl's mannerisms were marionette-like, and because he danced more than he acted, Nestroy deliberately incorporated many actions into *Spund's* text. The comic business with the lint brush, for example, was precisely fashioned for Carl's physical though otherwise limited acting abilities. In contrast to Carl's limited abilities stood those of the multifaceted Werle, who was assigned the part of the Monsieur Marquis. The latter character was not significantly altered from the original French text, other than to remove all traces of his sentimentality, which was Nestroy's standard play-writing practice.[72] The role of *Frau von Cypressenburg* was also sparingly altered by the sprinkling of French words, the part being already perfectly suited to the elevated *Burgtheater Deutsch* abilities of *Frau* Fehringer, an actor who regularly played members of the nobility.[73]

And what of the redheaded goose-girl *Salome Pockerl*? Nestroy suited the part to the talents of Elise Rohrbeck, the same actor who played the girlfriend *Columbine* to Nestroy's *Hanswurst* in ***Der Doktor Nolens Volens***.[74] She possessed a special talent for caricature and was admired by a critic of the *Wiener Allgemeinen Theaterzeitung* both for her expert ability to imitate Nestroy's singing in the *Quodlibet-Terzett*, and her ability to play the "half sentimental, half comic scene in the castle with convincing realism."[75] Unlike the traditionally pretty soubrette who was her counterpart in the French ***Bonaventure***, Rohrbeck was softer, friendlier, and more *Bavarian* in her manner and her

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[71] ibid. 58.
[72] ibid. 55.
[73] ibid. 56. *Burgtheater Deutsch* refers to the elevated German spoken on the stage of Vienna's *Burgtheater*.
[74] Gottfried Riedl, *Nestroy: Bilder aus einem* Theaterleben (Wien: Sonderzahl, 1988) 71. *Hanswurst oder der Doktor Nolens Volens* was written by von Mylius.
[75] ibid. 70.

appearance.[76] In the costume etching which accompanied the review of December 18th, 1840, her hands are primly folded over her breast and her plain though pretty country *Dirndl* is in marked contrast to the rich and elegant dresses of *Frau von Cypressenburg*, *Constantia*, and *Emma*.[77]

In addition to being beautiful, the extant etchings and watercolours of ***Der Talisman*** provide insight into the costumes worn by Nestroy's company and the degree of realism adhered to by the production. Salome's dress, for instance, is not spectacularly beautiful but neither is it the rags and sack cloth worn by the Salome of the 1976 *Salzburger Festspiele* production. Looking to other paintings and sketches of Nestroy's plays in performance, particularly those printed in colour, it is obvious that stage realism is modified by other theatrical interests. A watercolour of Nestroy as Titus depicts him in a brightly coloured gardener's uniform. His three-quarter length pants are white with pale blue stripes and he wears black slippers, a long sleeved sea green jacket, a turquoise blue apron extending from his chest to his knees, and a reddish vest over a high-necked white shirt.[78] Unfortunately, the watercolour depicting the women's clothing is not reprinted in colour, but women's costumes in other productions and other paintings are consistently brightly coloured and beautiful.

If the illustrations are to be trusted, then Nestroy's intention is not realism but fun. The reader should be warned, however, not to trust the title under the painting in Harrison and Wilson's translation of **The Talisman**. They claim it depicts Nestroy as Titus, but the

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[76] Helmut Herles, *Nestroy's Komödie:Der Talisman* (München: Wilhelm Fink Verlag, 1974) 57.
[77] Johann Hüttner & Otto G. Schindler, *Johann Nestroy im Bild* (Wien: Jugend und Volk, 1977) 124-5. The etching was created by Andreas Geiger from the watercolour by Johann Christian Schoeller.
[78] ibid. 22. The watercolour artist referred to is Matthias Ranftl.

oil painting by Franz Gaul really depicts Nestroy as *Natzi* in ***Eulenspiegel***.[79] What the painting and others reveal, however, is that the costumes should be bright and the set vivid. The acting should be splendid and the audience should have a good time. This is especially important for ***Der Talisman***. Its theme of prejudice has the potential to be taken too seriously, but by the 19th century the prejudice against redheads was already waning, and in our own century it has long been forgotten. While prejudice certainly drives the play, it should not be permitted to drive humor and fun from it.

Conclusion

I have here provided a mere taste of the large banquet which is Nestroy. For a fuller discussion of his sources, traditions, and performance practices I encourage the English-speaking reader to consult the English entries in the following bibliography. I must admit, however, that had I begun by reading critical evaluations and scholarly publications regarding Nestroy, I might never have embarked on translating ***Der Talisman oder die Schicksalsperücken*** into English. It is perhaps not all bad that the majority of information on Nestroy is only available in German, as this prevents the English-speaking directors and actors (for whom the translation was undertaken), from discovering that Nestroy's every utterance has been given the status of genius. Scholars insist upon the value of every nuance, and while they are not wrong, not everything can be faithfully and beautifully captured by a translation. I headed, albeit unknowingly, towards making the translation suitable for performance, for this was the strongest principal inherent in Nestroy's original. I am accountable for damage to the text in excess of Metternich's

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[79] Gottfried Riedl, *Bilder aus einem Theaterleben* (Wien: Sonderzahl Verlag, 1988) 42.

censors; I cut the character of *Herr von Platt* in his entirety whereas the censor merely changed his name.[80] But the damage I have done to ***Der Talisman*** was intentional, as I attempted not to place the play on a pedestal, but on the stage. Thankfully, Johann Nestroy claimed not to care about achieving laurels, and this statement alone has throughout the process of translation offered me the greatest encouragement:

> I could care less about achieving laurels. My plays should be entertaining, captivating, the audience should laugh, and the works should make me money so I can laugh too, that's the whole point. Writing funny stuff to achieve laurels is a mixture of stupidity and arrogance. That's like making home-made plum wine and claiming it rivals Canova.[81]

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[80] Johann Hüttner, "Theatre Censorship in Metternich's Vienna," *Theatre Quarterly* 37 (1980): 67. The censor was opposed to the name because it suggested that the character, who belonged to the literary and noble class (note his *Herr von*) spoke platitudes. For performance the name was changed to Plitt.

[81] The original passage appears in Helmut Ahrens, *Bis zum Lorbeer versteig' ich mich nicht: Johann Nestroy - sein Leben* (Frankfurt am Main: Societäts-Verlag, 1982) 113. The translation is my own, and the original reads: *Bis zum Lorbeer versteig' ich mich nicht, g'fallen sollen meine Sachen, unterhalten, lachen soll'n d' Leut; und mir soll die G'schicht' a Geld tragen, daß ich auch lach', das ist der ganze Zweck. G'spaßige Sachen schreiben und damit nach dem Lorbeer trachten wollen, das ist eine Mischung von Dummheit und Arroganz. Das ist gradso, als wie wenn einer Zwetschgenkrampus macht und gibt sich für einen Rivalen von Canova aus.*

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Appendix I: Translation of Act Two, scene twenty-four

(The following scene, along with the character of Mr. Platitude (*Herr von Platt*), was removed from the performance translation)

Lady Cypresscastle The gentlemen you see before you will recite my latest memoirs at our next soiree.

All Charming!

Mr. Platitude Such a shame that your Ladyship does not write for the theatre.

Lady Cypresscastle It may chance to occur. I may soon devote myself to the task

Titus I've heard it's unbelievably easy.

Mr. Platitude I, for my part, have always wanted to write a farce.

Titus (*to Mr. Platitude*) Then why don't you?

Mr. Platitude My wit is not so witty as to write witticisms.

Titus So write a sad farce. In a sad story even the most subtle joke stands out, just as poor needlework still has effect when sown on black velvet.

Mr. Platitude But a sad play cannot be considered a farce?

Titus No, it cannot. A play containing dead, dying, deceased, graves and gravediggers is nowadays called naturalism.

Mr. Platitude I had no idea.

Titus Naturalism is the very latest. It's slice of life of the house and bar variety.

Mr. Platitude Are you no lover of sentiment?

Titus Oh yes, but only when there is sound reason for sentiment, and one finds one so rarely. Those of a noble temperament require only one handkerchief at a drama, while those with a good, common, gardenerish temperament require a dozen handkerchiefs to sit through a single comedy.

Lady Cypresscastle (*to her neighbor*) Well? What do you think of my new secretary?

Appendix II: Music

Composed by Adolf Müller

Transcribed for piano from the original score by Vincent Ho

Overture			119
Song 1 (I.i):	Boys and Girls	"Church Fair"	135
Song 2 (I.v):	Titus	"Judged by one's Hair"	141
Song 3 (I.xv):	Salome	"Men Got it Good"	147
Song 4 (I.xxiii):	Garden Hands	"The New Gardener"	151
Song 5 (II.i):	Garden Hands	"Beer, Here, Here"	154
Song 6 (II.xxii):	Titus	"Time Changes All"	160
Song 7 (II.xxiii):*	Ladies and Gentlemen	"Delight in the Muses"	165
Song 8 (II.xxvii):	Ladies and Gentlemen	"Oh my Word"	168
Song 9: (III.xi):	Titus, Flora, Salome	Quodlibet-Terzett	171
Song 10: (III.xvi):	Titus	"I've had it to Here"	199

* In the original score no song is given the number seven, but there are two songs assigned the number eight: number eight *coro* and number eight *finale*. This score corrects the error by assigning the number seven to the *coro*.

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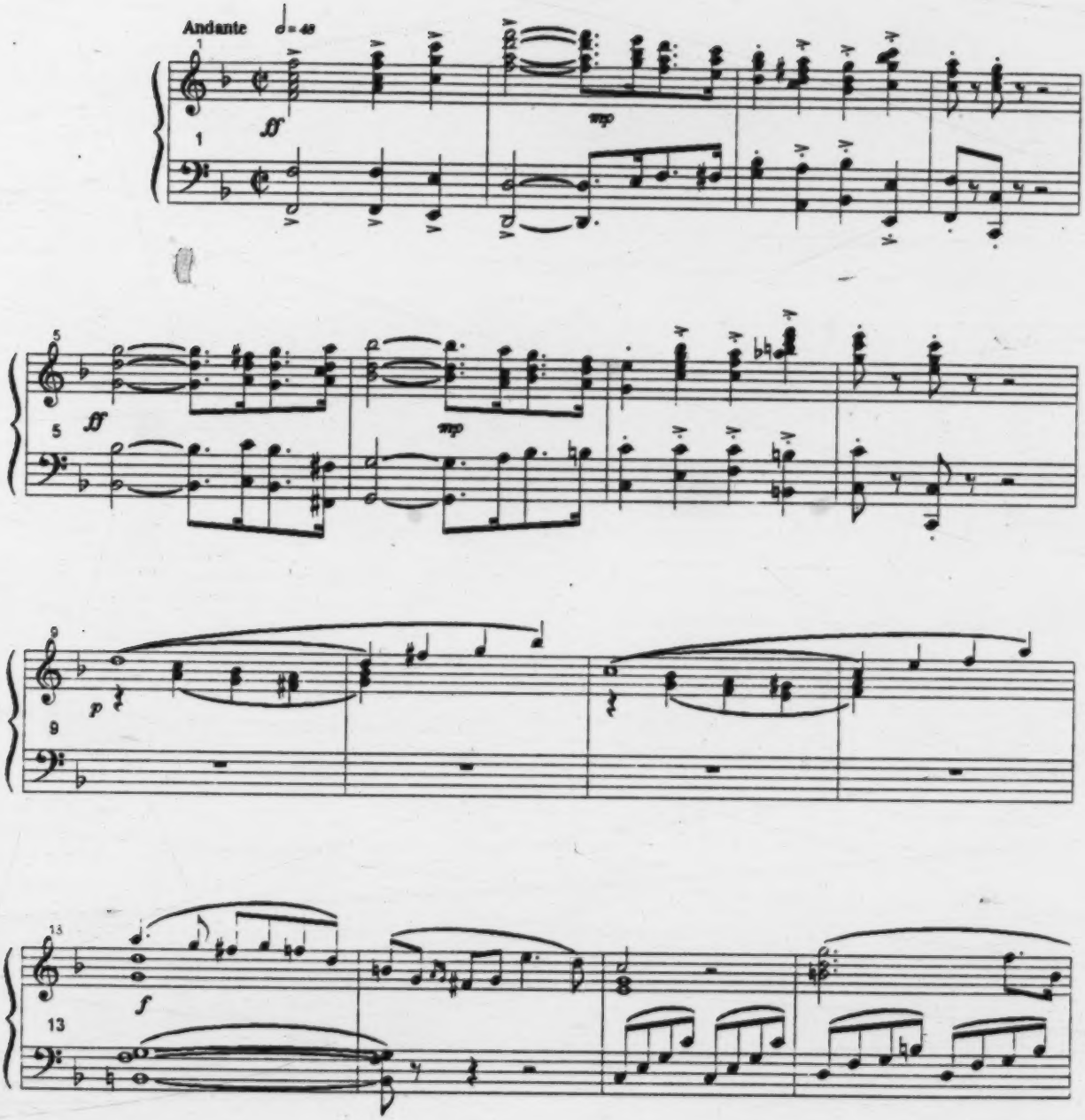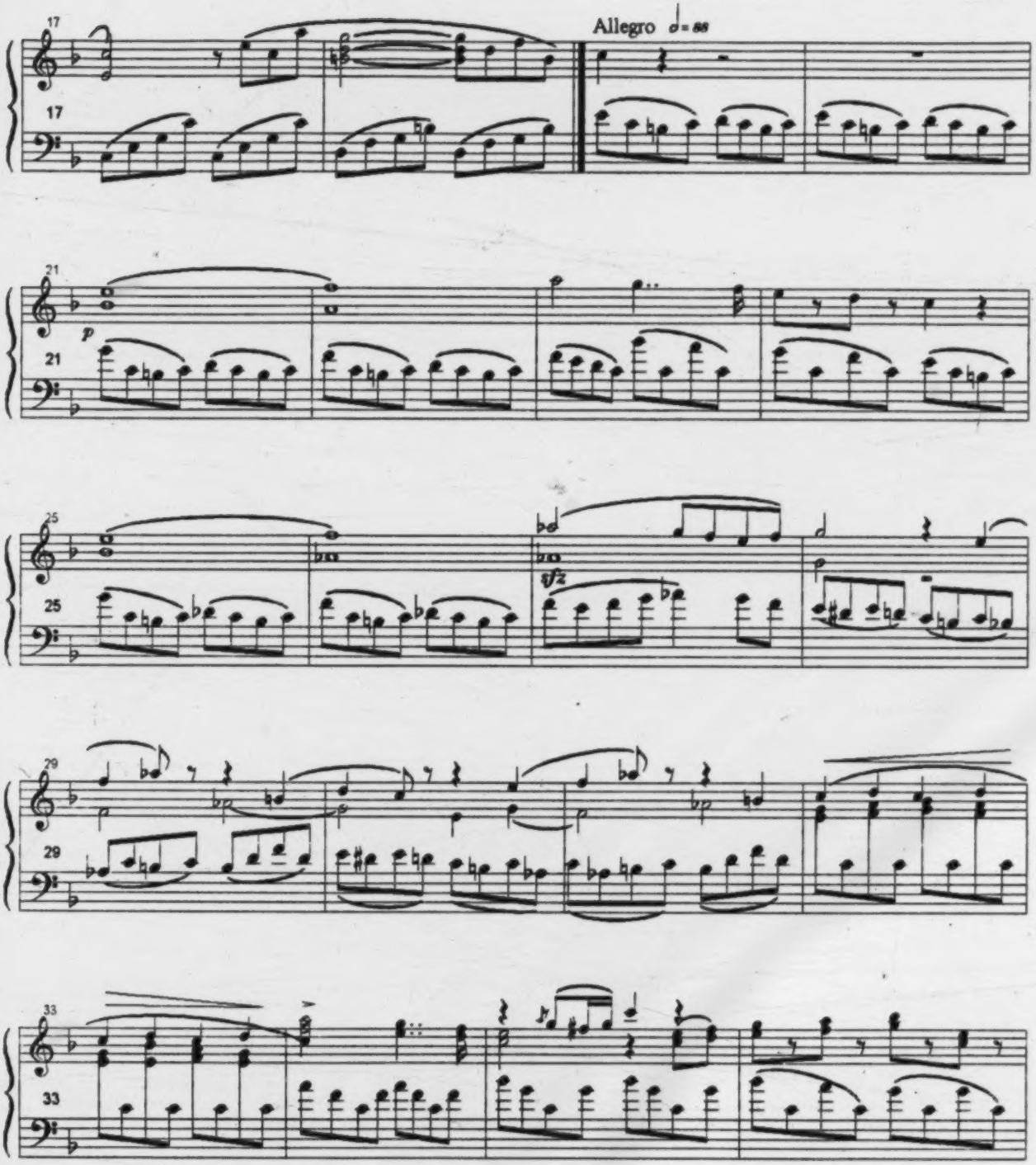
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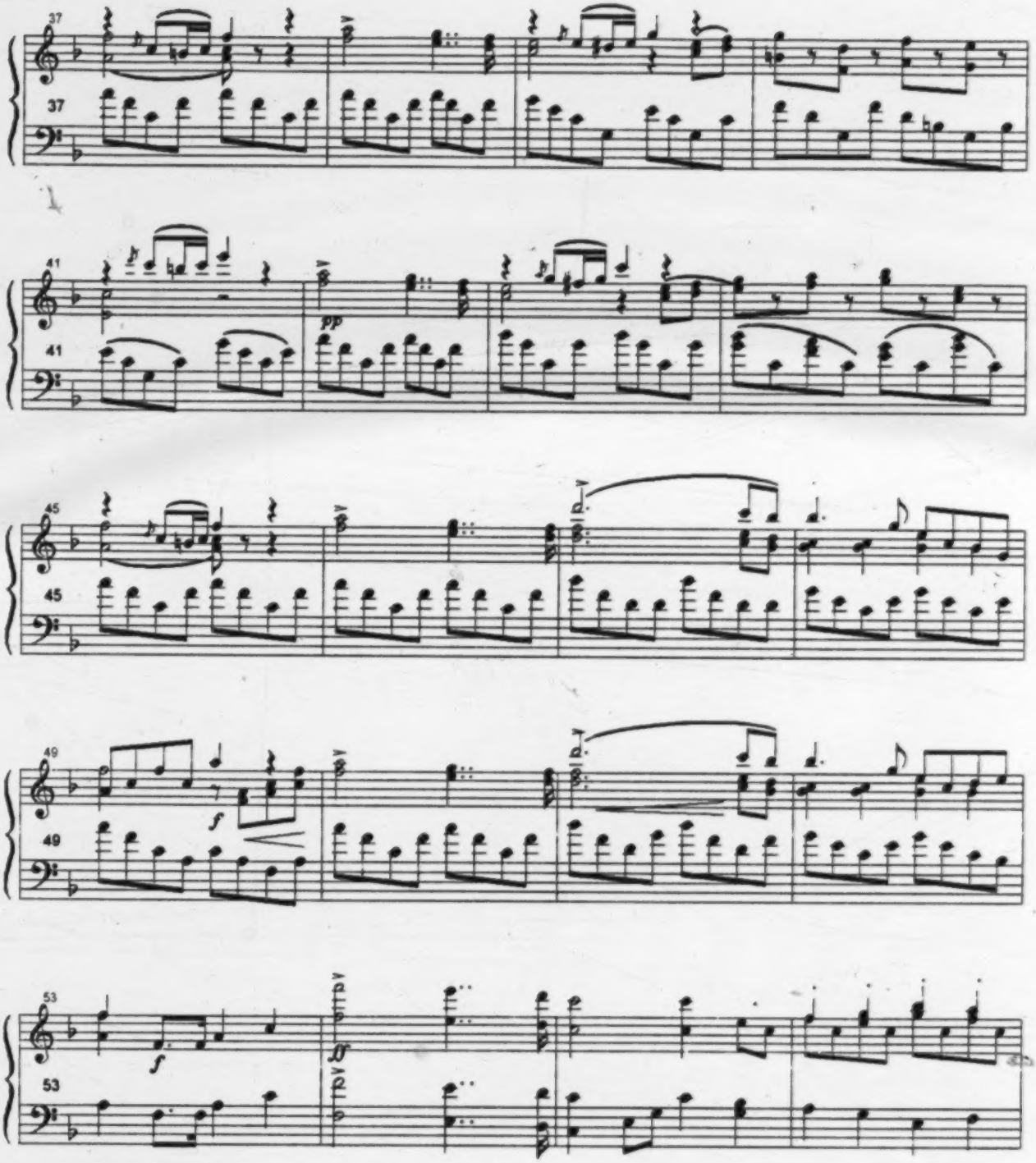
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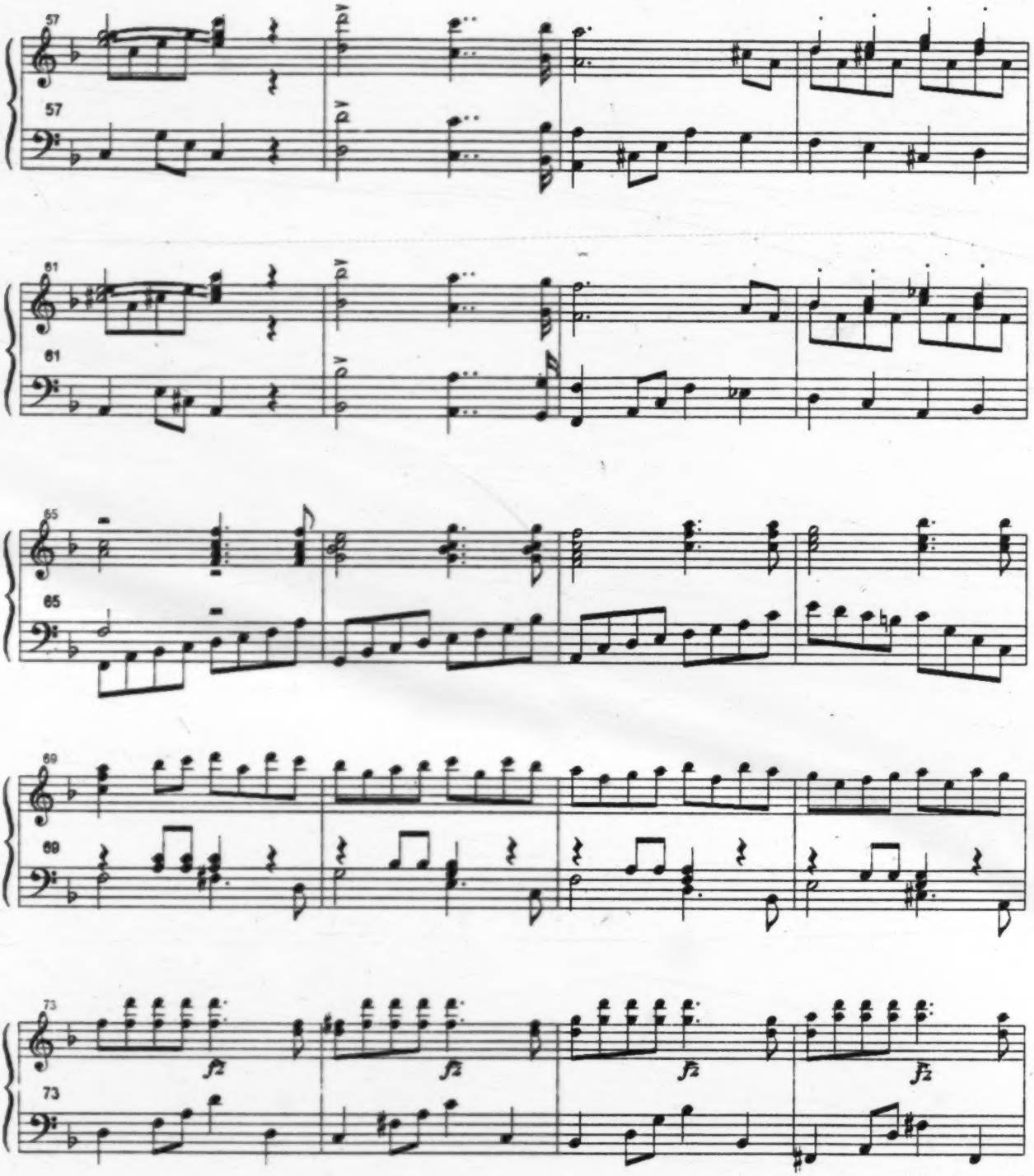
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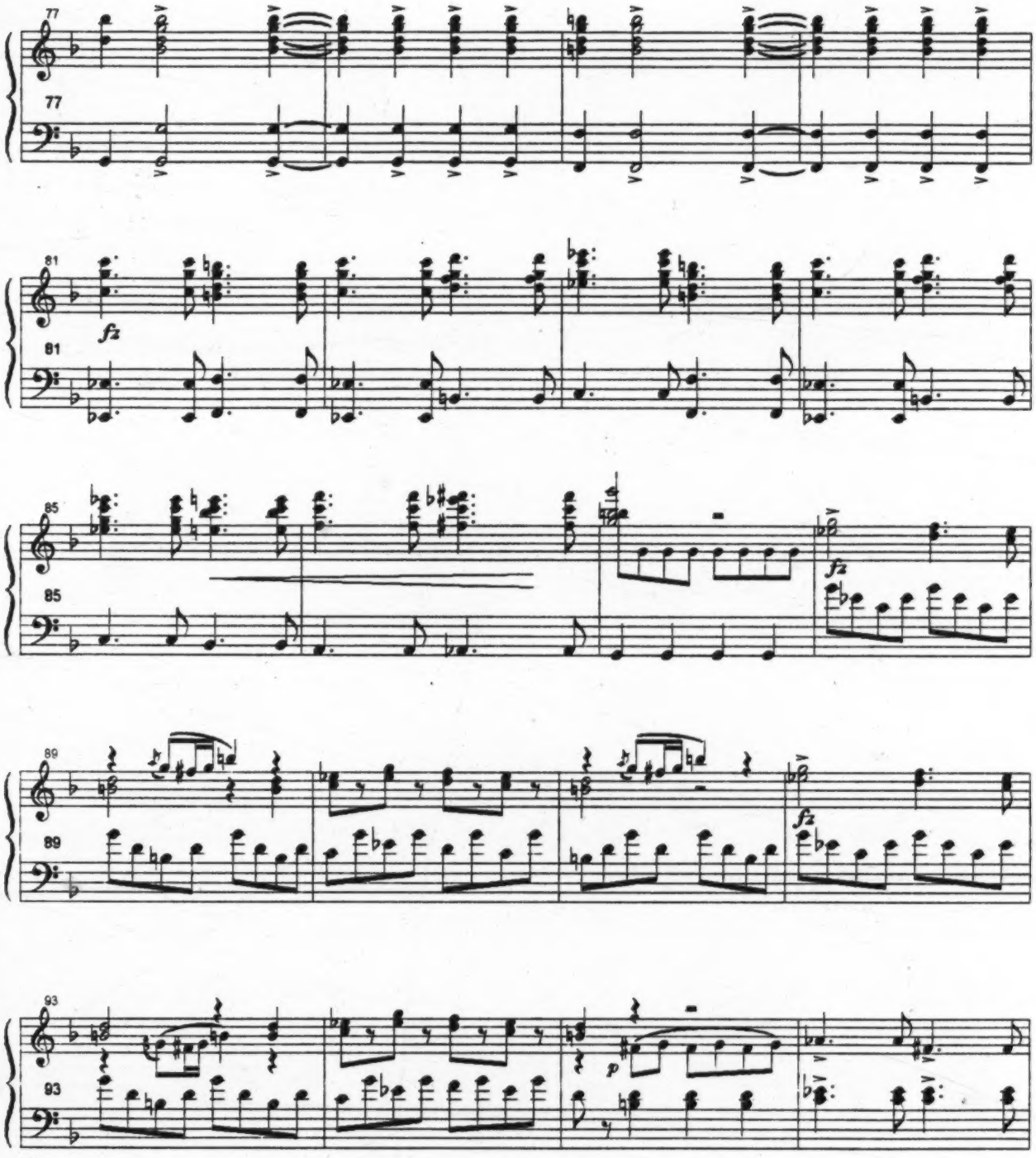
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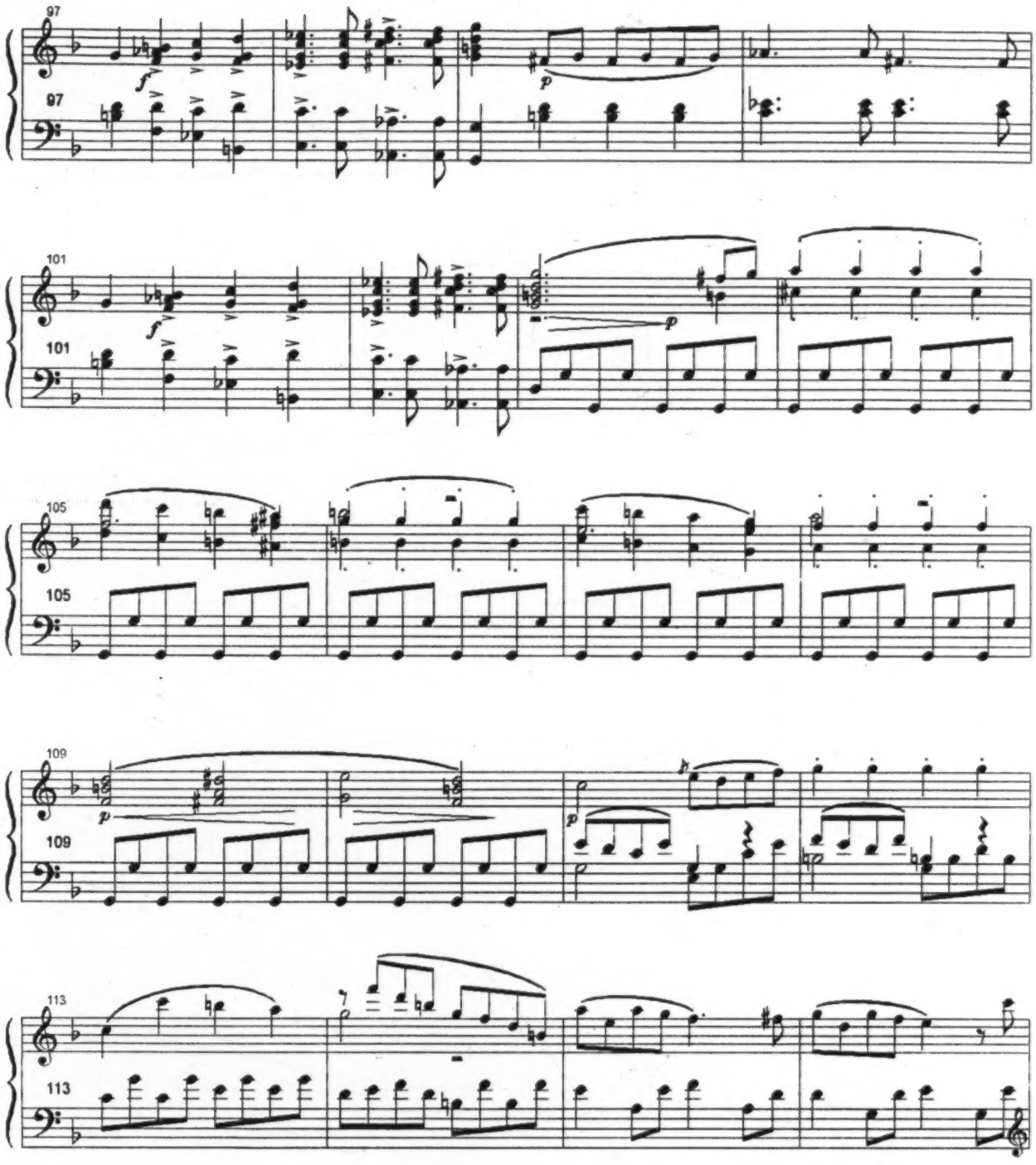
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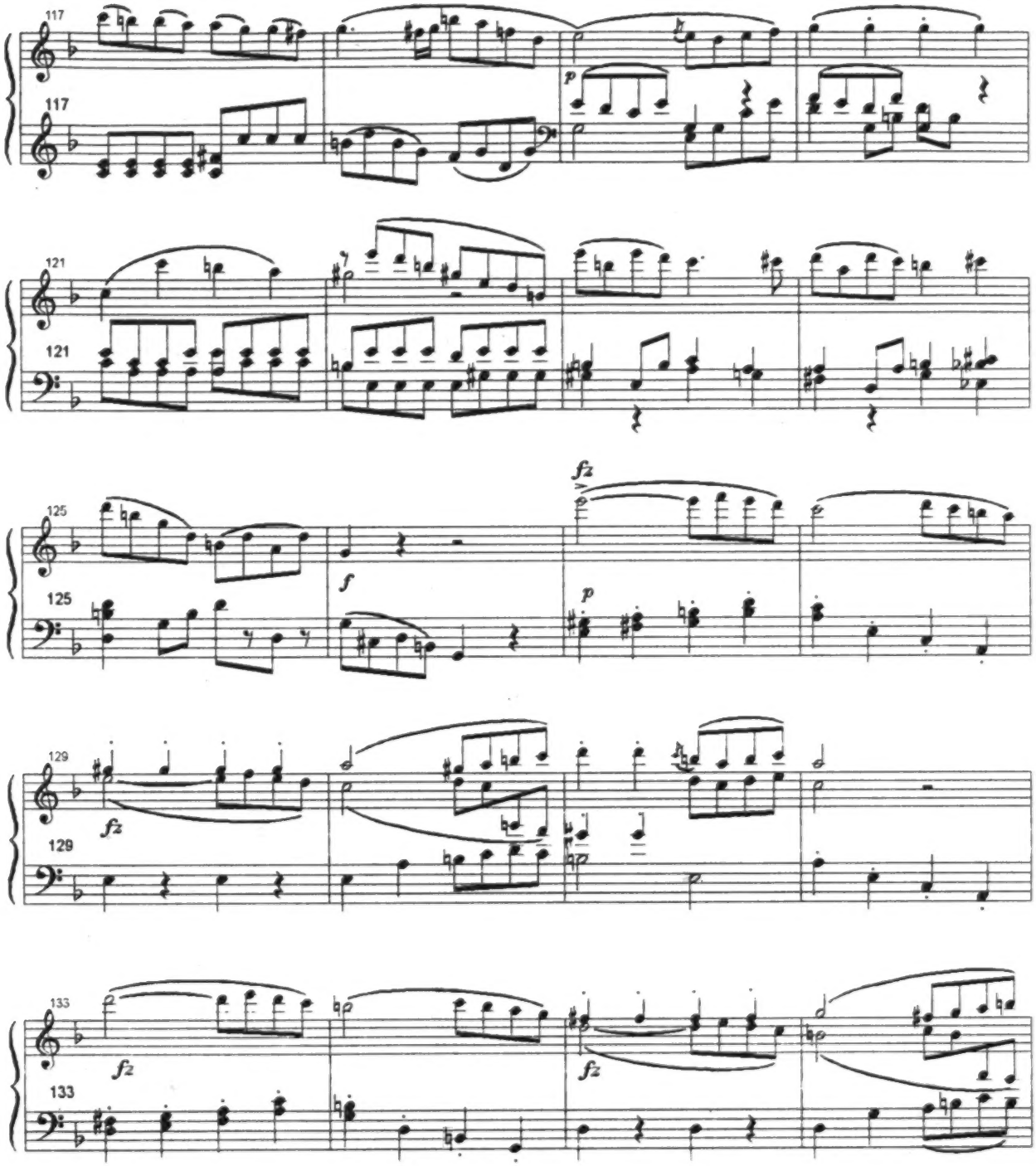
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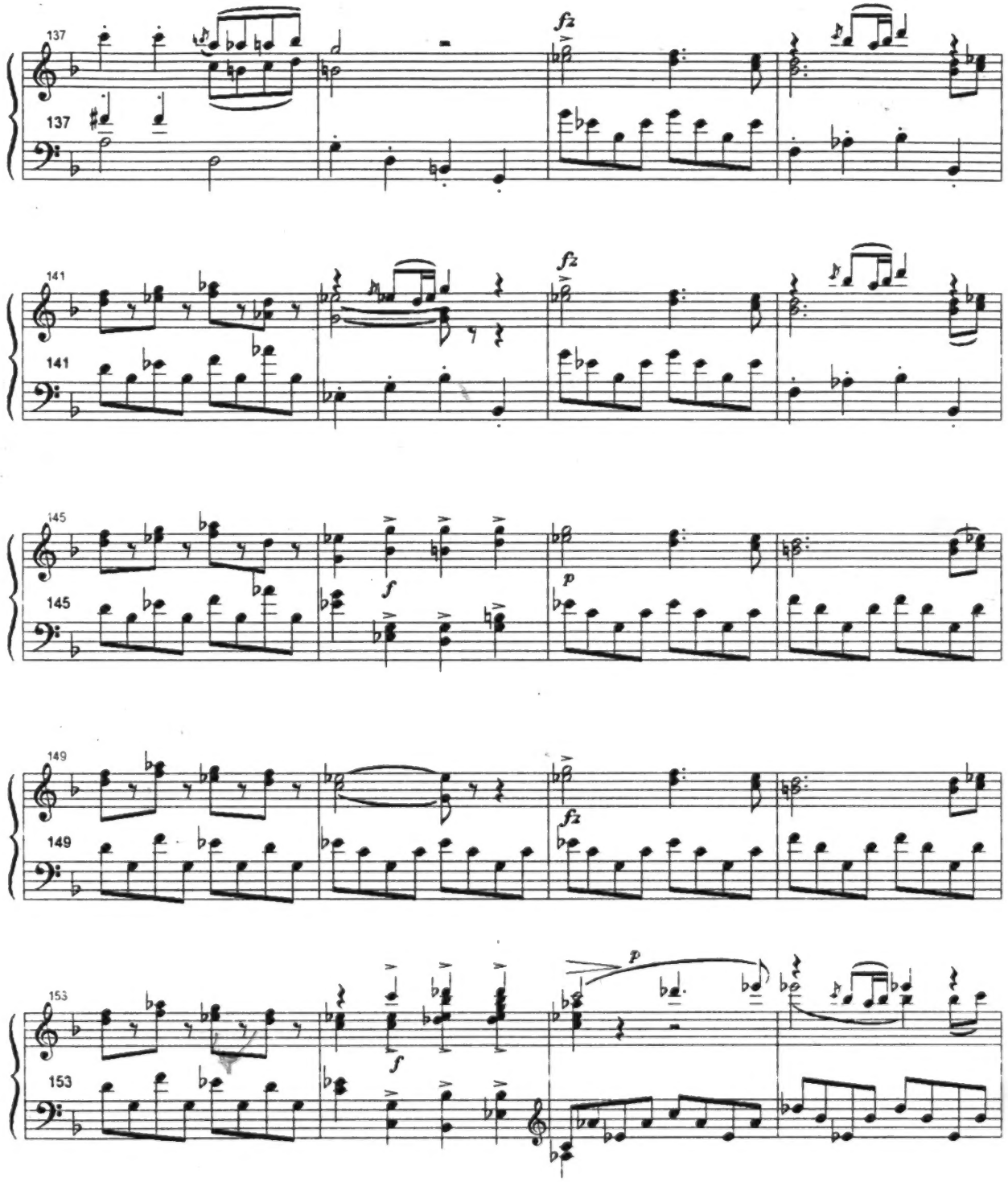
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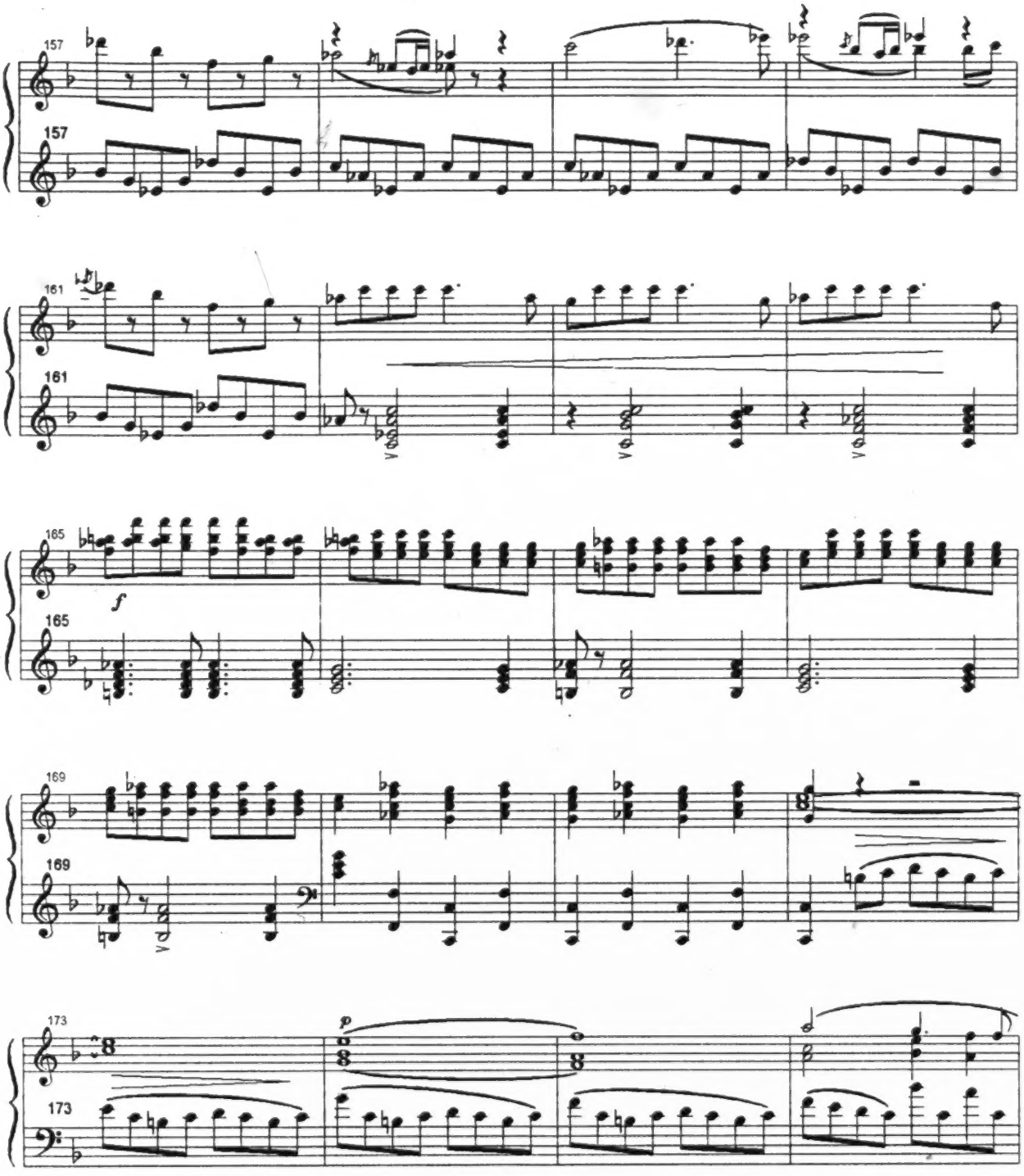
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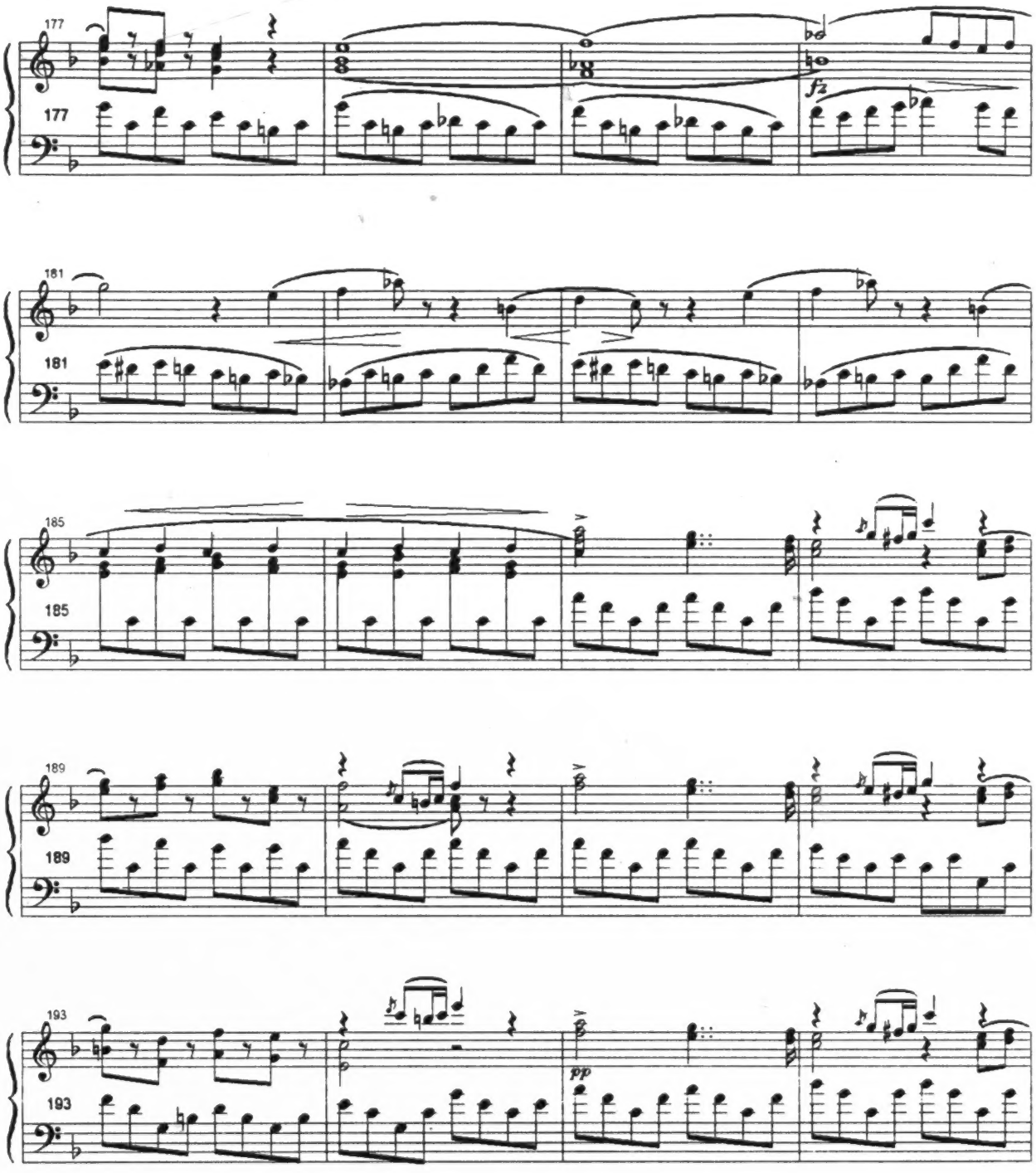
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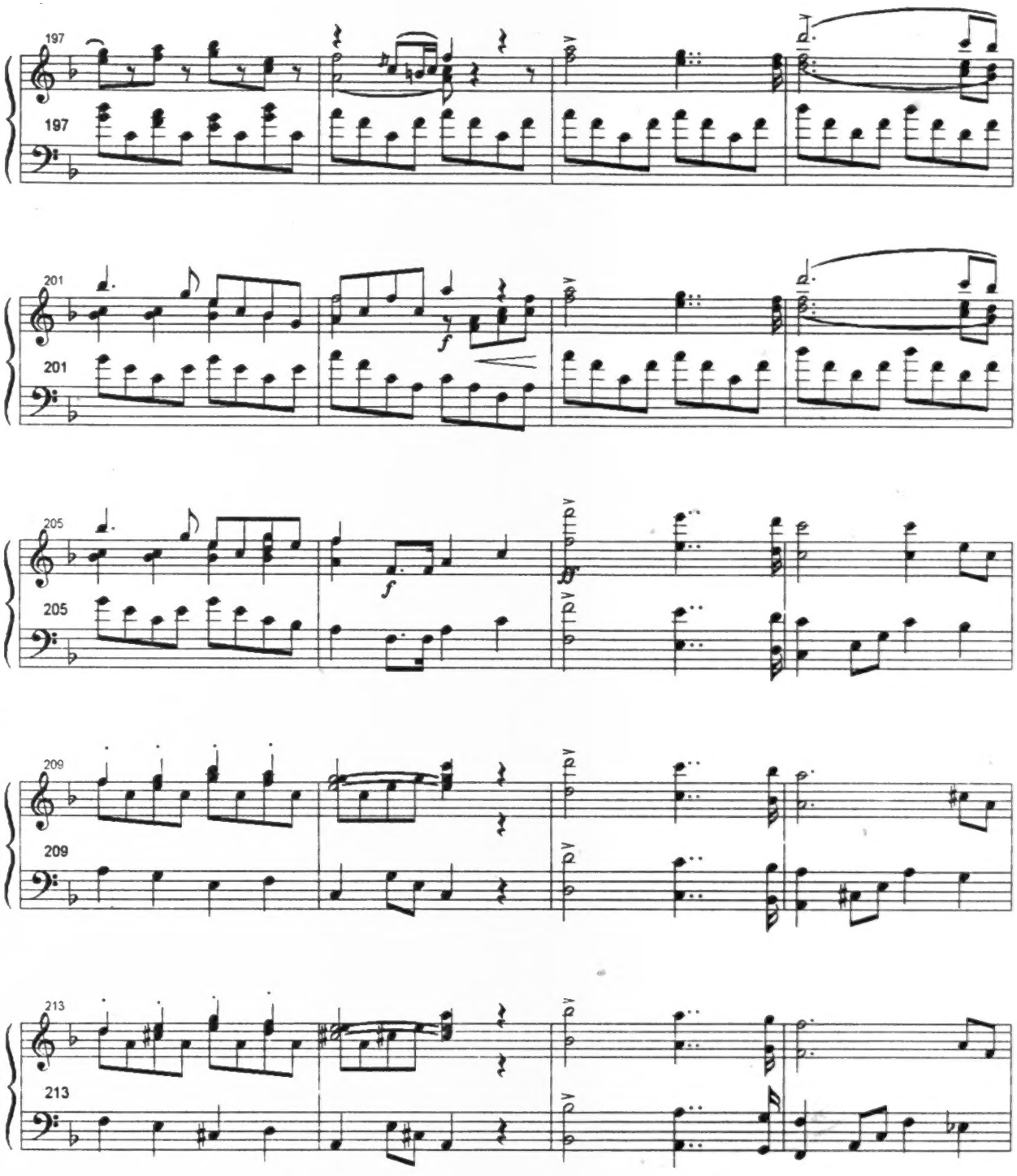
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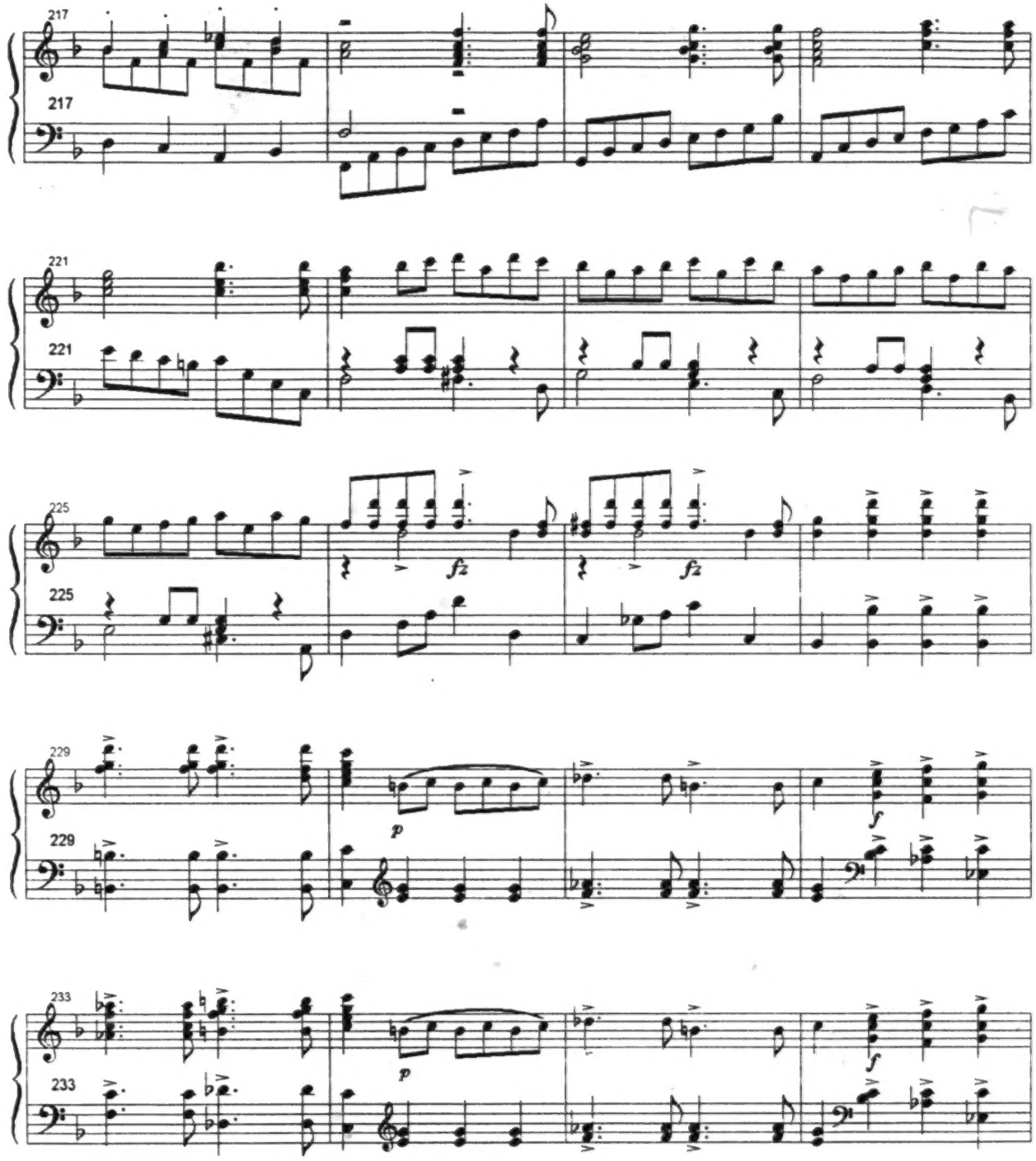
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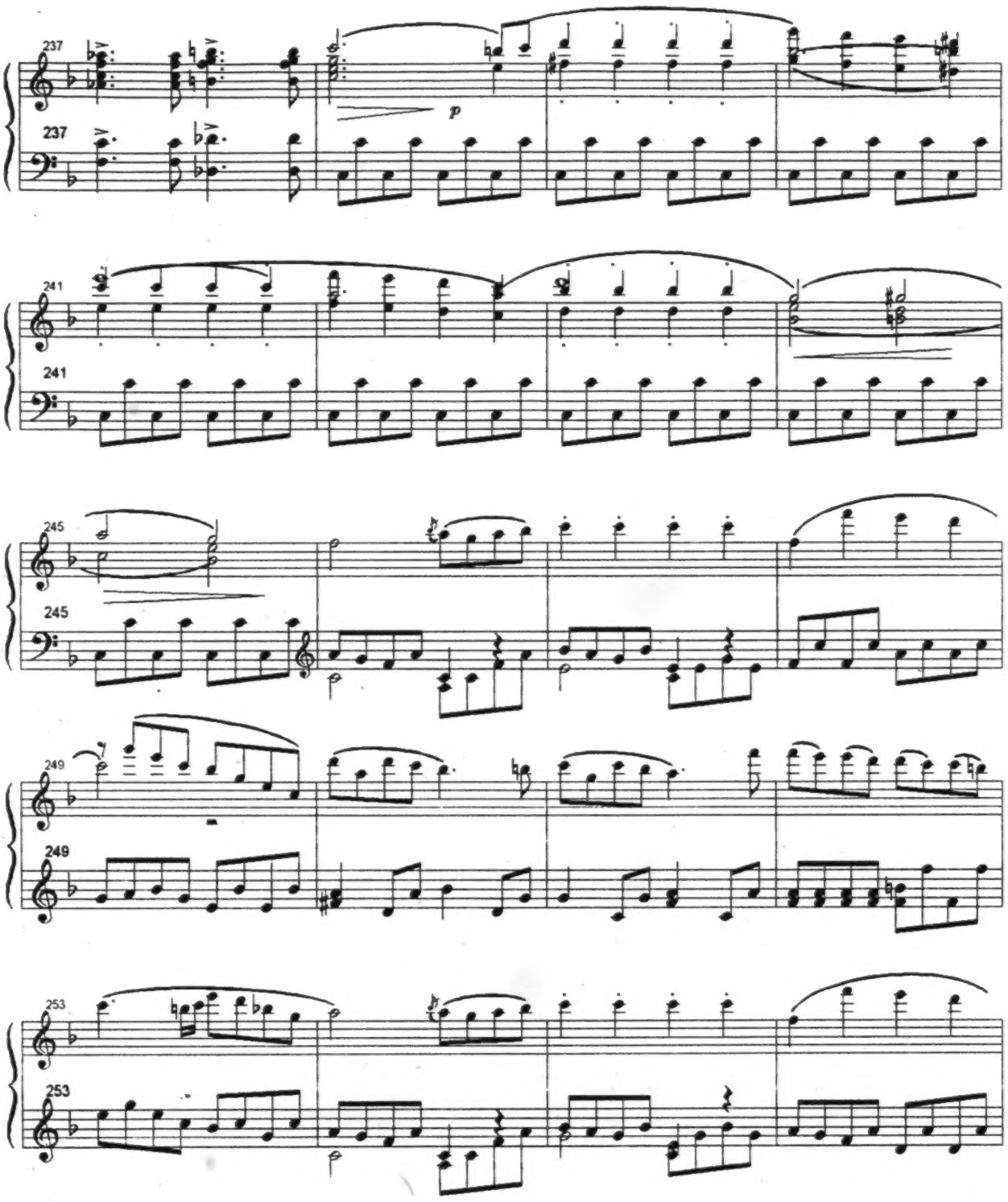
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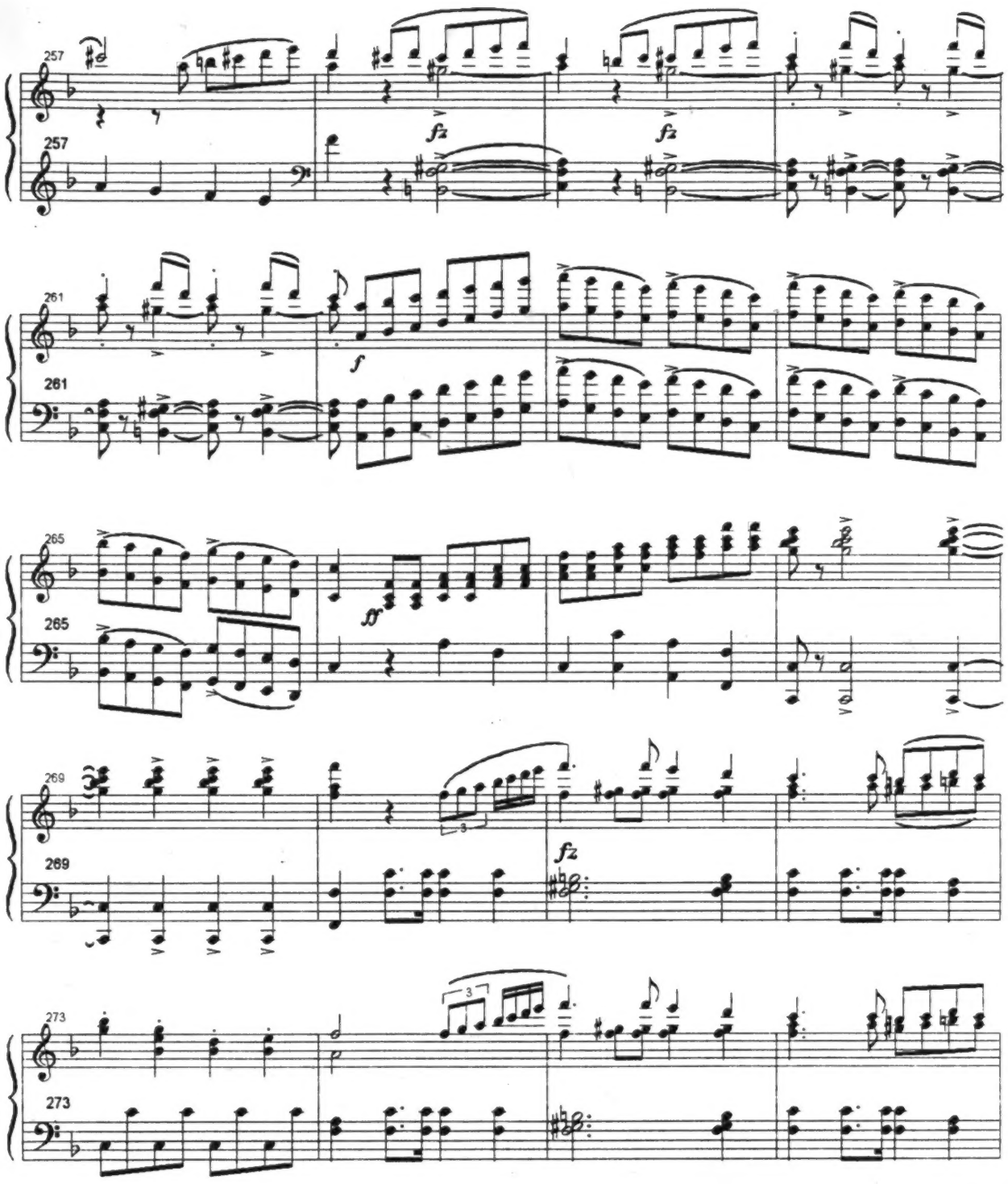
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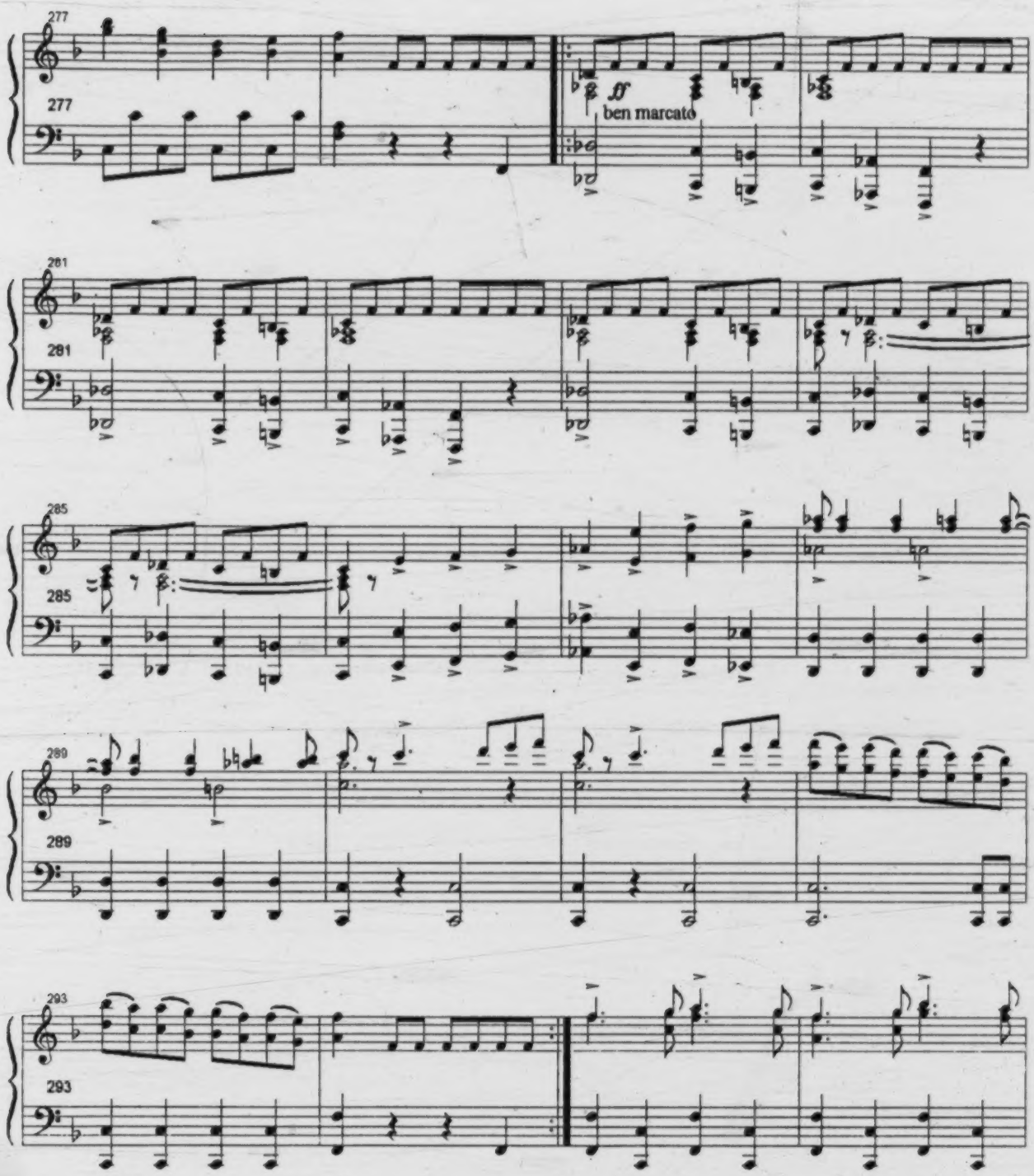
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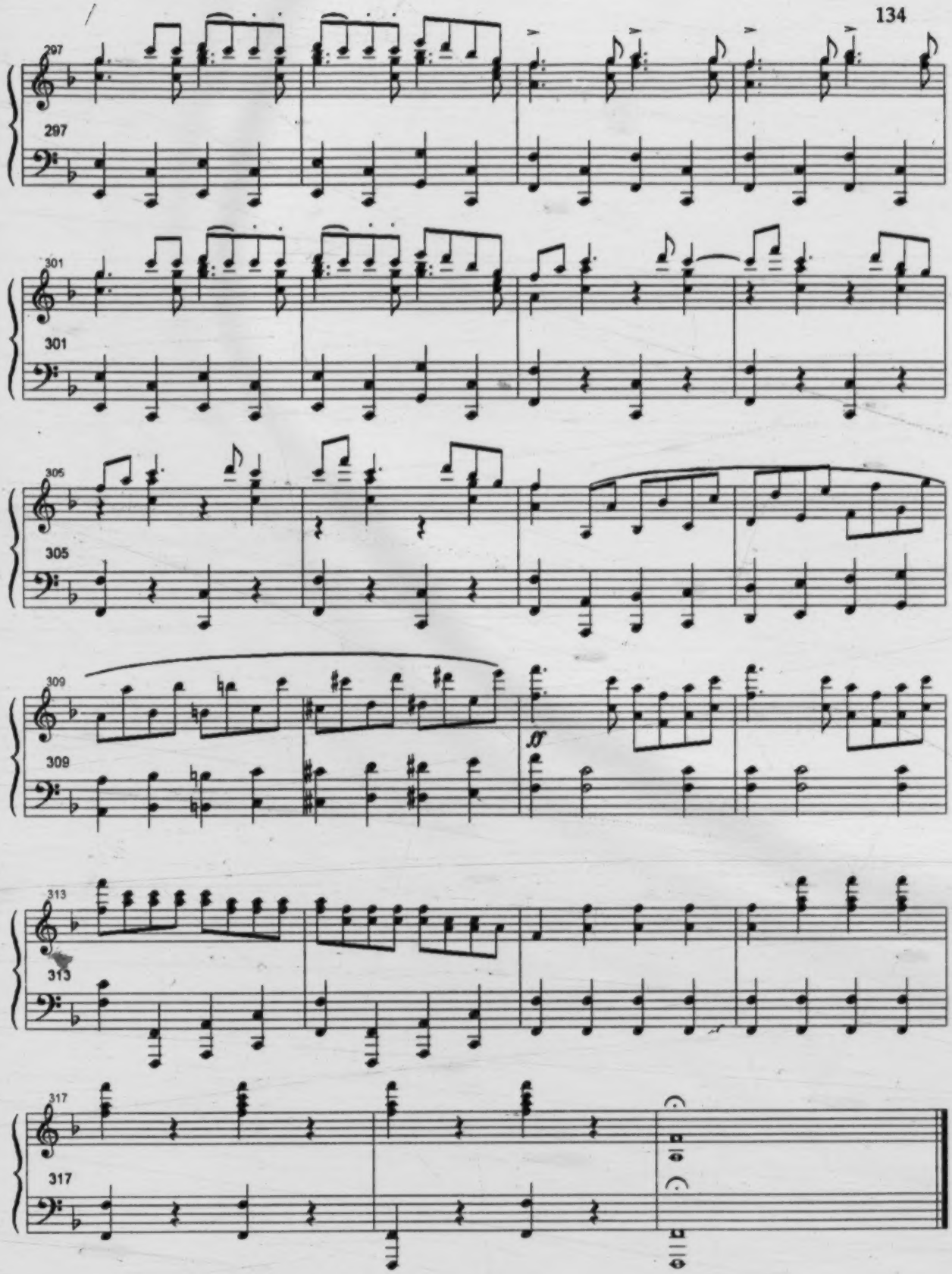
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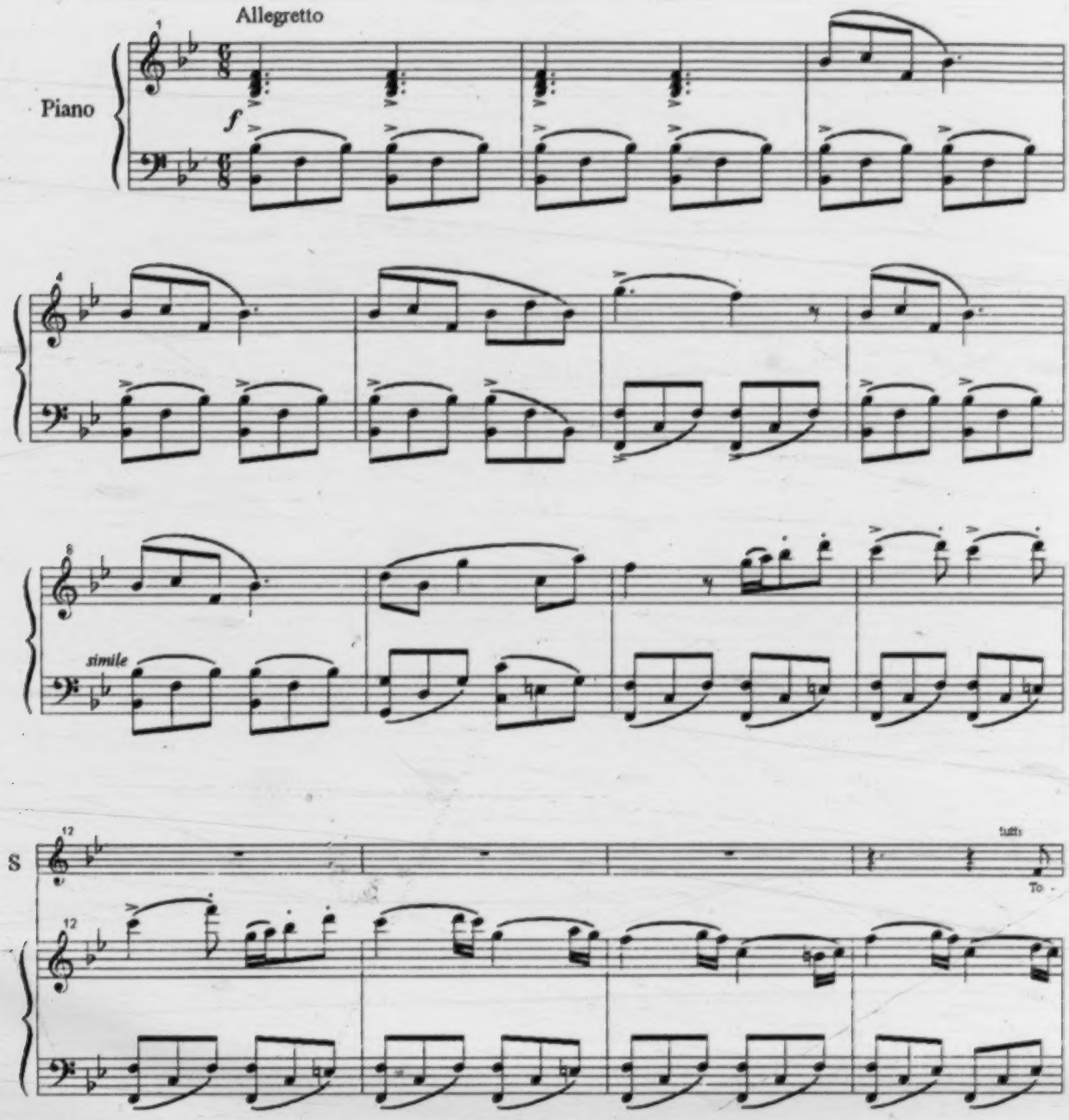
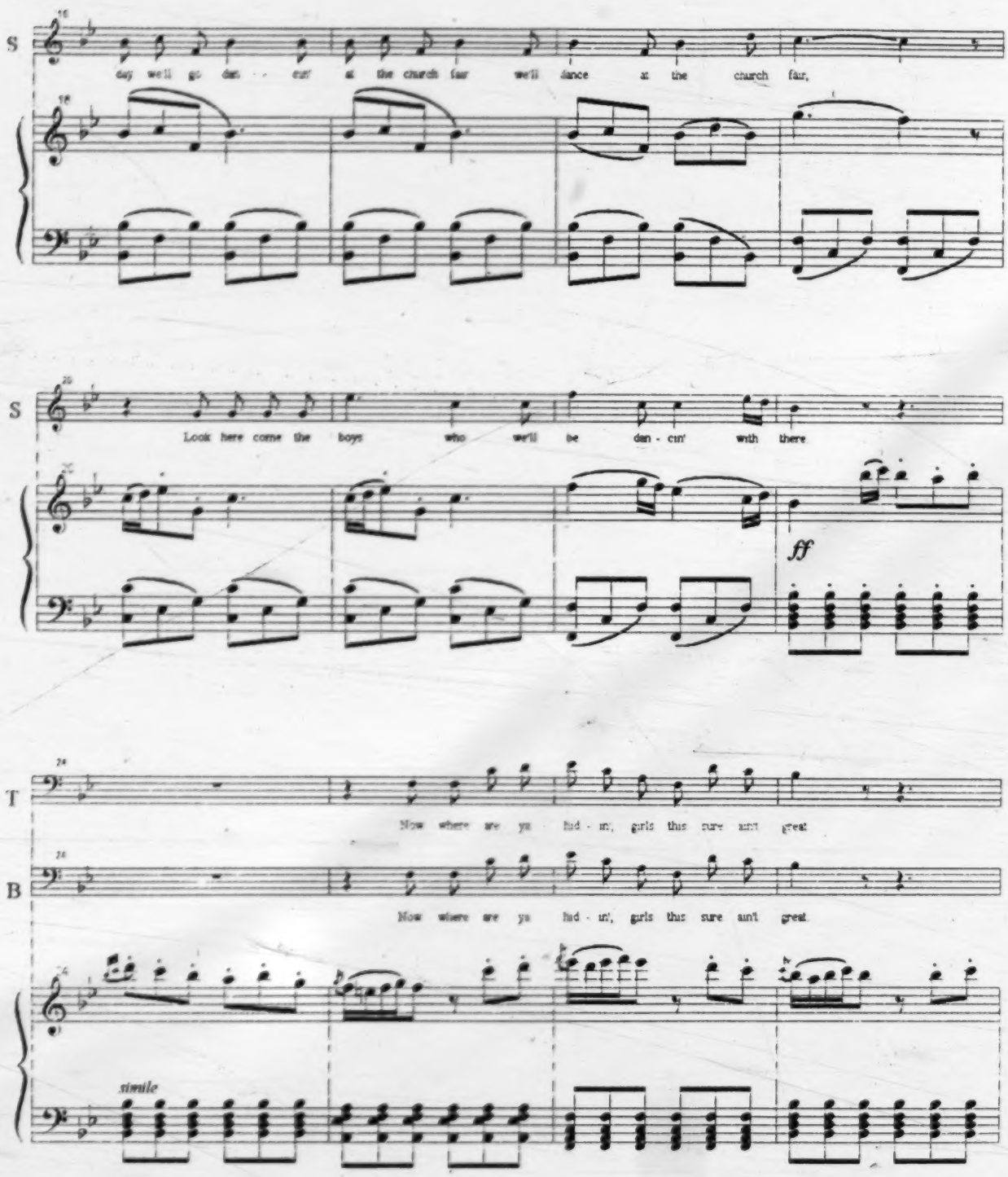
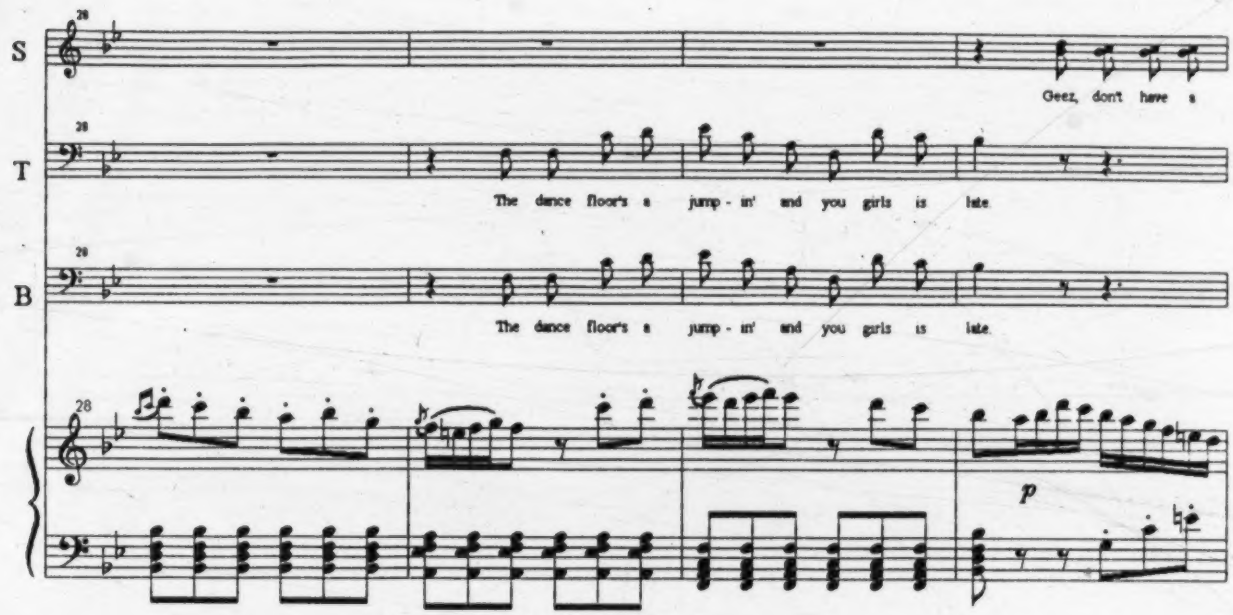
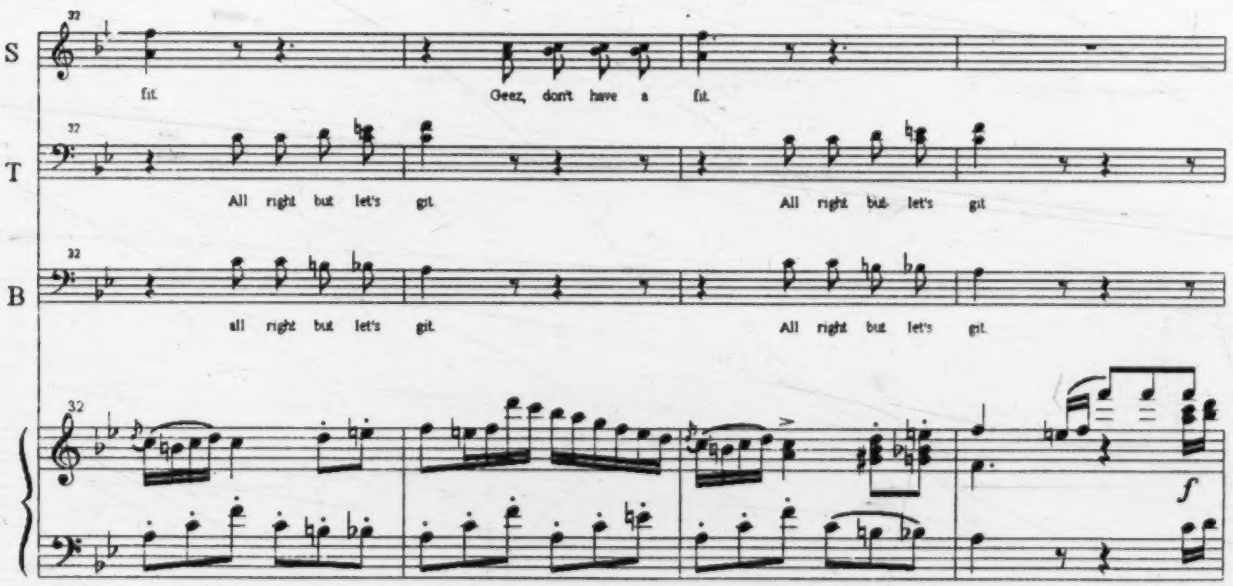
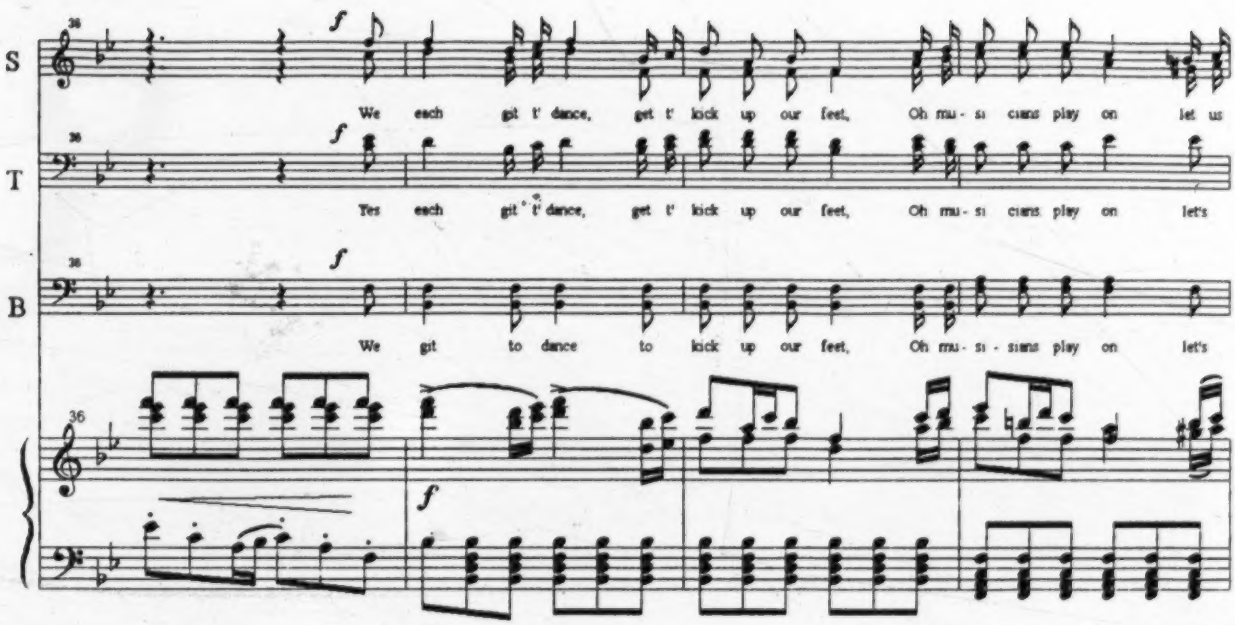
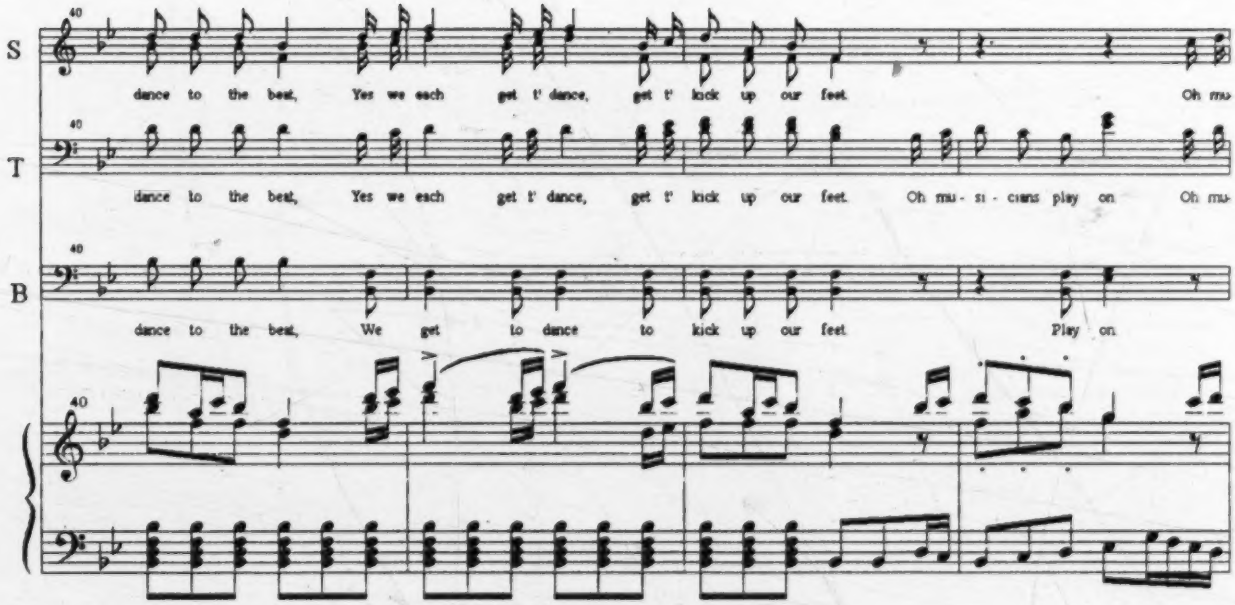
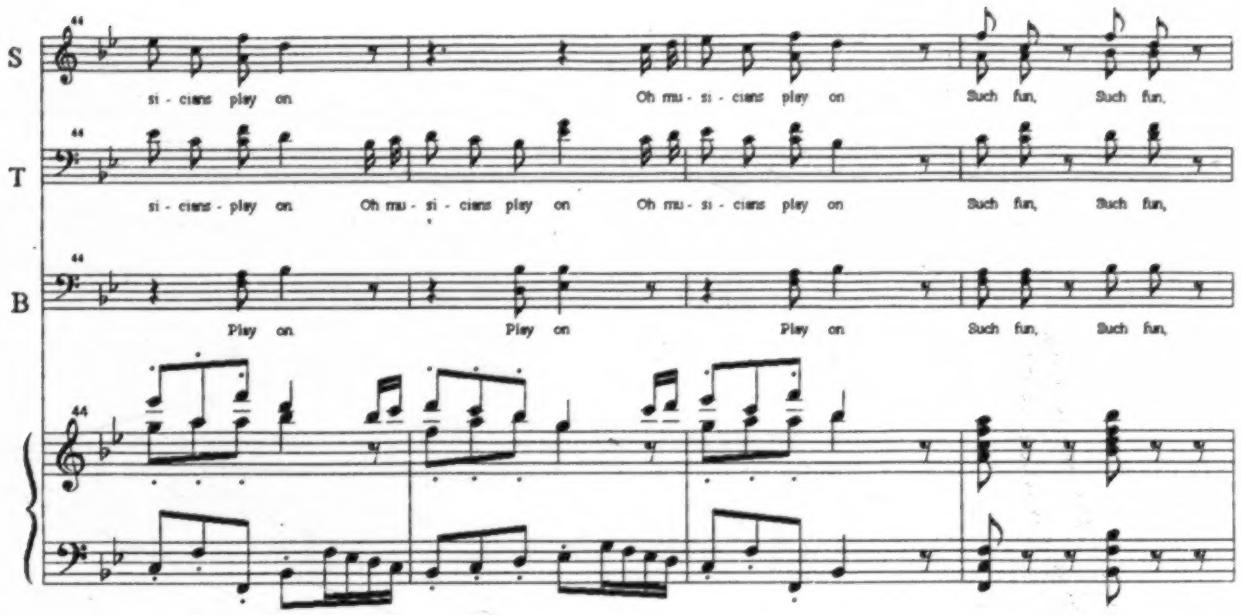
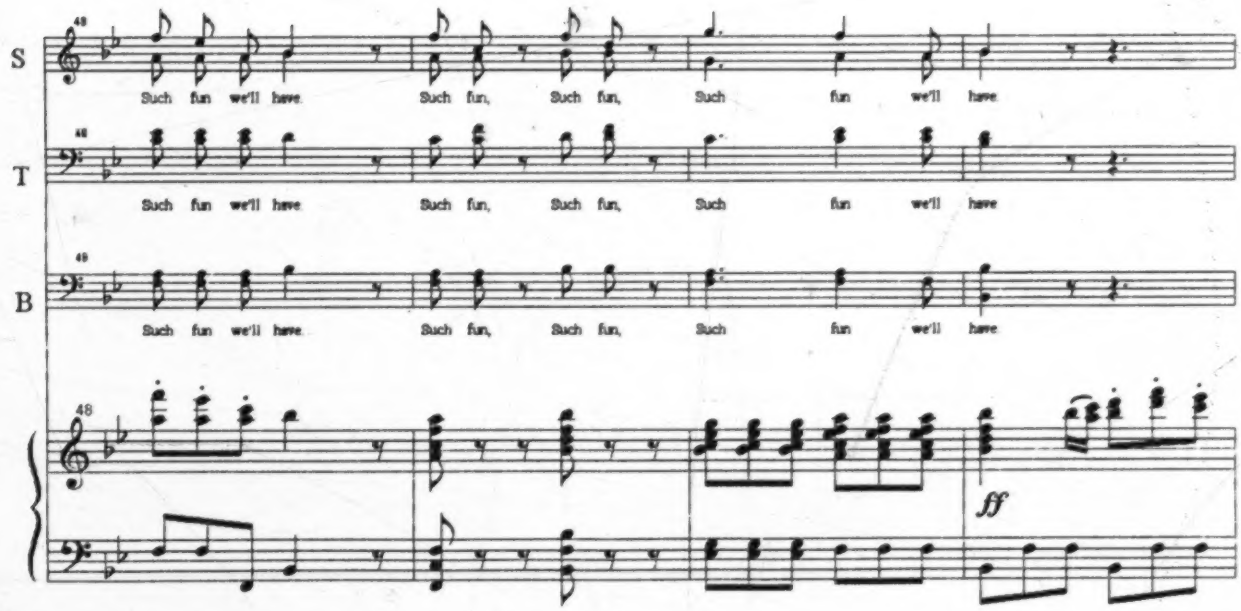
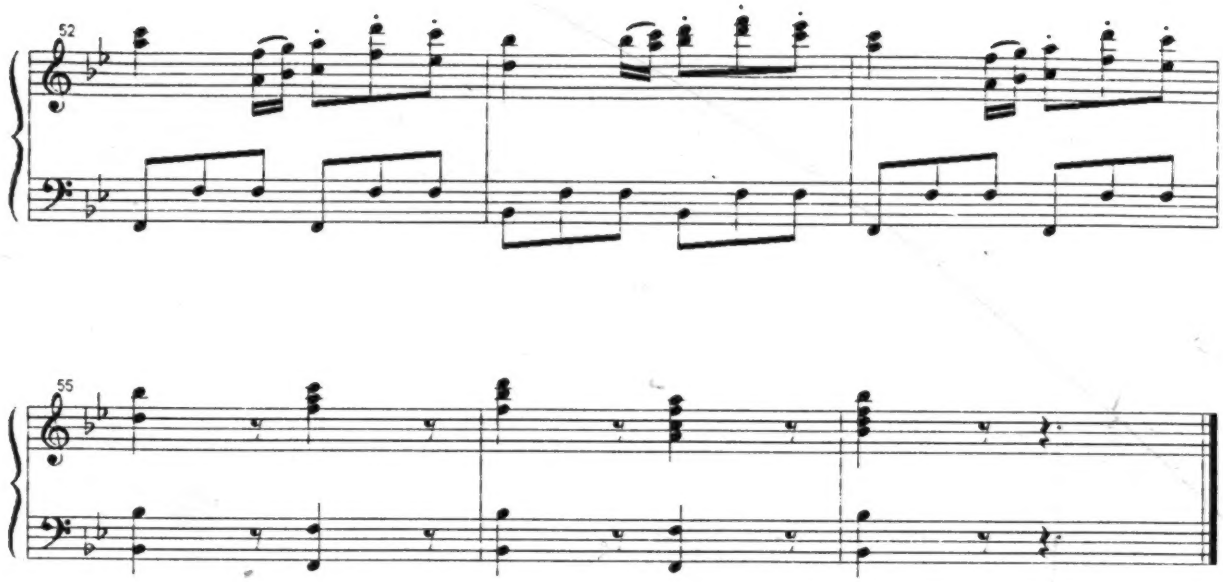
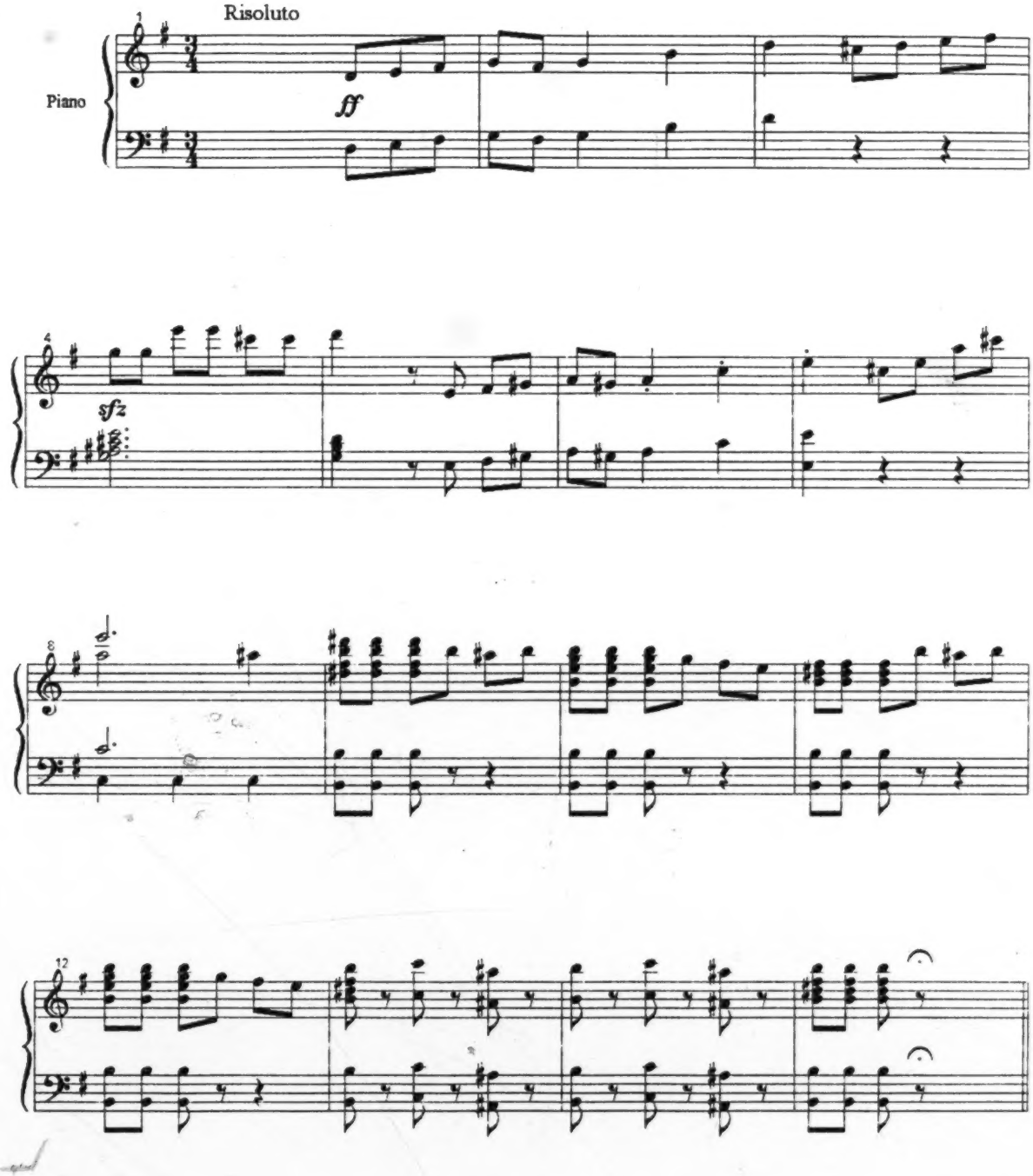
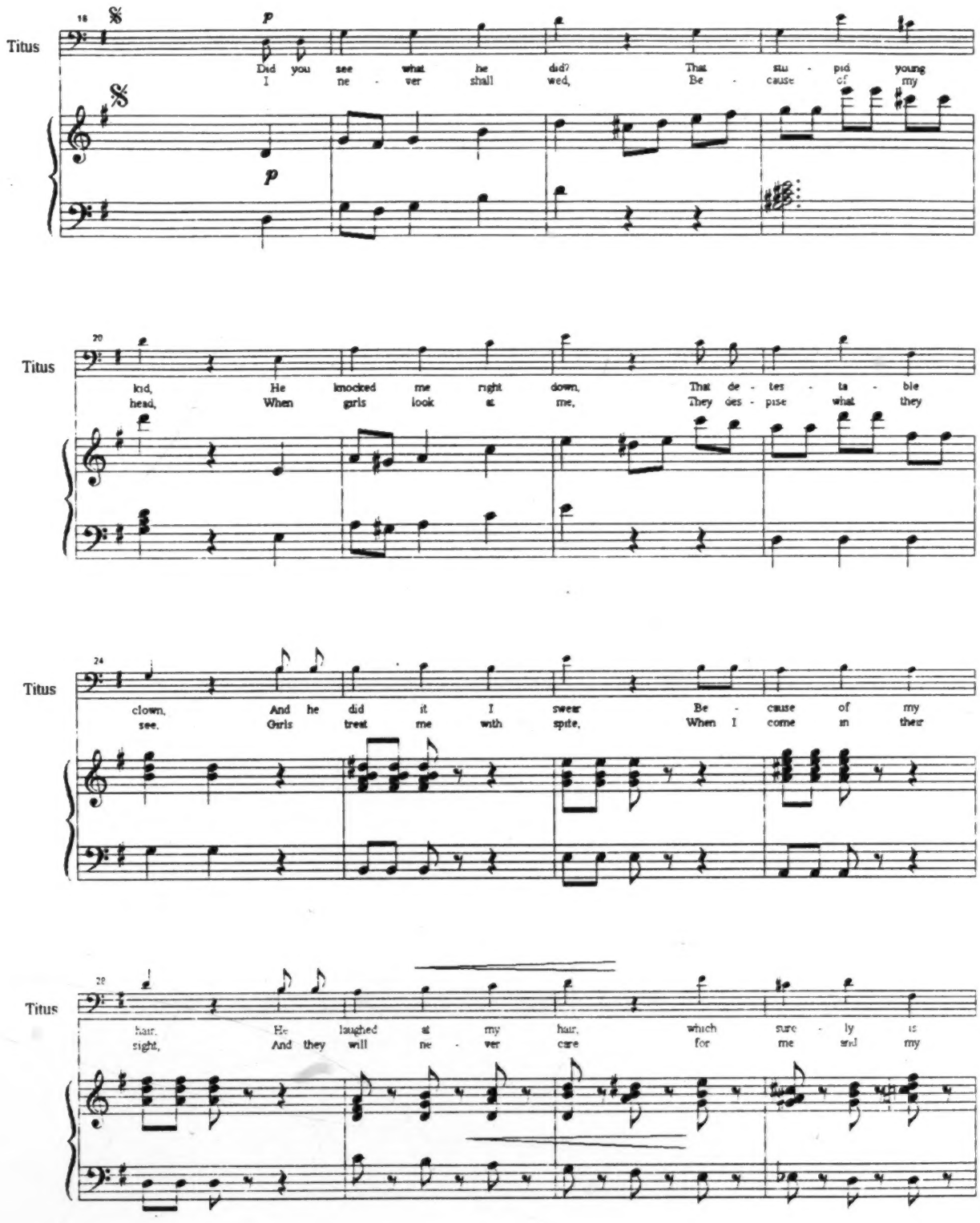
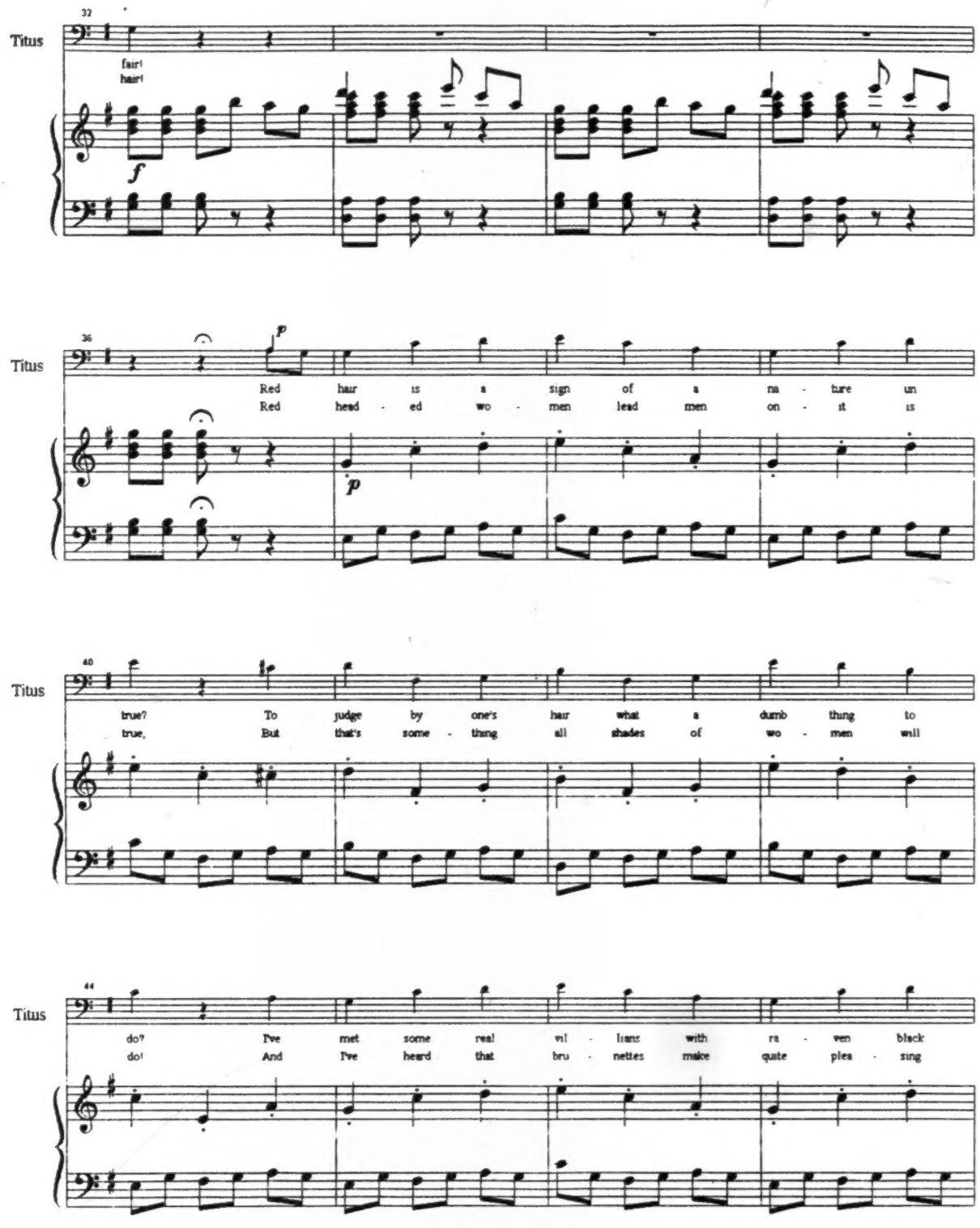
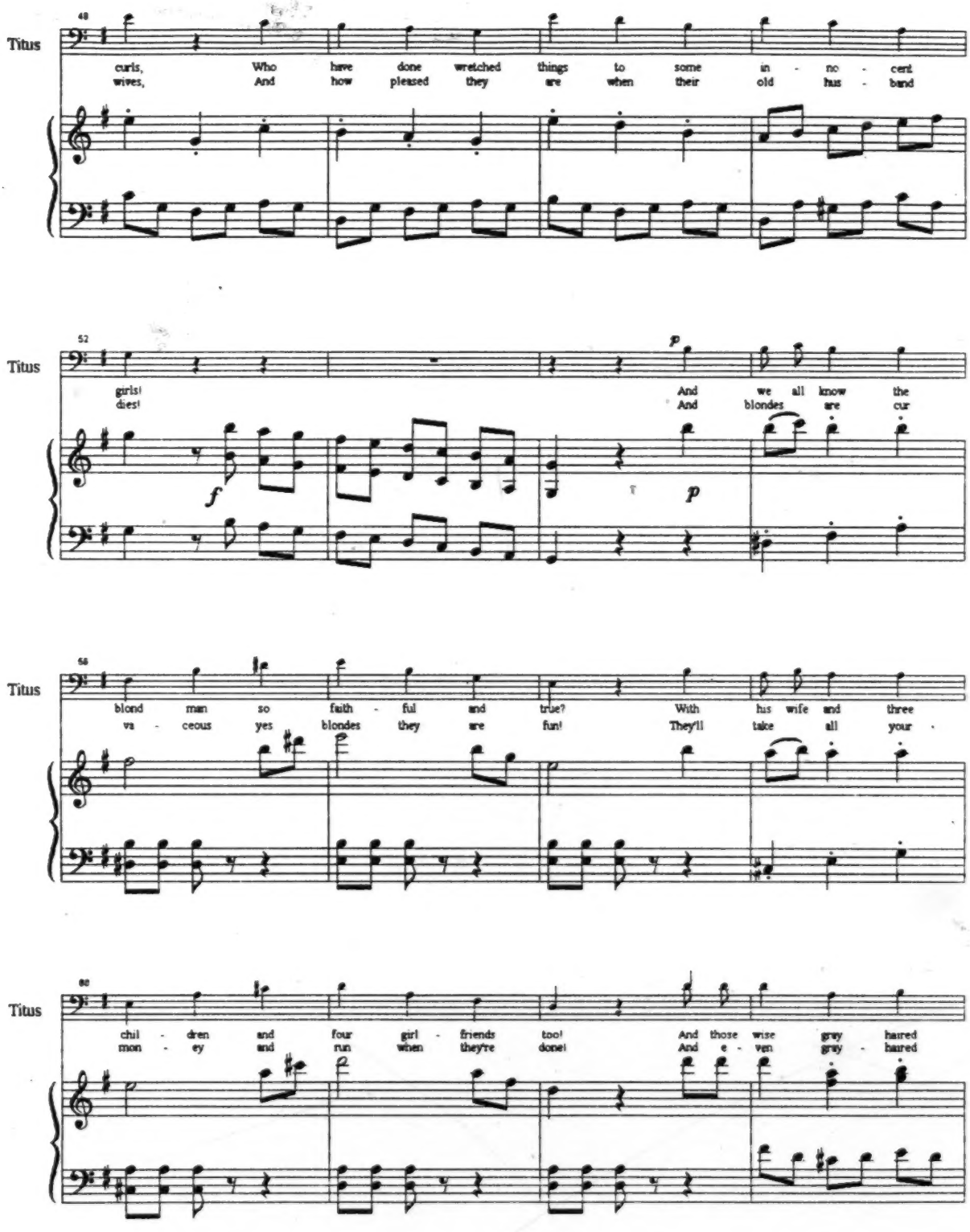
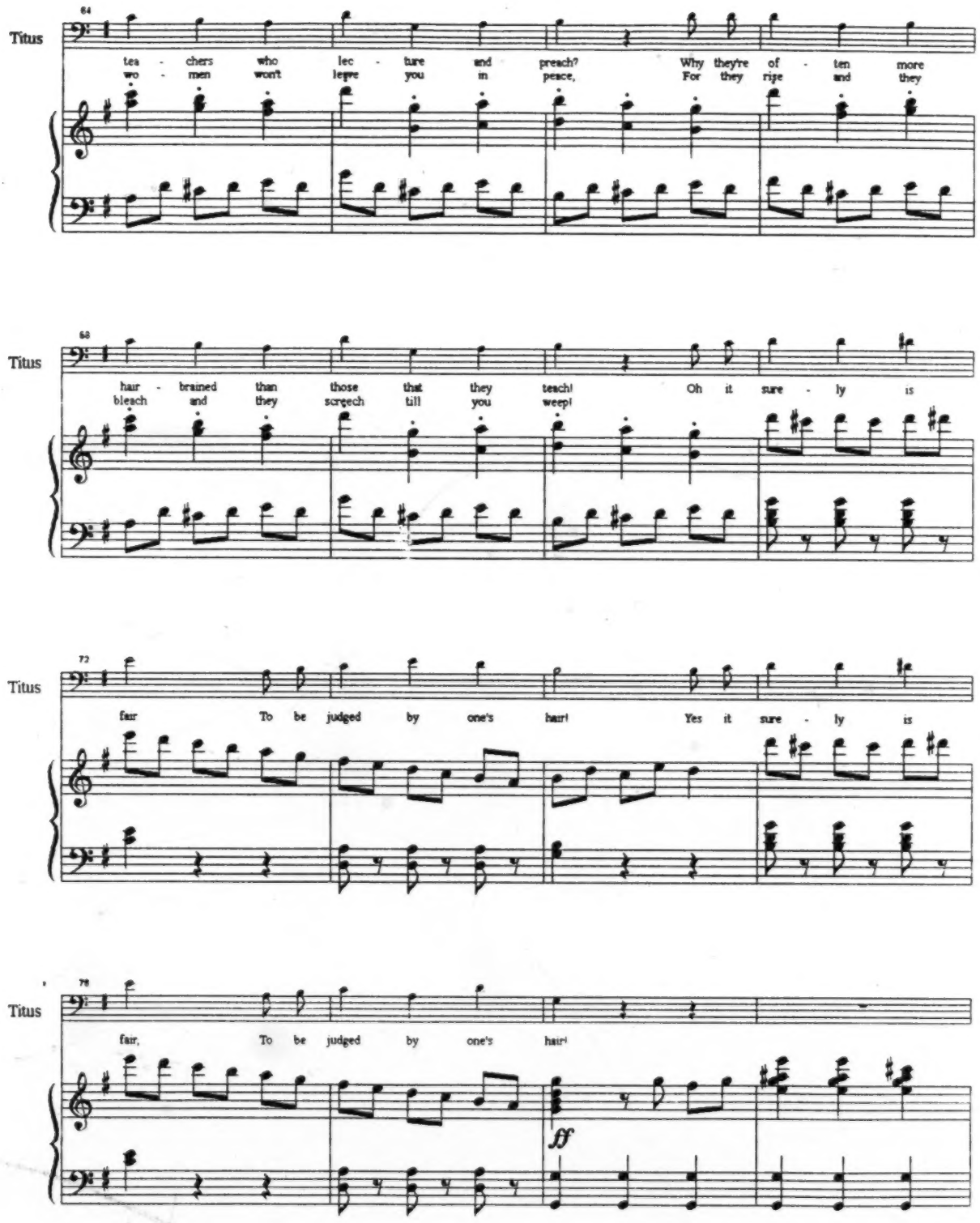
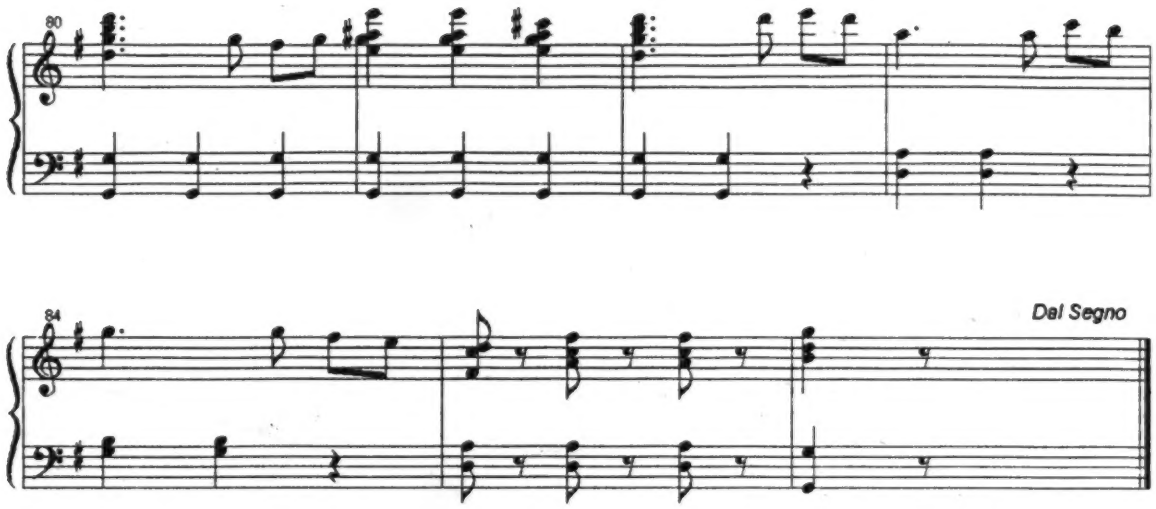
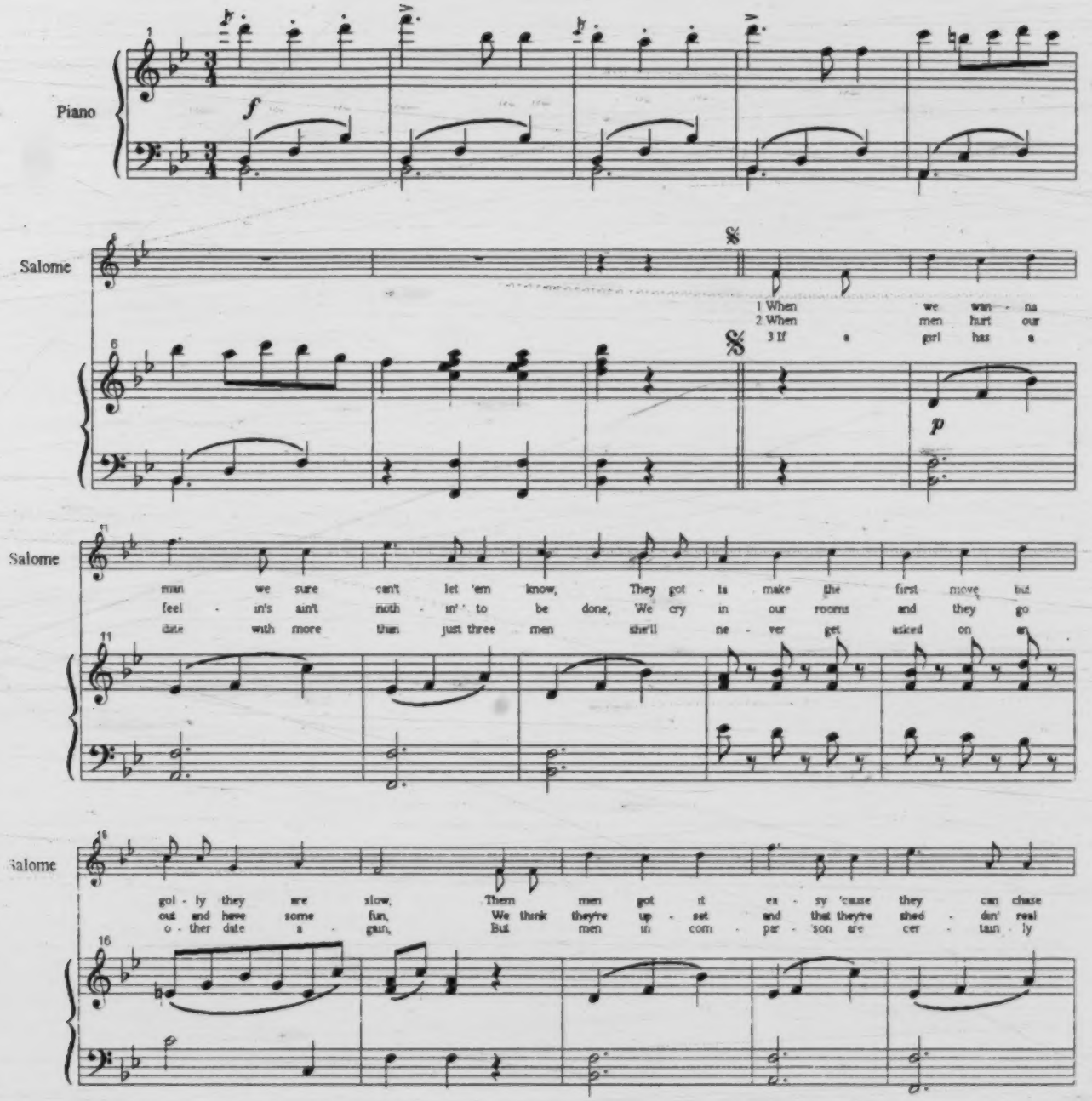
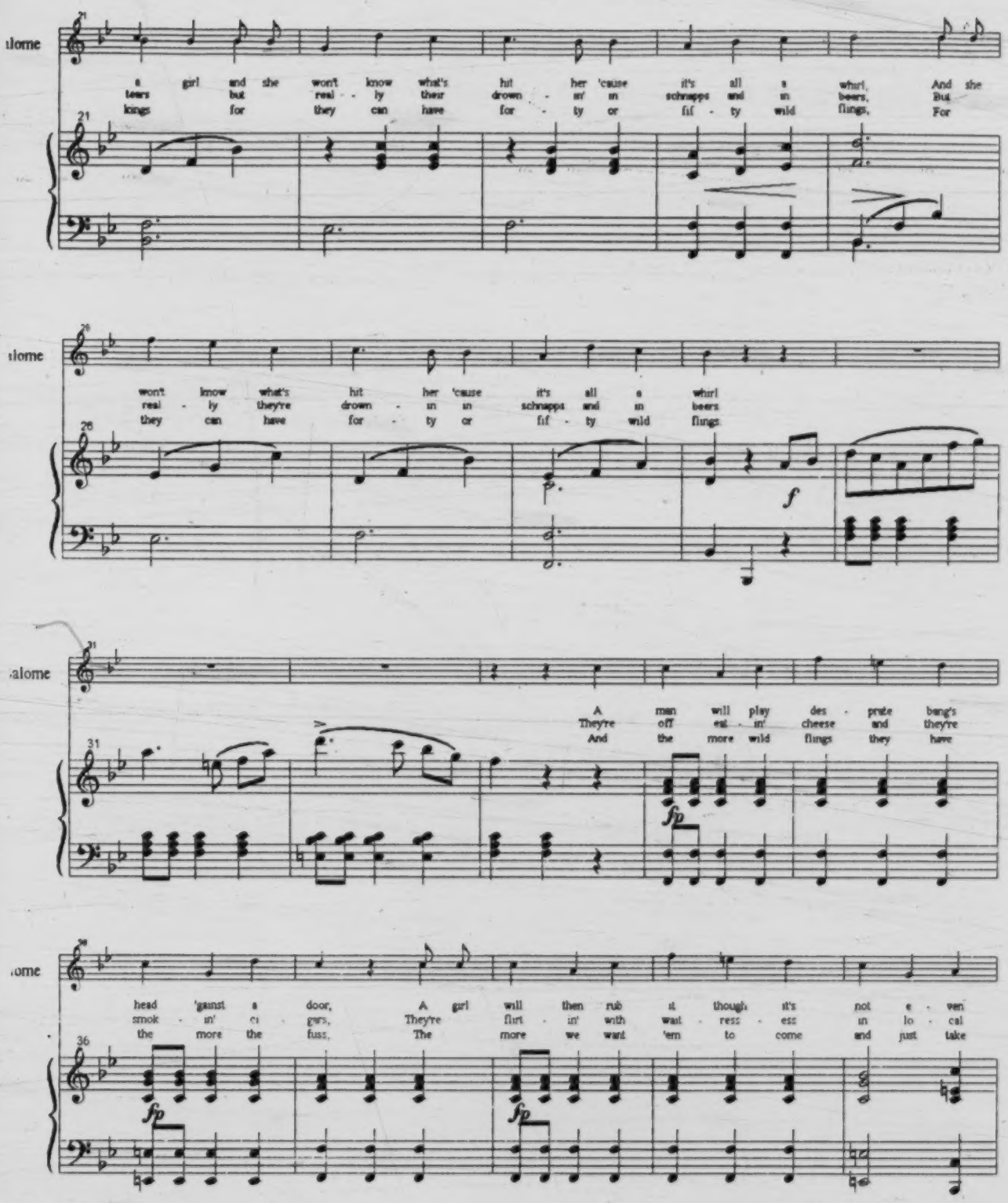
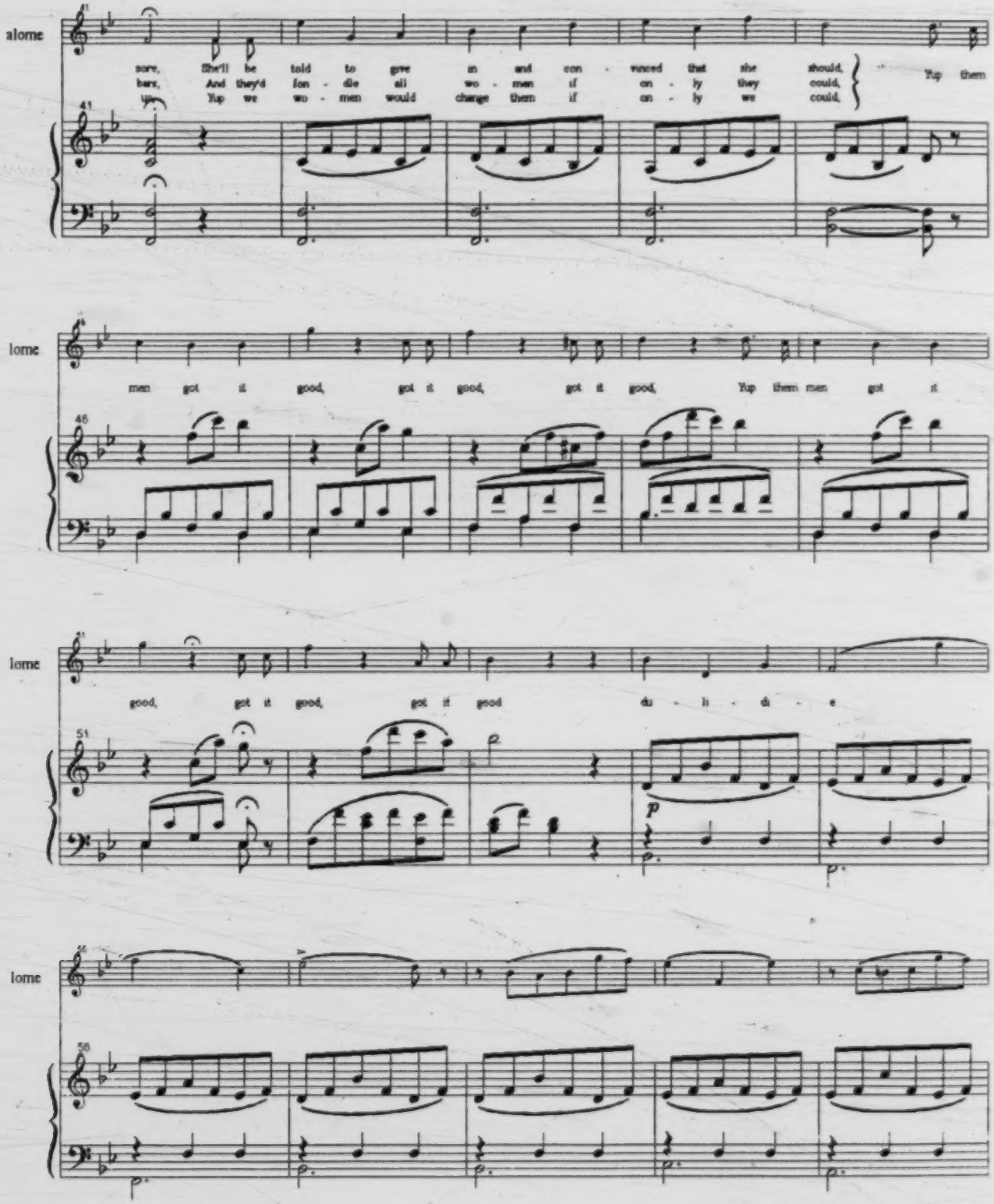
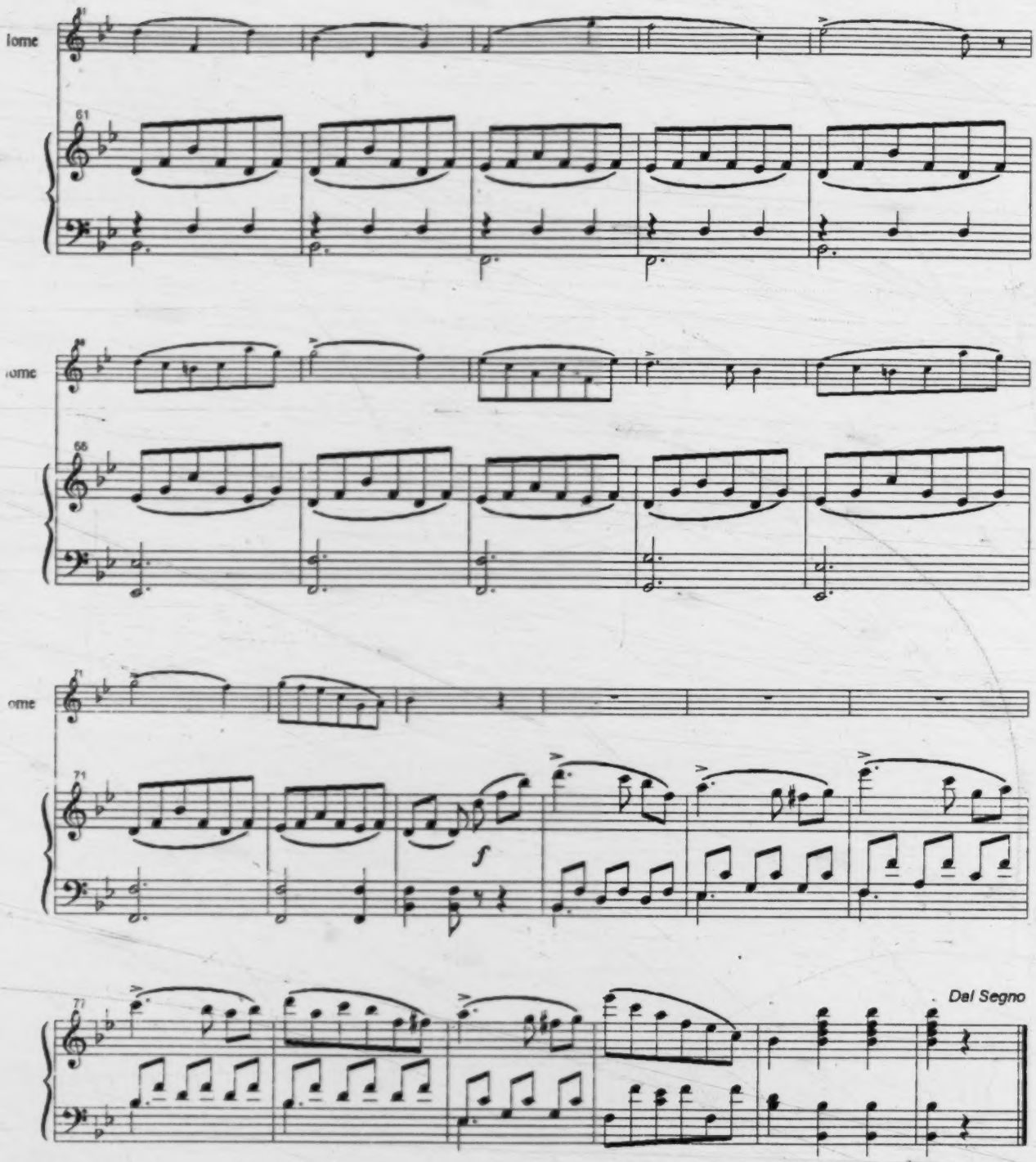
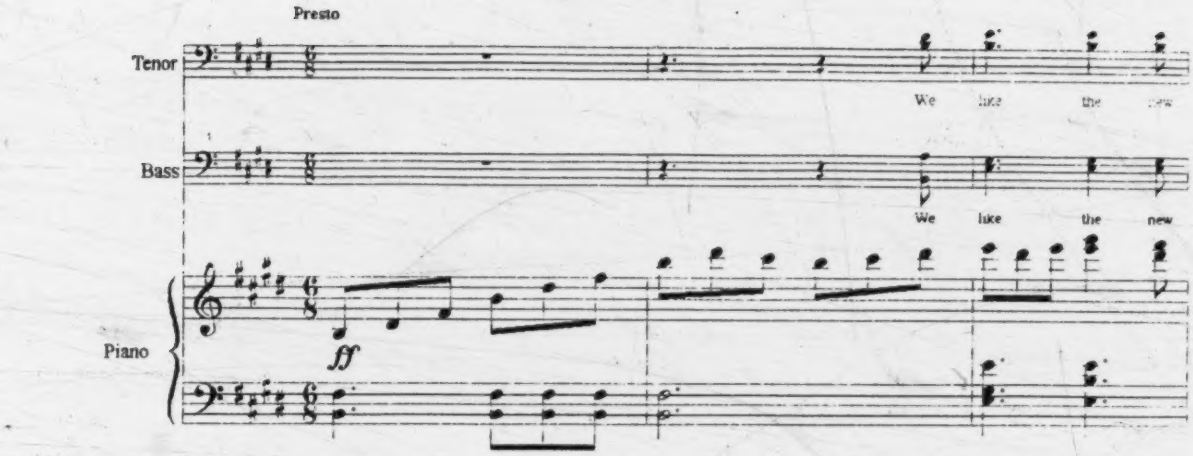
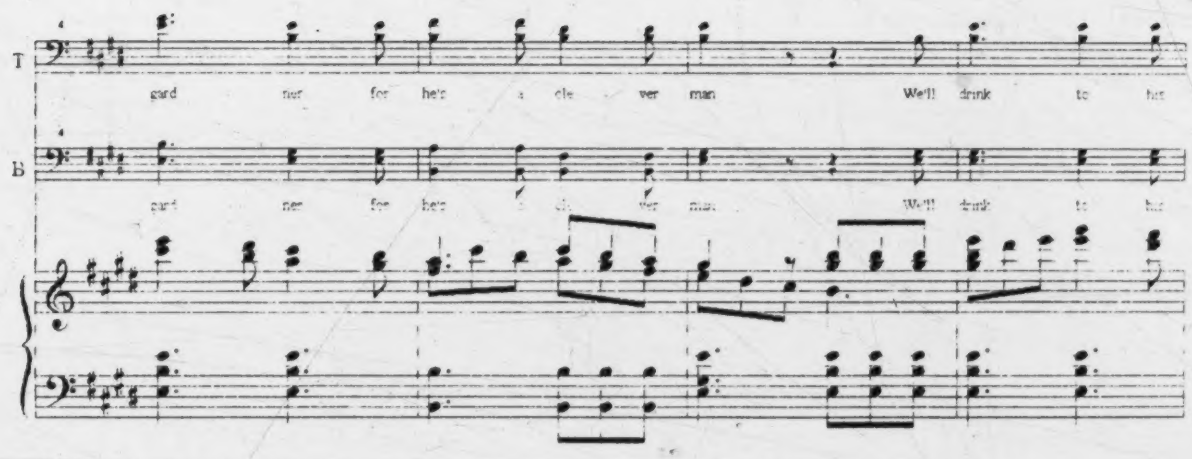
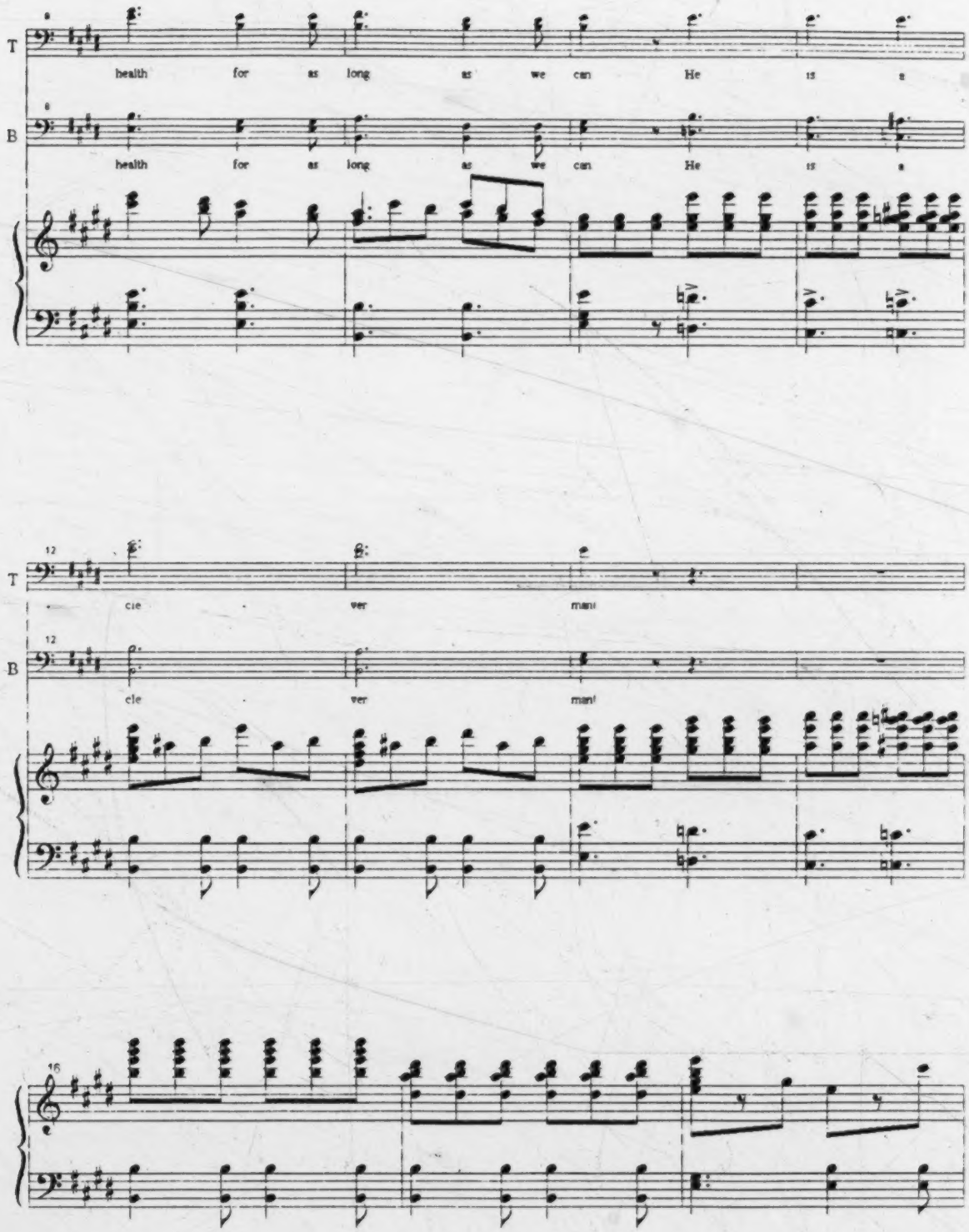
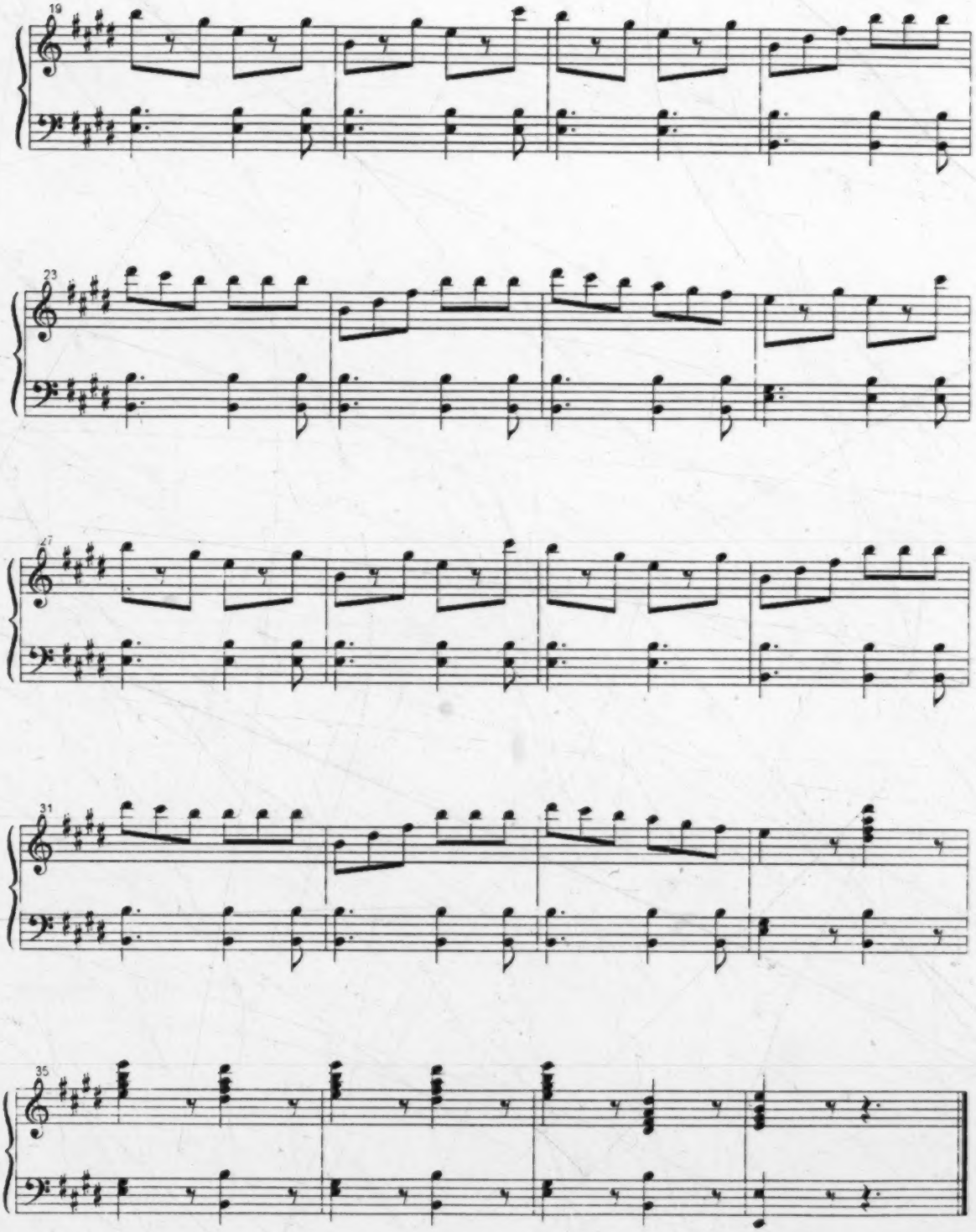
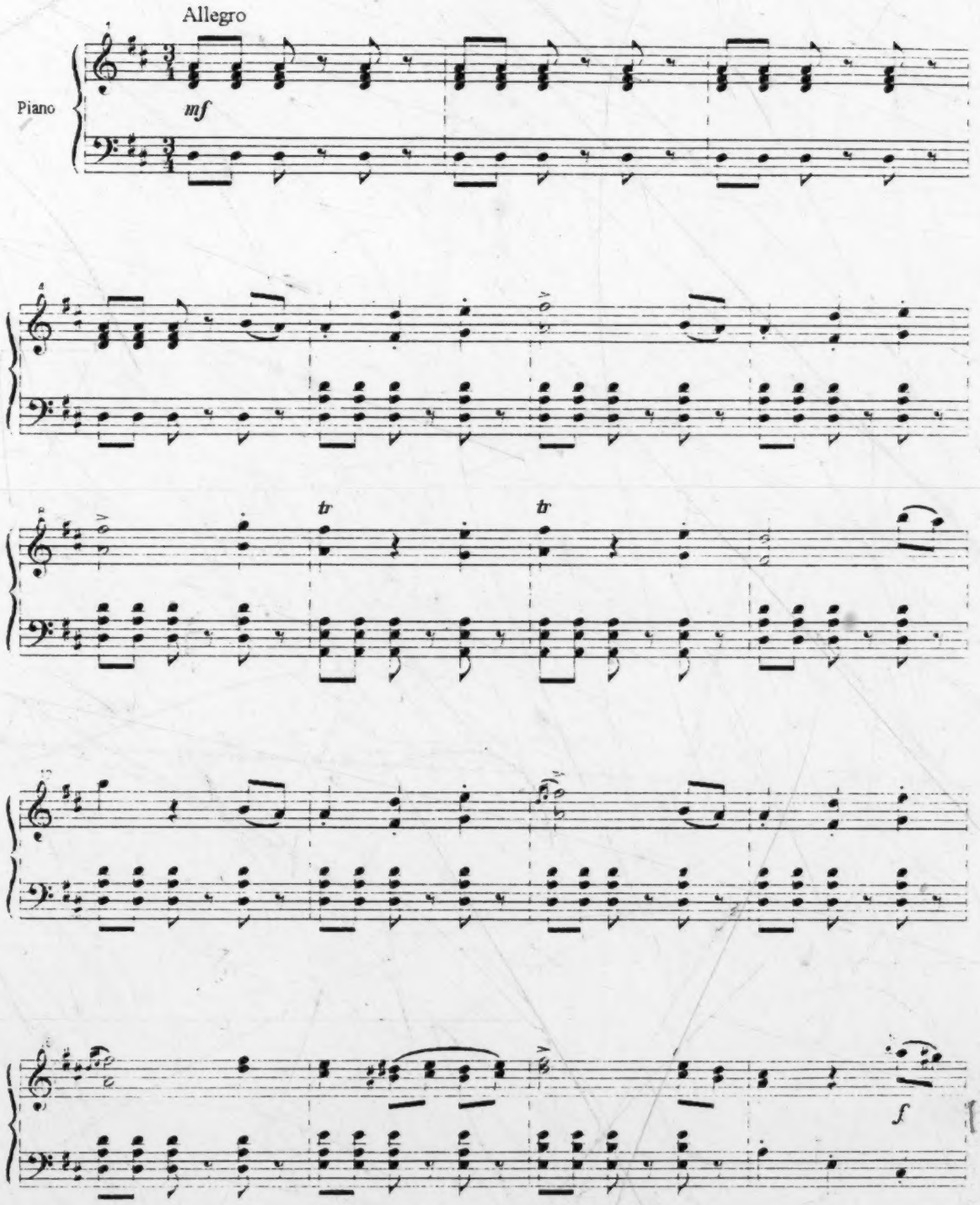
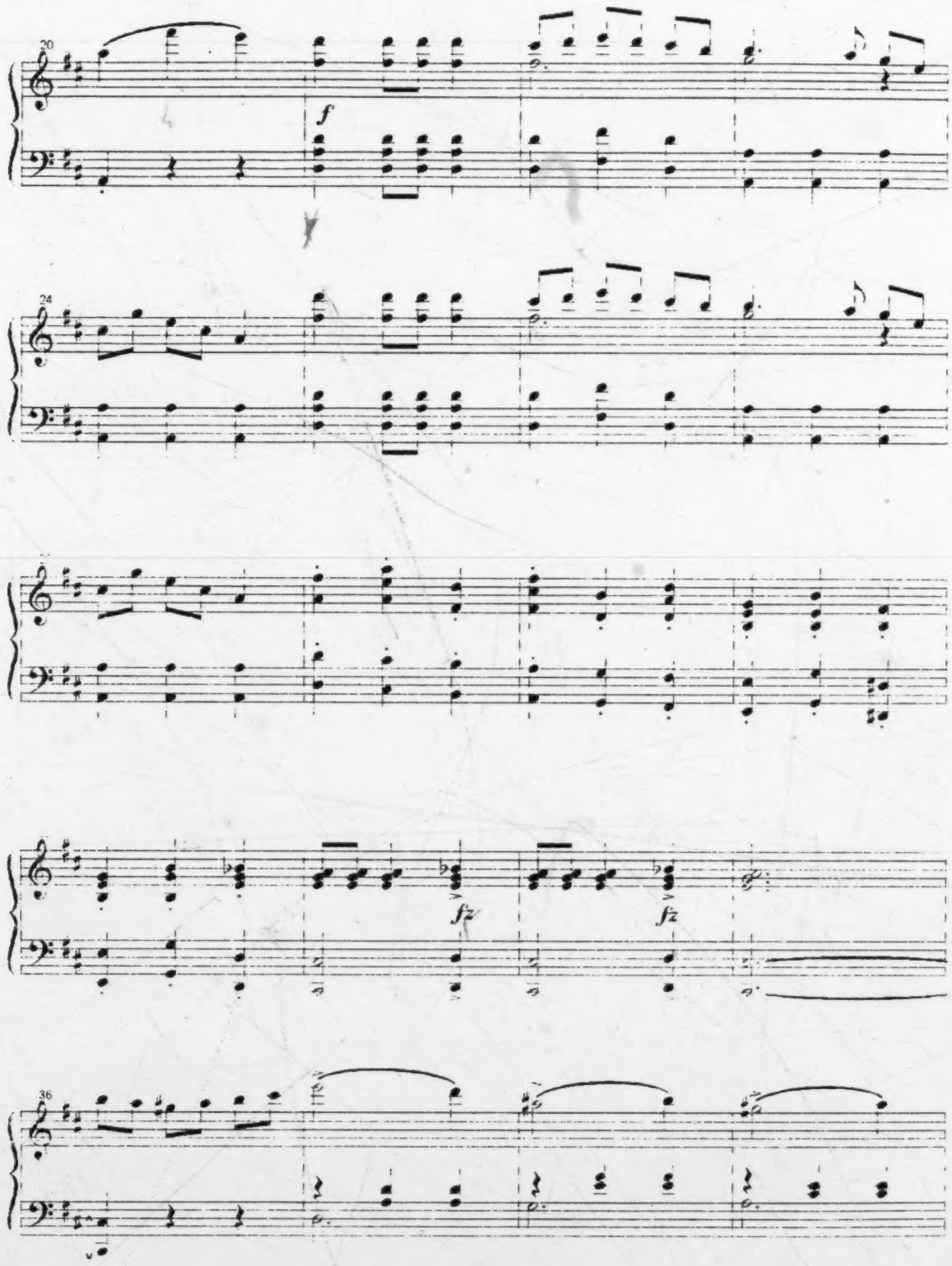
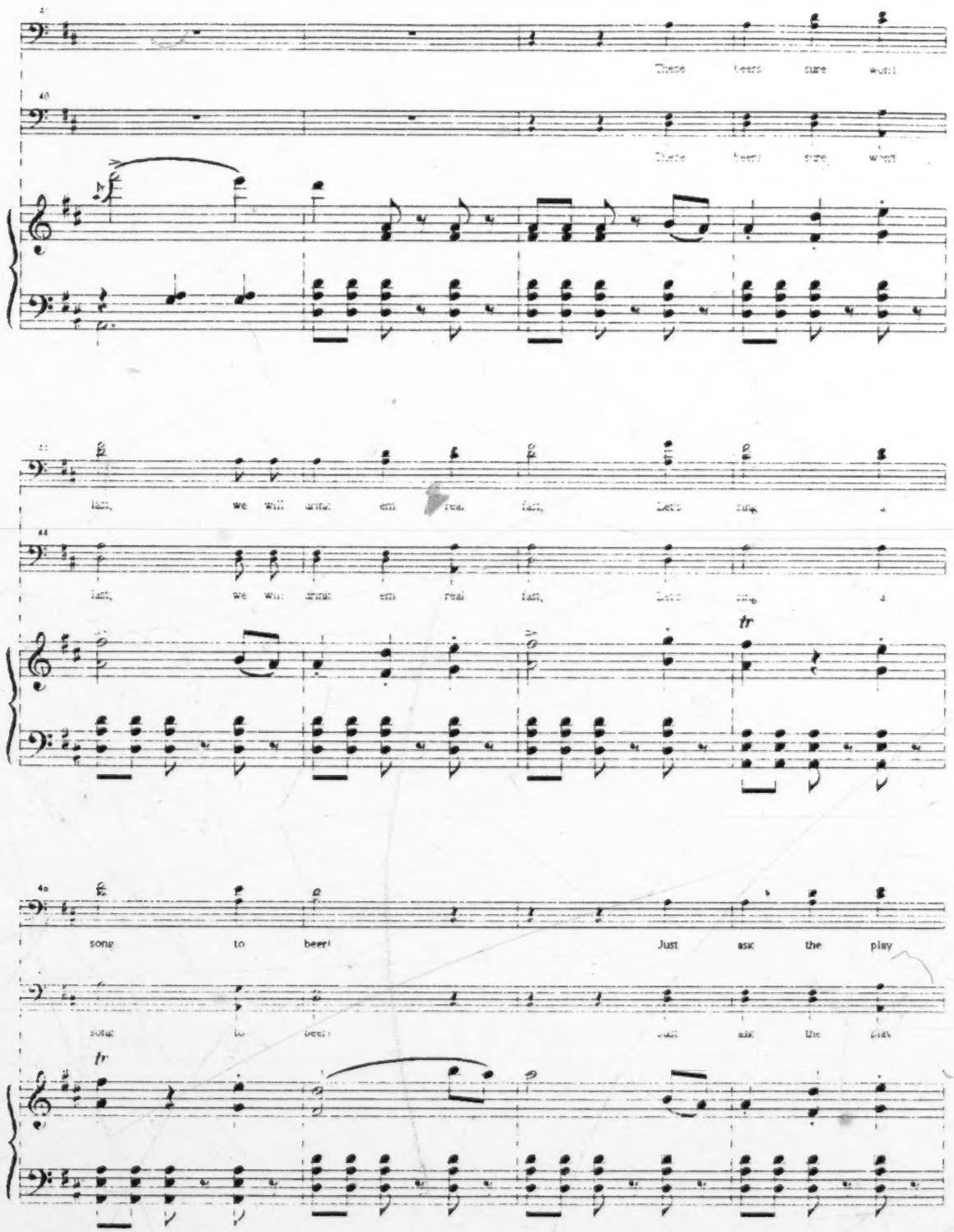
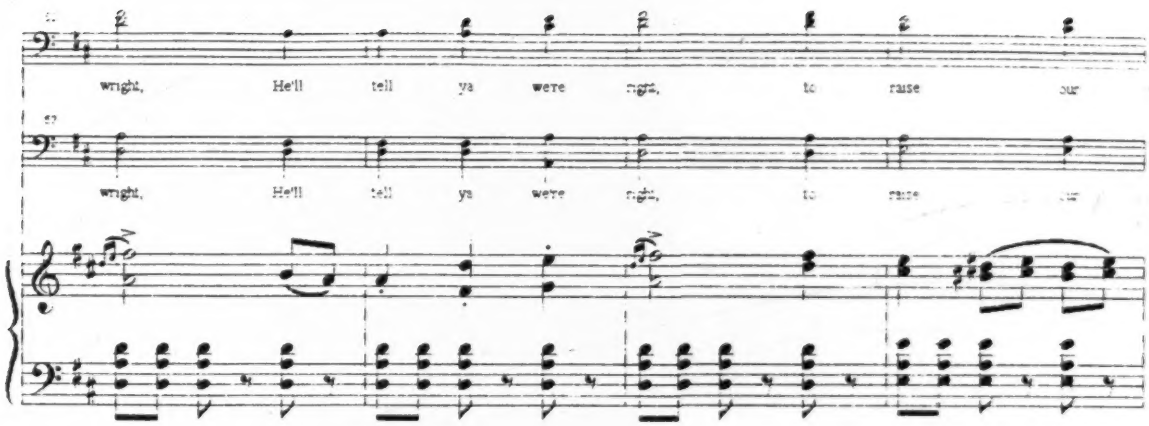
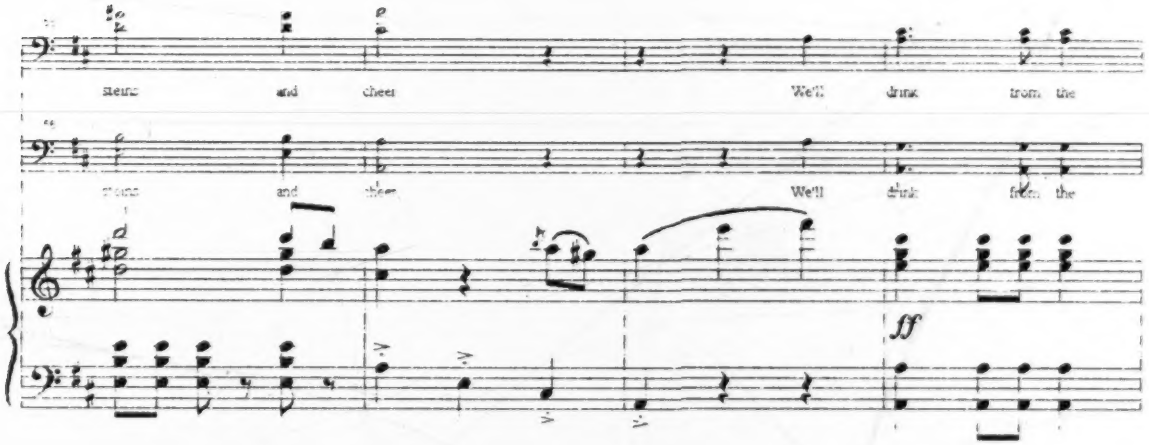
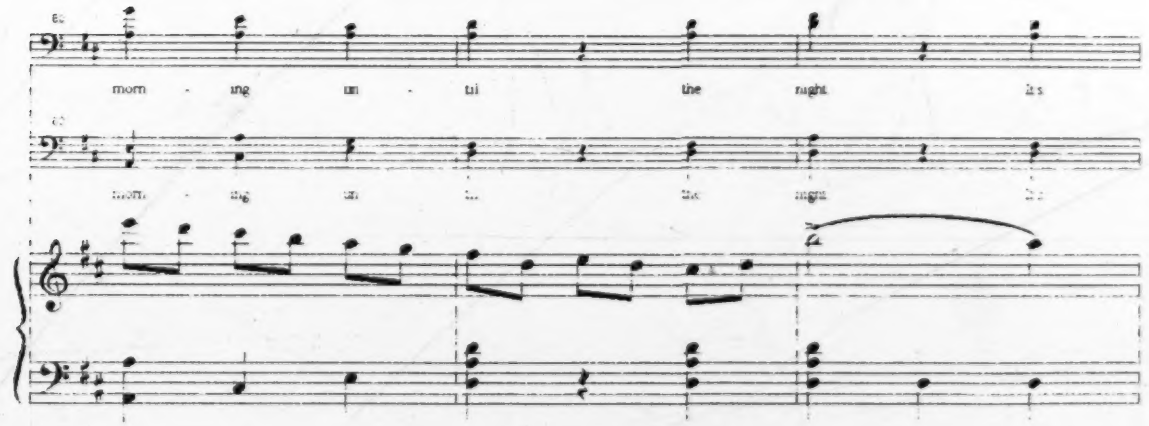
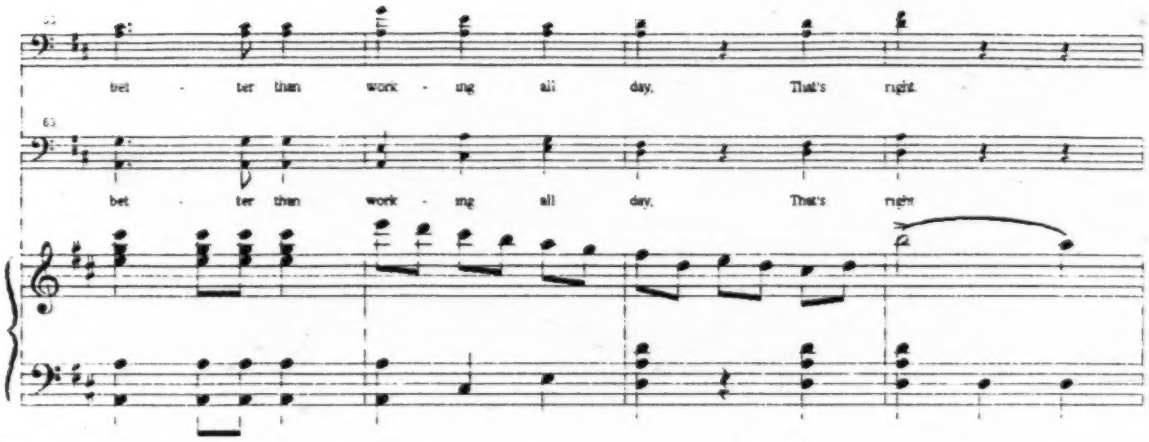
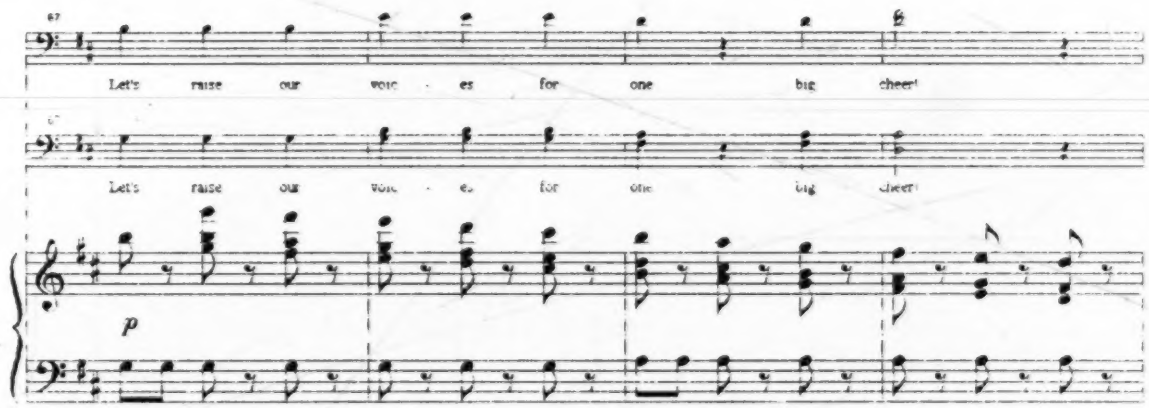
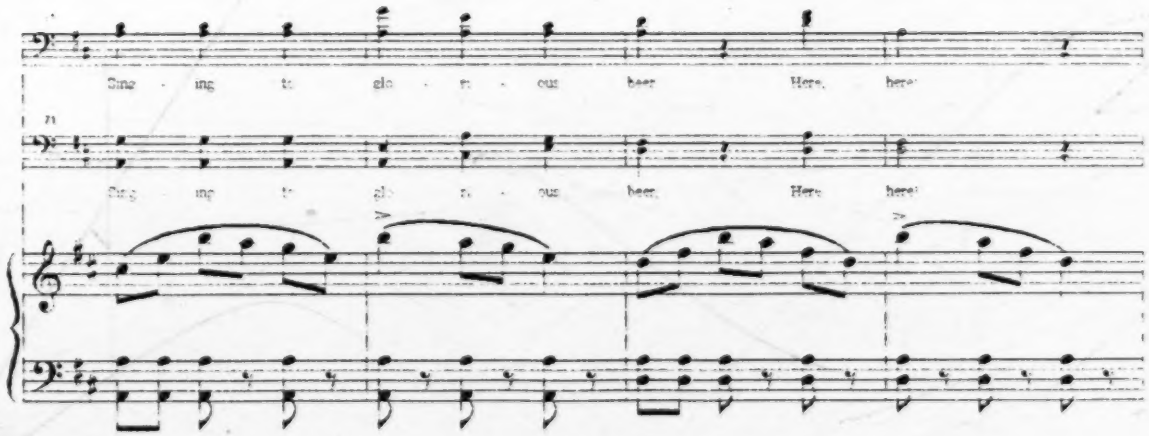
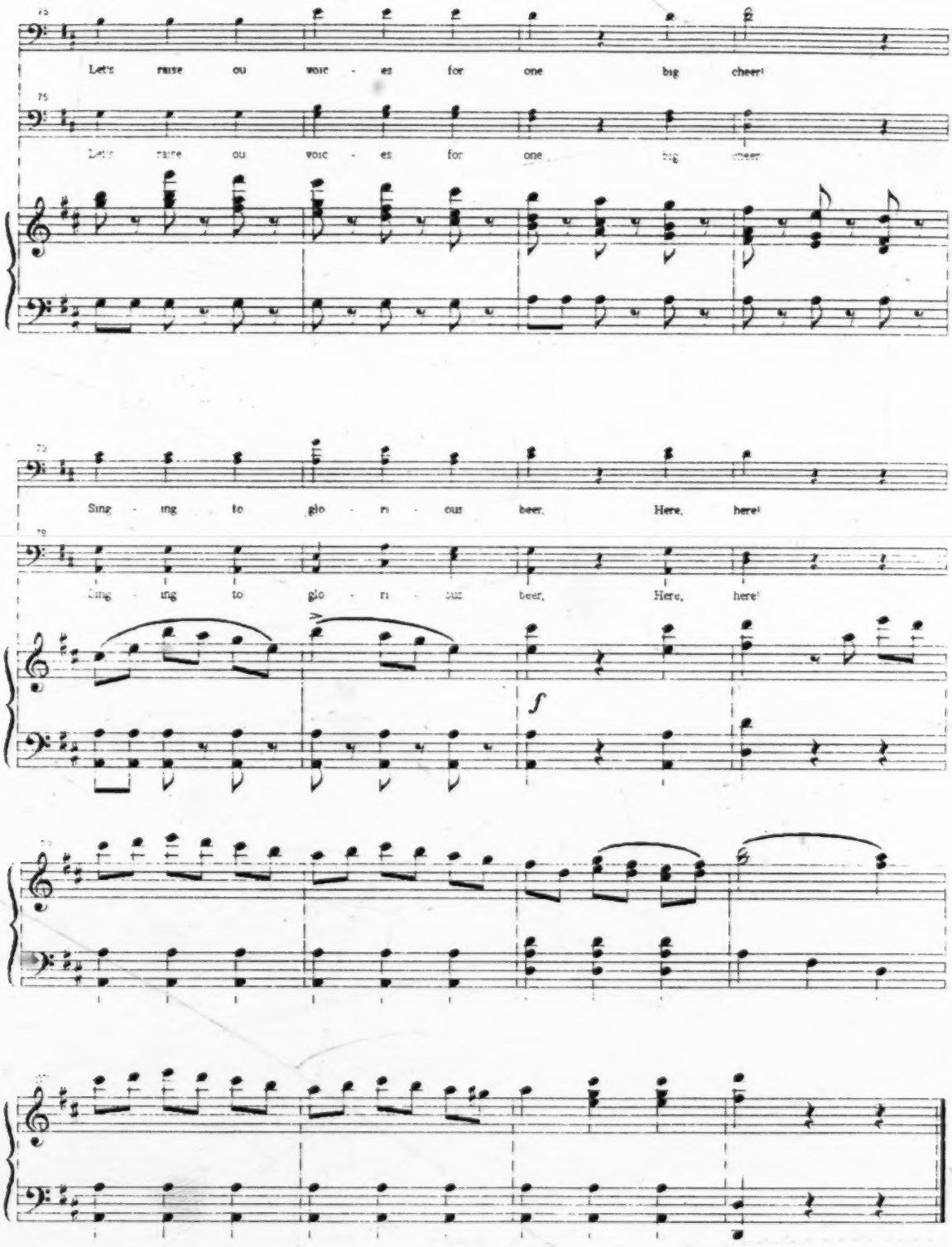
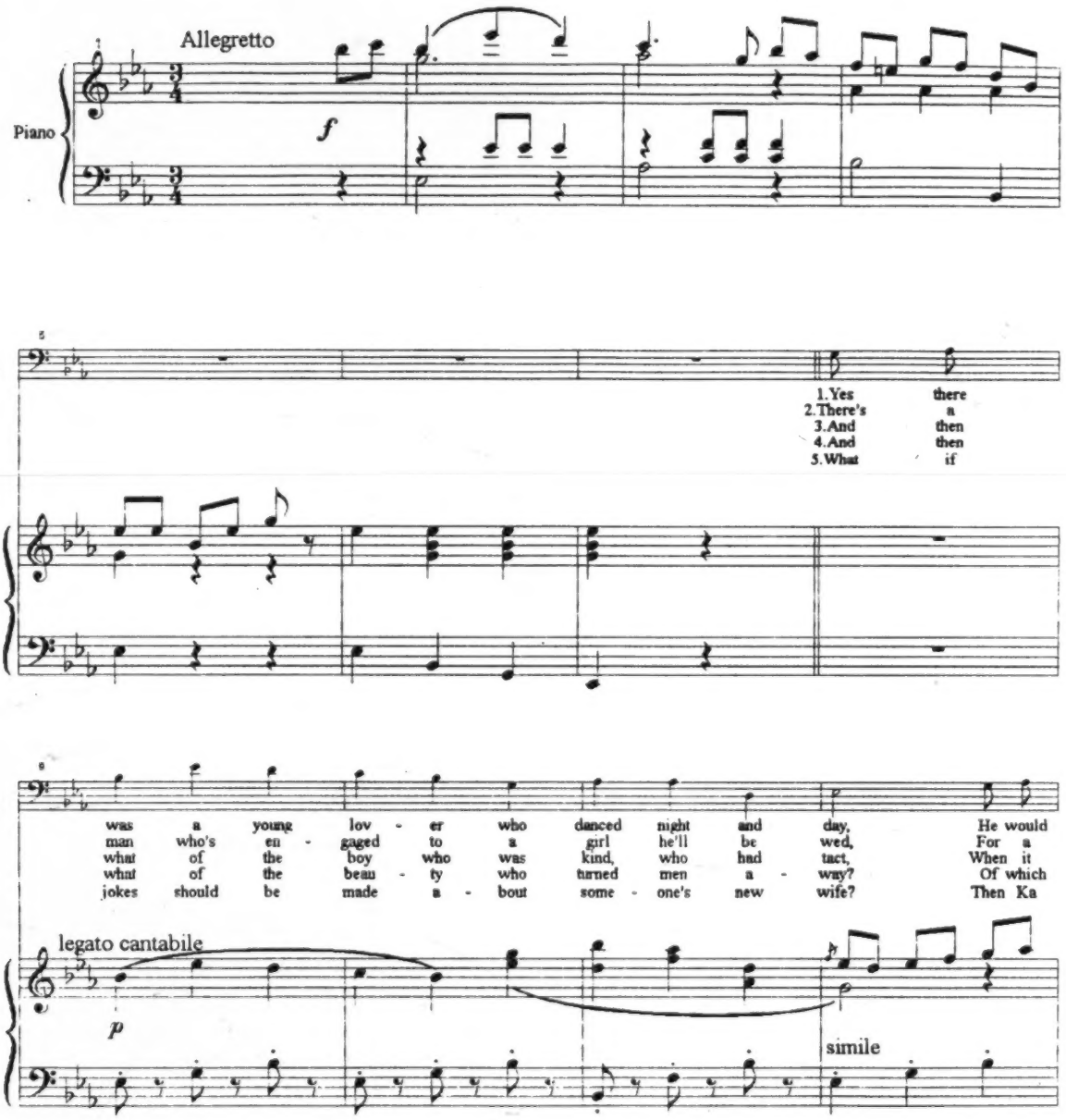
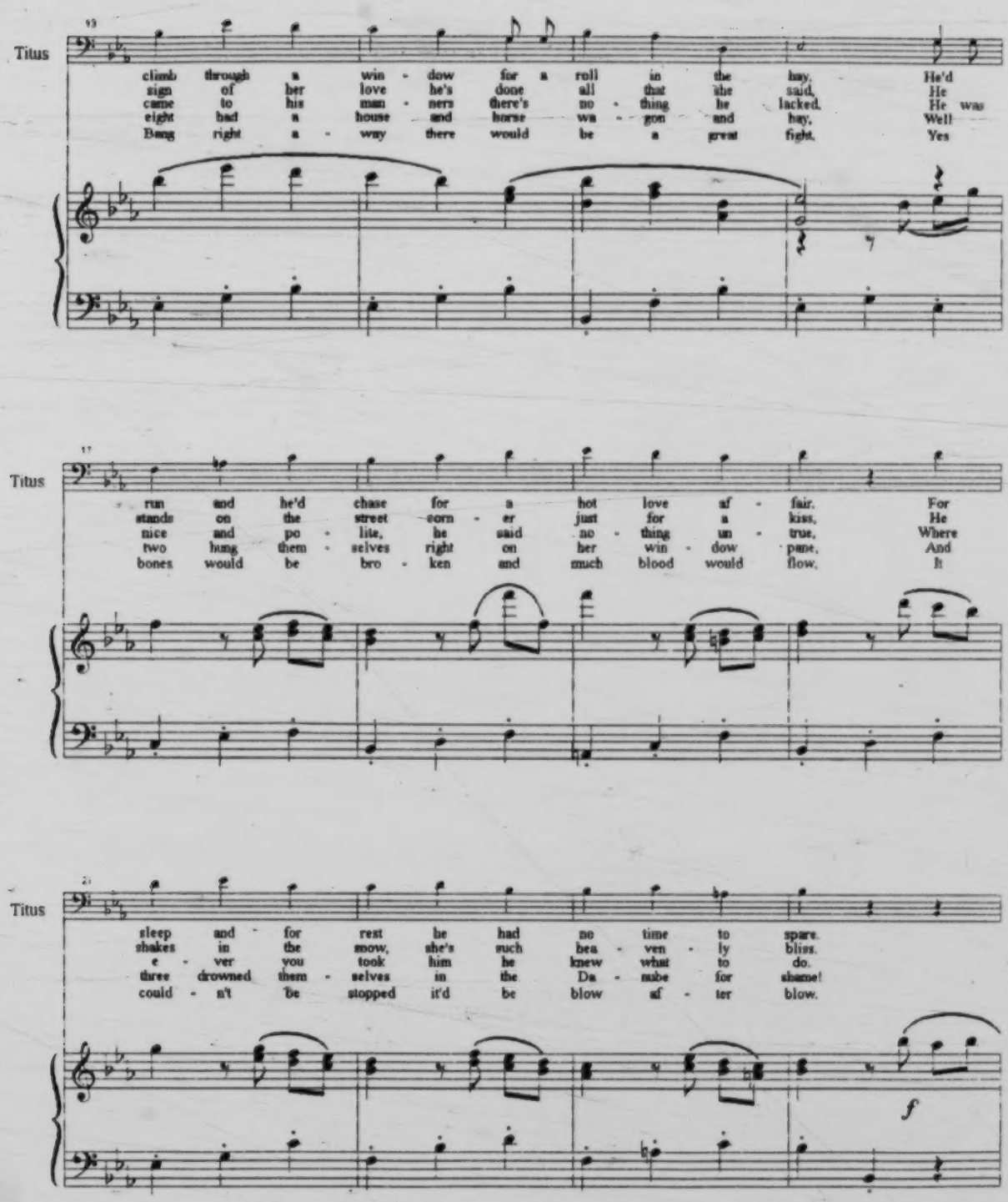
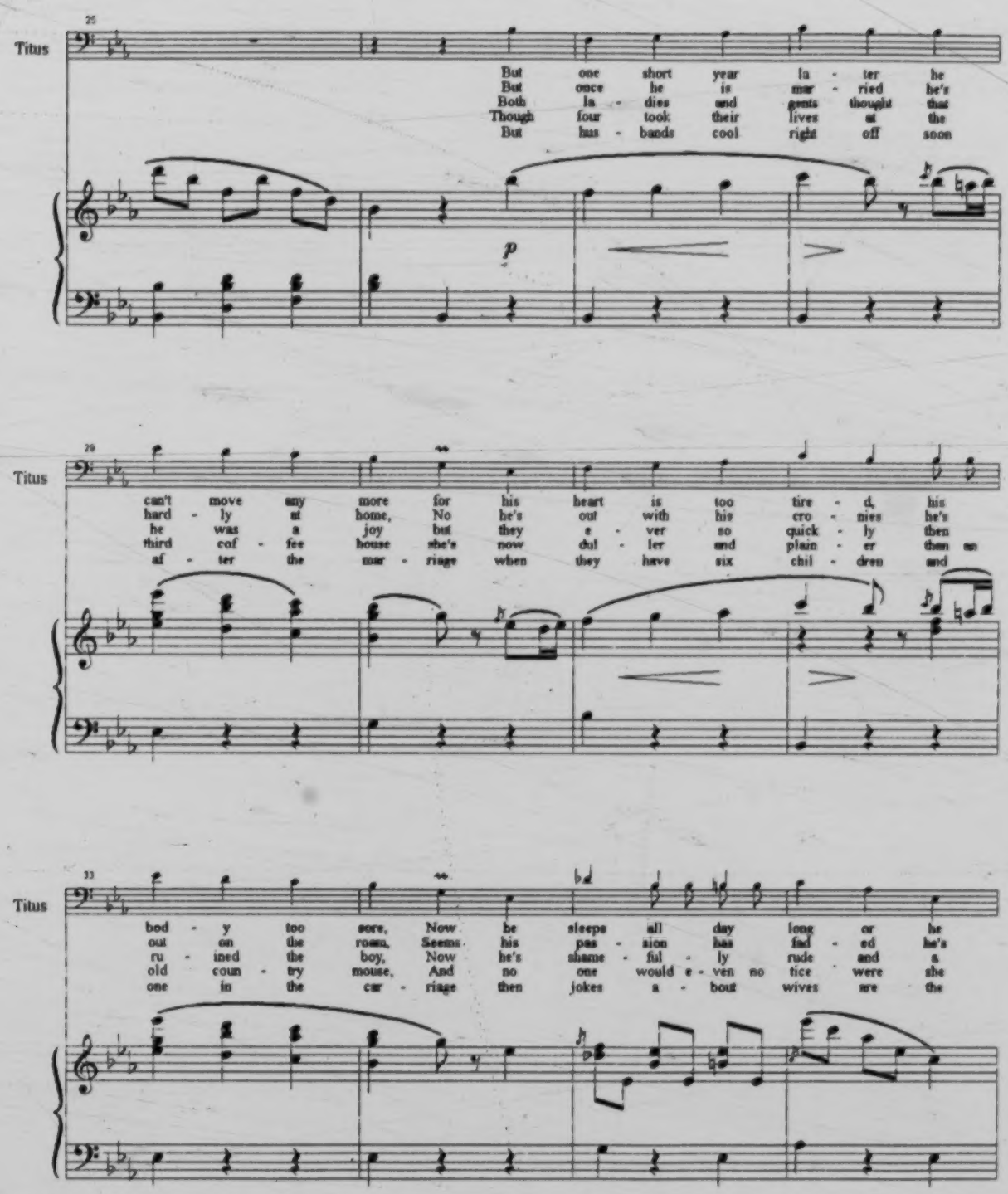
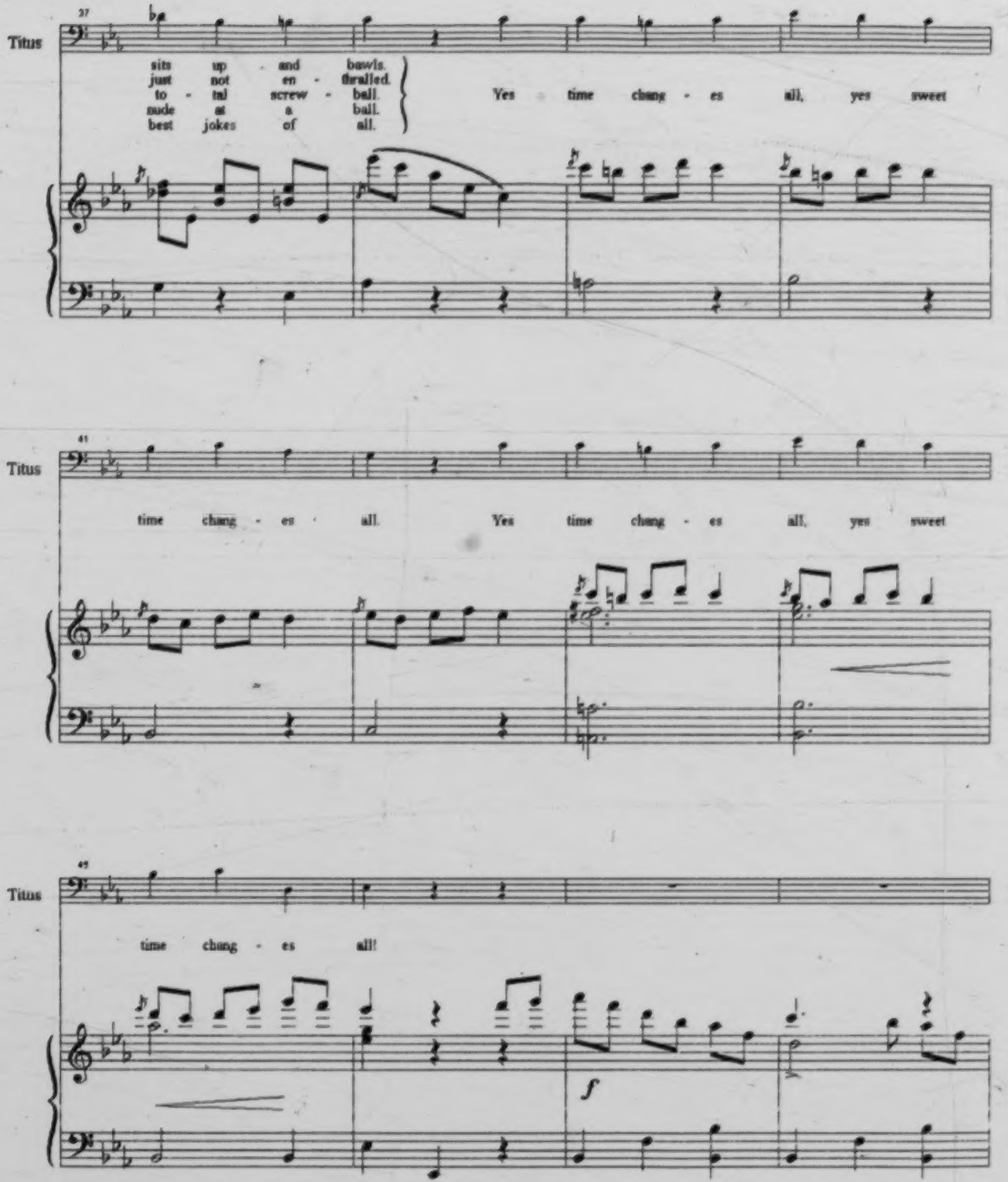
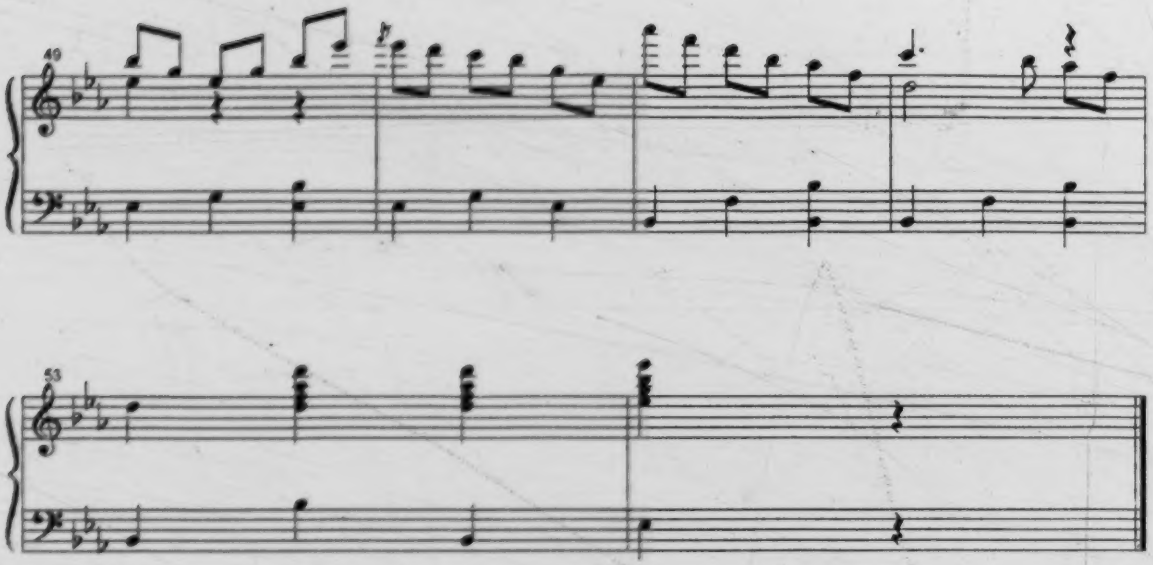
Song 1 (I.i): Boys and Girls
"Church Fair"

S
day we'll go dan - cin' at the church fair we'll dance at the church fair,
S
Look here come the boys who we'll be dan - cin' with there
ff
T
Now where are ya had - in', girls this sure ain't great
B
Now where are ya had - in', girls this sure ain't great
simile

S
T
B
28
Geez, don't have a
The dance floor's a jump - in' and you girls is late
The dance floor's a jump - in' and you girls is late
p

S
T
B
32
fit.
Geez, don't have a fit.
All right but let's git
All right but let's git
all right but let's git.
All right but let's git.
f

S
We each git t' dance, get t' kick up our feet, Oh mu - si cians play on let us
T
Yes each git t' dance, get t' kick up our feet, Oh mu - si cians play on let's
B
We git to dance to kick up our feet, Oh mu - si - cians play on let's

S
dance to the beat, Yes we each get t' dance, get t' kick up our feet. Oh mu
T
dance to the beat, Yes we each get t' dance, get t' kick up our feet. Oh mu - si - cians play on Oh mu
B
dance to the beat, We get to dance to kick up our feet. Play on

S
si - cians play on
Oh mu - si - cians play on
Such fun, Such fun,
T
si - cians - play on
Oh mu - si - cians play on
Oh mu - si - cians play on
Such fun, Such fun,
B
Play on
Play on
Play on
Such fun, Such fun,

S
Such fun we'll have
Such fun, Such fun,
Such fun we'll have
T
Such fun we'll have
Such fun, Such fun,
Such fun we'll have
B
Such fun we'll have
Such fun, Such fun,
Such fun we'll have
ff

52
55

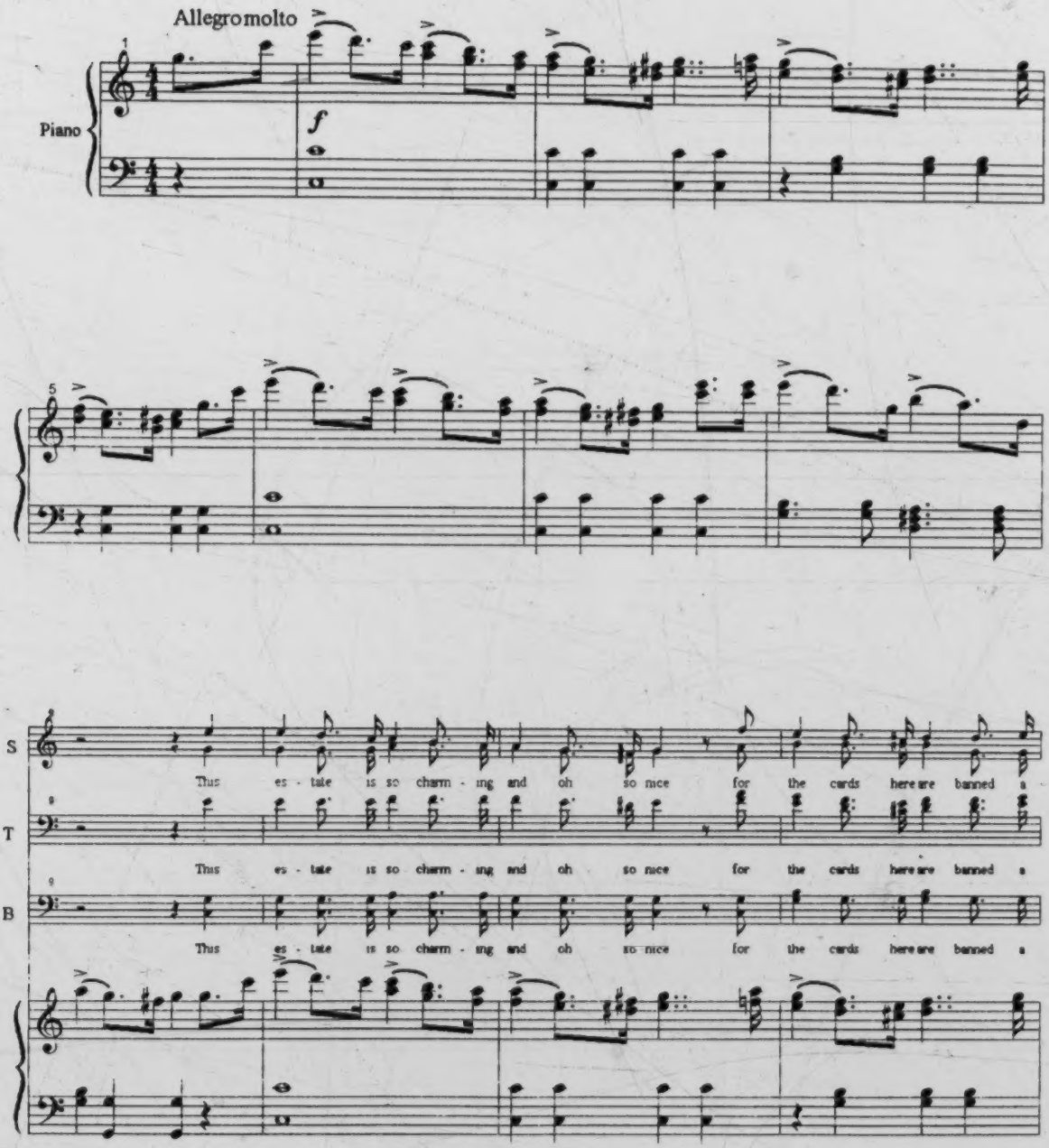
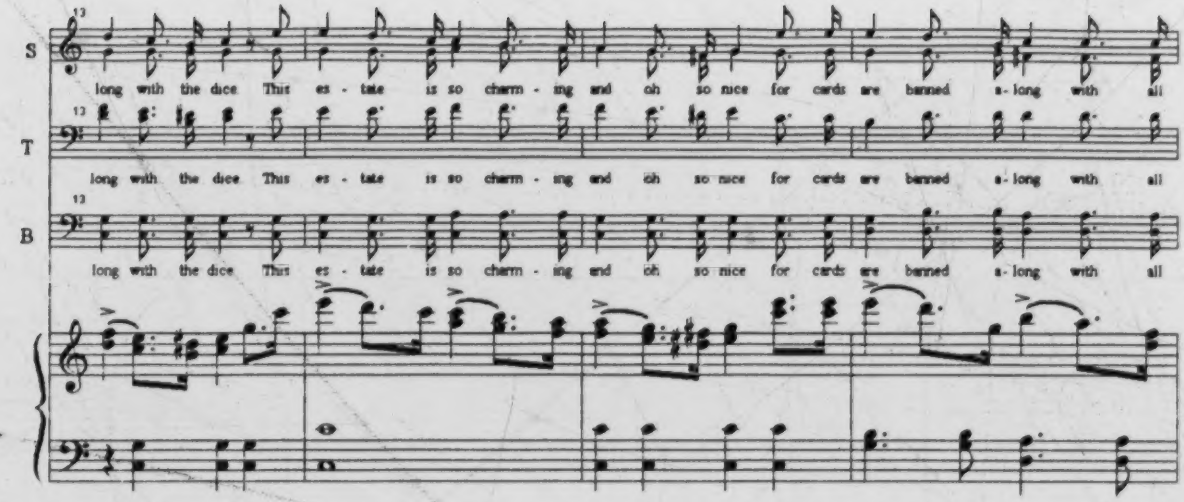
Song 2 (I.v): Titus
"Judged By One's Hair"

Titus
Did you see what he did? That stu - pid young
I ne - ver shall wed, Be - cause of my
kid, He knocked me right down, That de - tes - ta - ble
head, When girls look at me, They des - pise what they
clown, And he did it I swear Be - cause of my
see. Girls treat me with spite, When I come in their
hair. He laughed at my hair, which sure - ly is
sight, And they will ne - ver care for me and my

32
Titus
fair!
hair!
f
36
Titus
Red hair is a sign of a na - ture un
Red head - ed wo - men lead men on - it is
p
p
40
Titus
true? To judge by one's hair what a dumb thing to
true, But that's some - thing all shades of wo - men will
44
Titus
do? I've met some real vil - lians with ra - ven black
do! And I've heard that bru - nettes make quite plea - sing

Titus
curls, Who have done wretched things to some in - no - cent
wives, And how pleased they are when their old hus - band
Titus
girls! And we all know the
dies! And blondes are cur
Titus
blond man so faith - ful and true? With his wife and three
va - cious yes blondes they are fun! They'll take all your
Titus
chil - dren and four girl - friends too! And those wise gray haired
mon - ey and run when they're done! And e - ven gray - haired

64
Titus
tea - chers who lec - ture and preach? Why they're of - ten more
wo - men won't leave you in peace, For they rise and they
68
Titus
hair - brained than those that they teach! Oh it sure - ly is
bleach and they screech till you weep!
72
Titus
fair To be judged by one's hair! Yes it sure - ly is
78
Titus
fair, To be judged by one's hair!
ff

80
84
Dal Segno

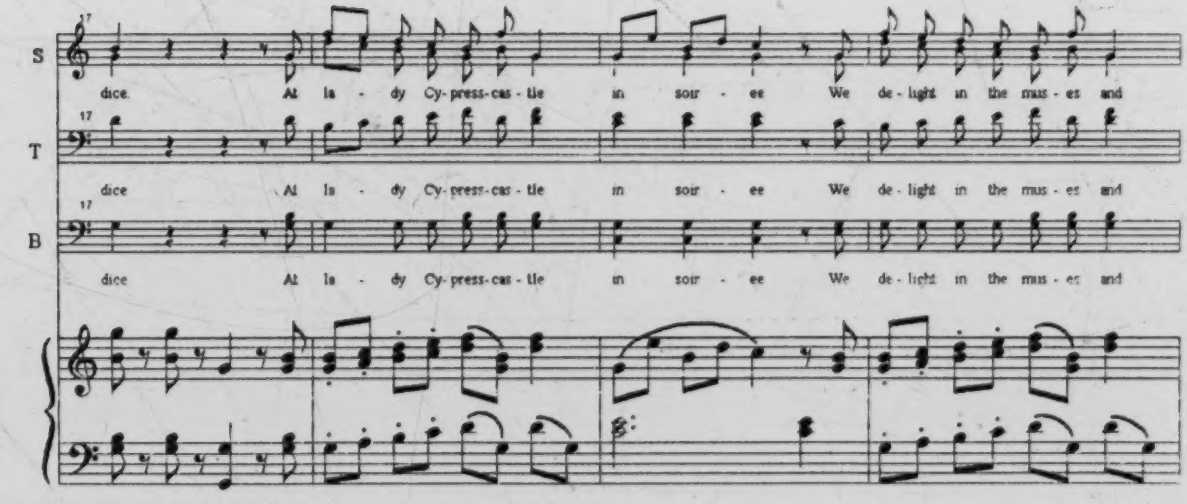
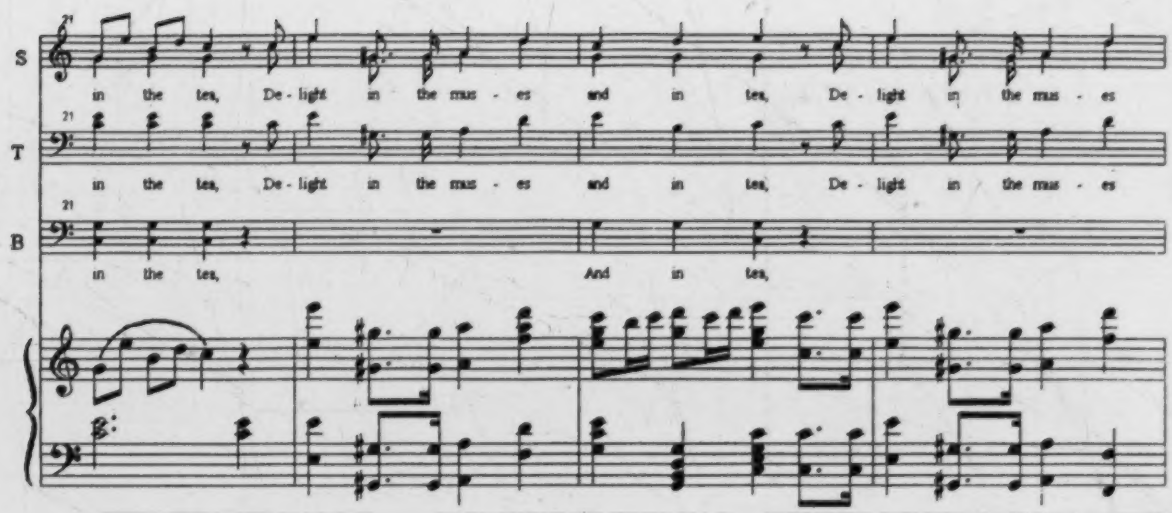
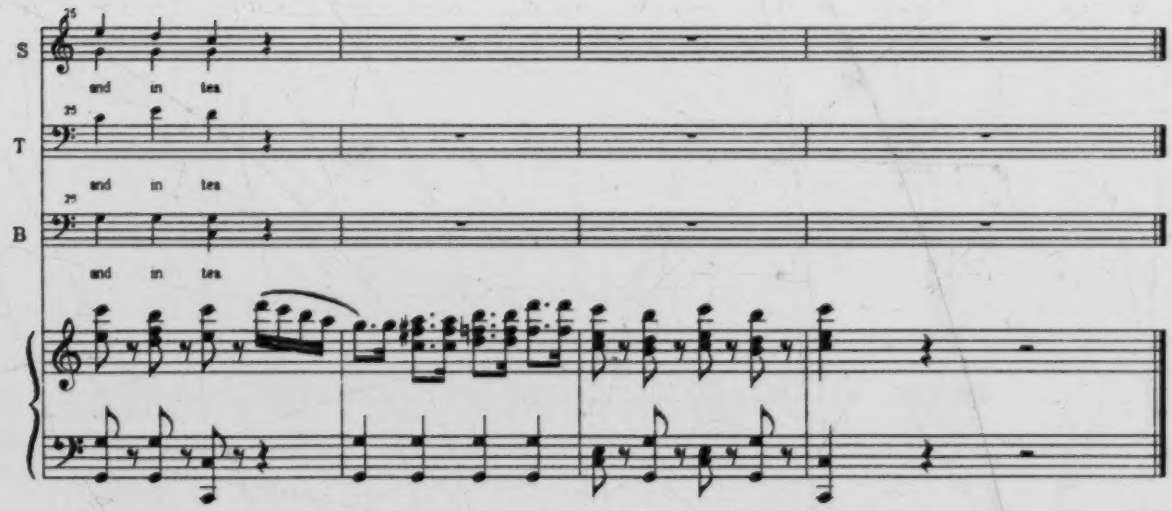
Song 3 (I.xv): Salome
"Men Got It Good"

Piano
Salome
1 When we wan - na
2 When men hurt our
3 If a girl has a
Salome
man we sure can't let 'em know, They got - ta make the first move, but
feel - in's ain't noth - in' - to be done, We cry in our rooms and they go
date with more than just three men she'll ne - ver get asked on an
Salome
gol - ly they are slow, Them men got it ea - sy 'cause they can chase
out and have some fun, We think they're up - set and that they're shed - din' real
o - ther date a - gain, But men in com - par - son are cer - tain - ly

Alome
a girl and she won't know what's hit her 'cause it's all a whirl, And she
tears but real - ly they're drown - in' in schnapps and in beers, But
kings for they can have for - ty or fif - ty wild flings, For
21
Alome
won't know what's hit her 'cause it's all a whirl
real - ly they're drown - in in schnapps and in beers
they can have for - ty or fif - ty wild flings
28
f
Alome
A man will play des - prate bang's
They're off eat - in' cheese and they're
And the more wild flings they have
31
fp
Alome
head 'gainst a door, A girl will then rub it though it's not e - ven
smok - in' ci - gars, They're flirt - in' with wait - ress - ess in lo - cal
the more the fuss, The more we want 'em to come and just take
36
fp
fp

alorne
sore, She'll be told to give in and con - vinced that she should,
bers, And they'd fon - die all wo - men if on - ly they could,
Yip Yip we wo - men would change them if on - ly we could,
Yip them
men got it good, got it good, got it good, Yip them men got it
lorne
good, got it good, got it good du - li - di - e
lorne
lorne

lome
61
lome
66
ome
71
71
f
71
Del Segno

Song 4 (I.xxiii): Garden Hands
"The New Gardener"

T
health for as long as we can He is a
B
health for as long as we can He is a
cle ver mant
cle ver mant

19
23
27
31
35

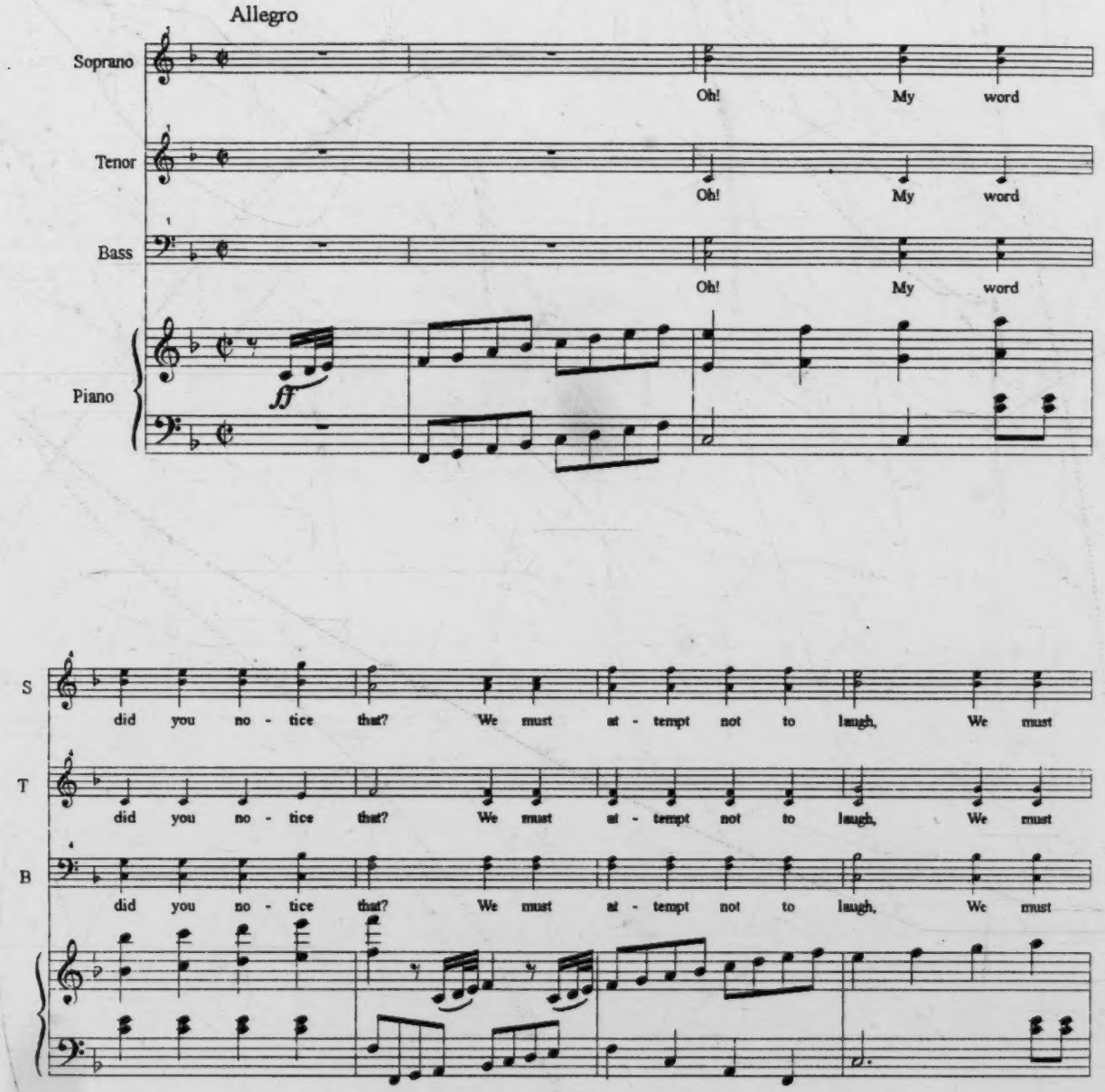
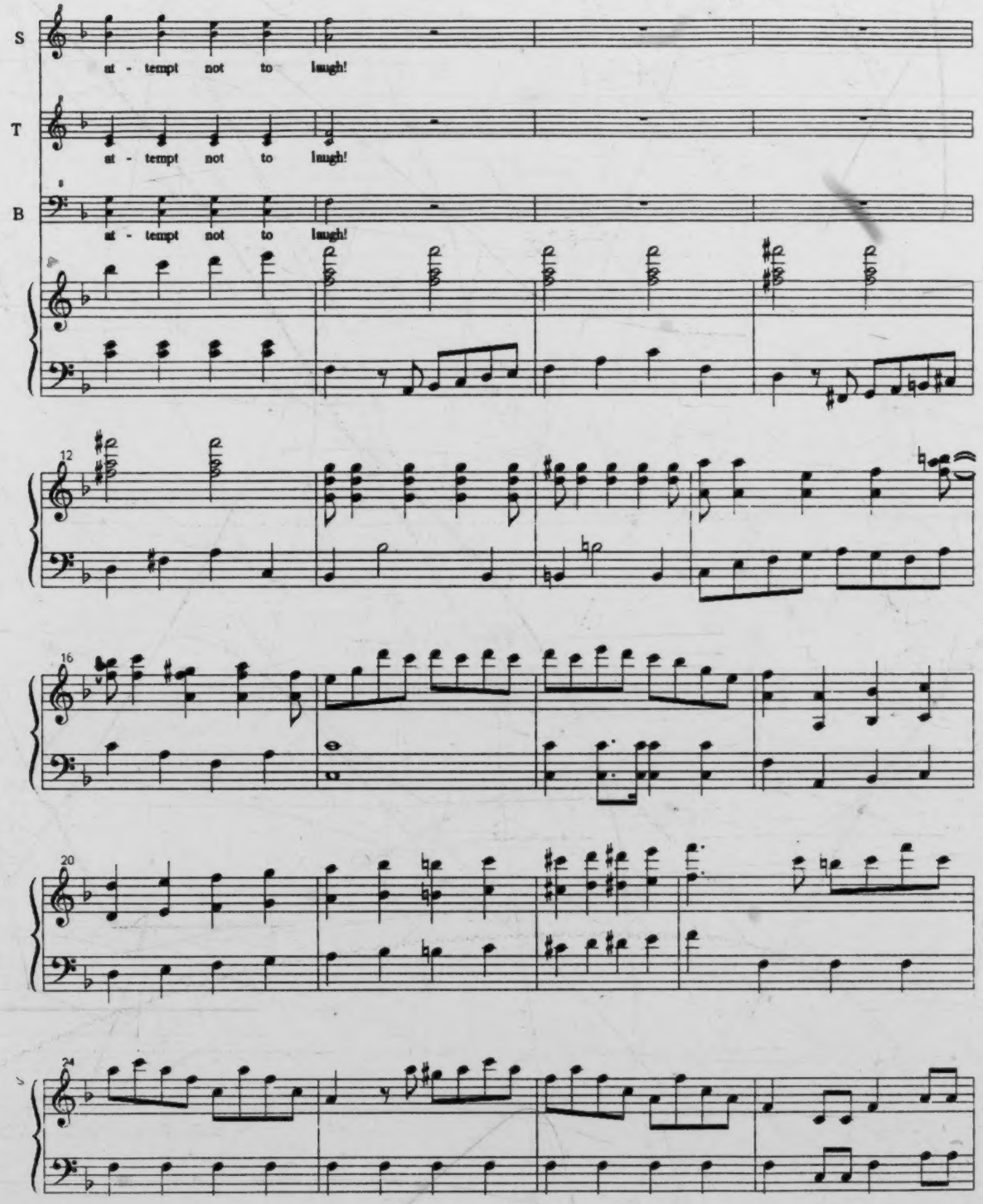
Song 5 (II.i): Garden Hands
"Beer, Here, Here"

20
f
24
fz
fz
36

These beers sure want
These beers sure want
fast, we will drink em real fast, Beer sure
fast, we will drink em real fast, Beer sure
tr
song to beer! Just ask the play
song to beer! Just ask the play
tr

wright, He'll tell ya were right, to raise our
wright, He'll tell ya were right, to raise our

steins and cheer We'll drink from the
steins and cheer We'll drink from the
ff

morn - ing un - til the night it's
morn - ing un - til the night it's

bet - ter than work - ing all day. That's right
bet - ter than work - ing all day. That's right

Let's raise our voic - es for one big cheer!
Let's raise our voic - es for one big cheer!
p

Sing - ing to glo - ri - ous beer. Here, here!
Sing - ing to glo - ri - ous beer. Here, here!

Let's raise ou voic - es for one big cheer!
Let's raise ou voic - es for one big cheer!
Sing - ing to glo - ri - ous beer, Here, here!
Sing - ing to glo - ri - ous beer, Here, here!
f

Song 6: (II.xxii): Titus
"Time Changes All"

Allegretto
Piano
f
Titus
1.Yes there
2.There's a
3.And then
4.And then
5.What if
Titus
was a young lov - er who danced night and day, He would
man who's en - gaged to a girl he'll be wed, For a
what of the boy who was kind, who had tact, When it
what of the beau - ty who turned men a - way? Of which
jokes should be made a - bout some - one's new wife? Then Ka
legato cantabile
p
simile

Titus
climb through a win - dow for a roll in the hay, He'd
sign of her love he's done all that she said, He
came to his man - ners there's no - thing he lacked, He was
eight had a house and horse wa - gon and hay, Well
Bang right a - way there would be a great fight, Yes
Titus
run and he'd chase for a hot love af - fair, For
stands on the street corn - er just for a kiss, He
nice and po - lite, he said no - thing un - true, Where
two hung them - selves right on her win - dow pane, And
bones would be bro - ken and much blood would flow, It
Titus
sleep and for rest he had no time to spare,
shakes in the snow, she's such hea - ven - ly bliss,
e - ver you took him he knew what to do,
three drowned them - selves in the Da - nube for shame!
could - n't be stopped it'd be blow af - ter blow,
f

25
Titus
But one short year la - ter he
But once he is mar - ried he's
Both la - dies and gents thought that
Though four took their lives at the
But hus - bands cool right off soon
p
29
Titus
can't move any more for his heart is too tire - d, his
hard - ly at home, No he's out with his cro - nies he's
he was a joy but they e - ver so quick - ly then
third cof - fee house she's now dul - ler and plain - er then as
af - ter the mar - riage when they have six chil - dren and
33
Titus
bod - y too sore, Now be sleeps all day long or he
out on the room, Seems his pas - sion has fad - ed he's
ru - ined the boy, Now he's shame - ful - ly rude and a
old coun - try mouse, And no one would e - ven no tice were she
one in the car - riage then jokes a - bout wives are the

37
Titus
sits up and bawls.
just not en - thralled.
to - tal screw - ball.
nude at a ball.
best jokes of all.
Yes time chang - es all, yes sweet
41
Titus
time chang - es all. Yes time chang - es all, yes sweet
45
Titus
time chang - es all!
f

40
53

Song 7: (II.xxiii): Ladies and Gentlemen
"Delight The Muses"

S
long with the dice This es - tate is so charm - ing and oh so nice for cards are banned a - long with all
T
long with the dice This es - tate is so charm - ing and oh so nice for cards are banned a - long with all
B
long with the dice This es - tate is so charm - ing and oh so nice for cards are banned a - long with all

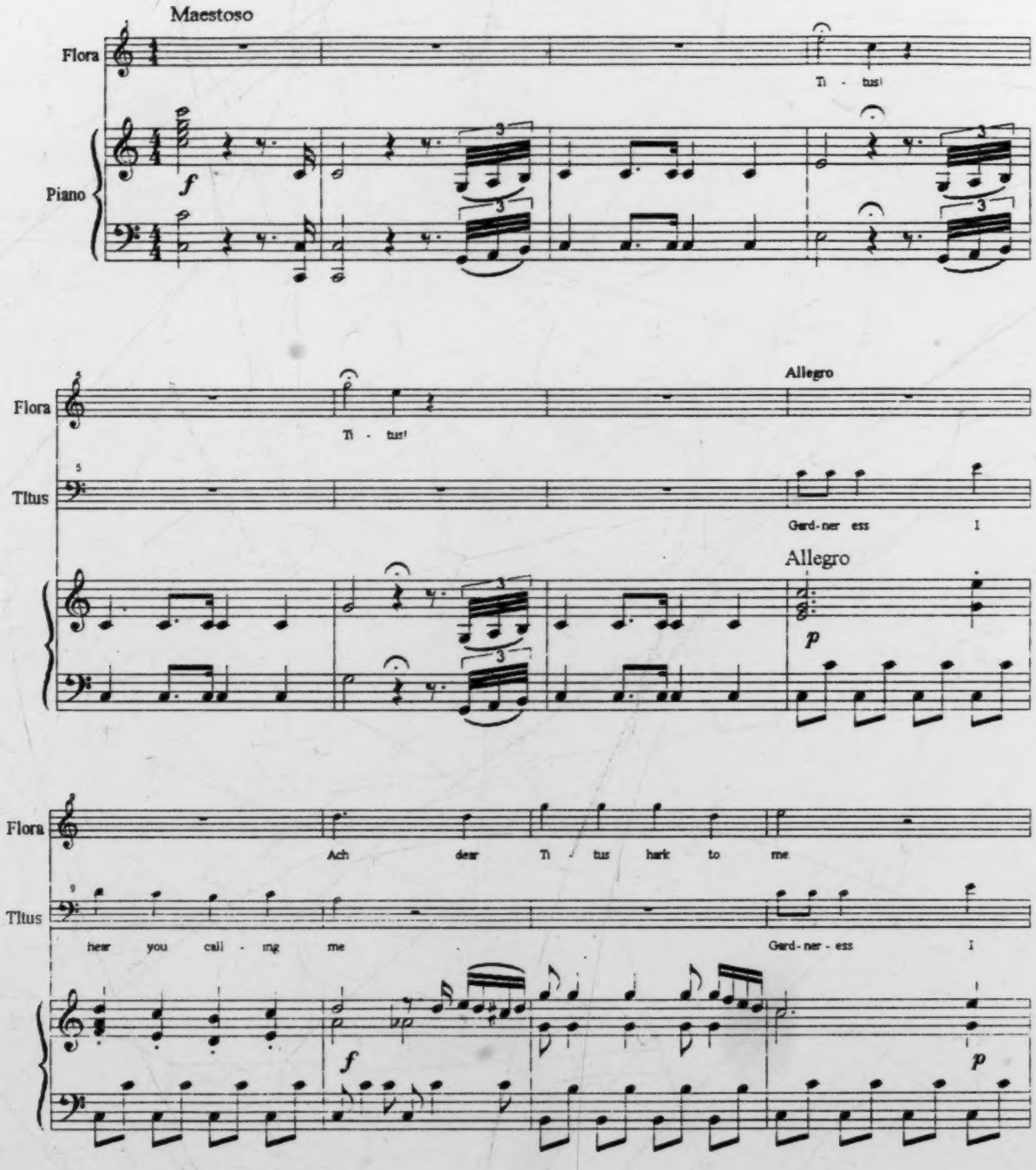
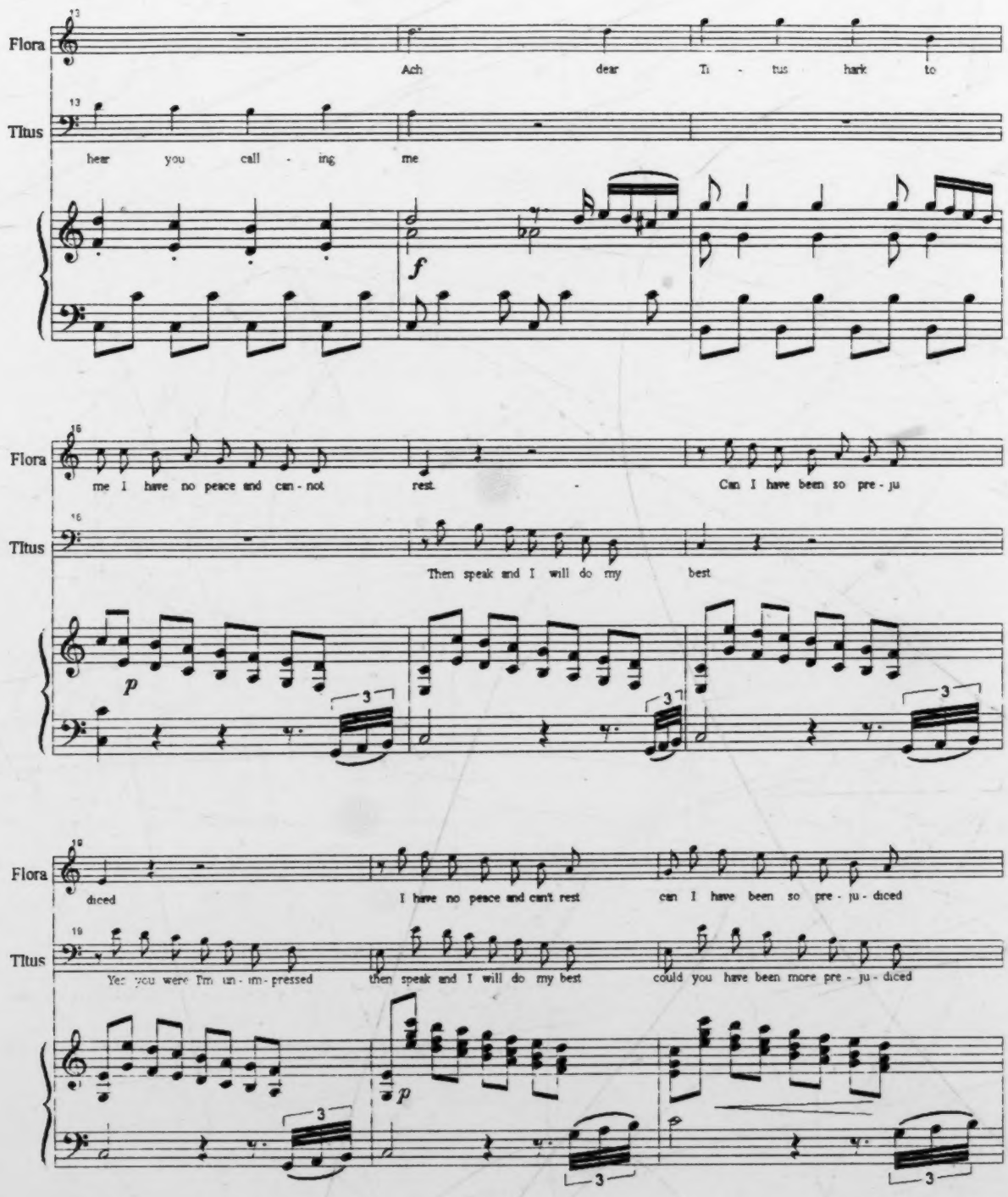
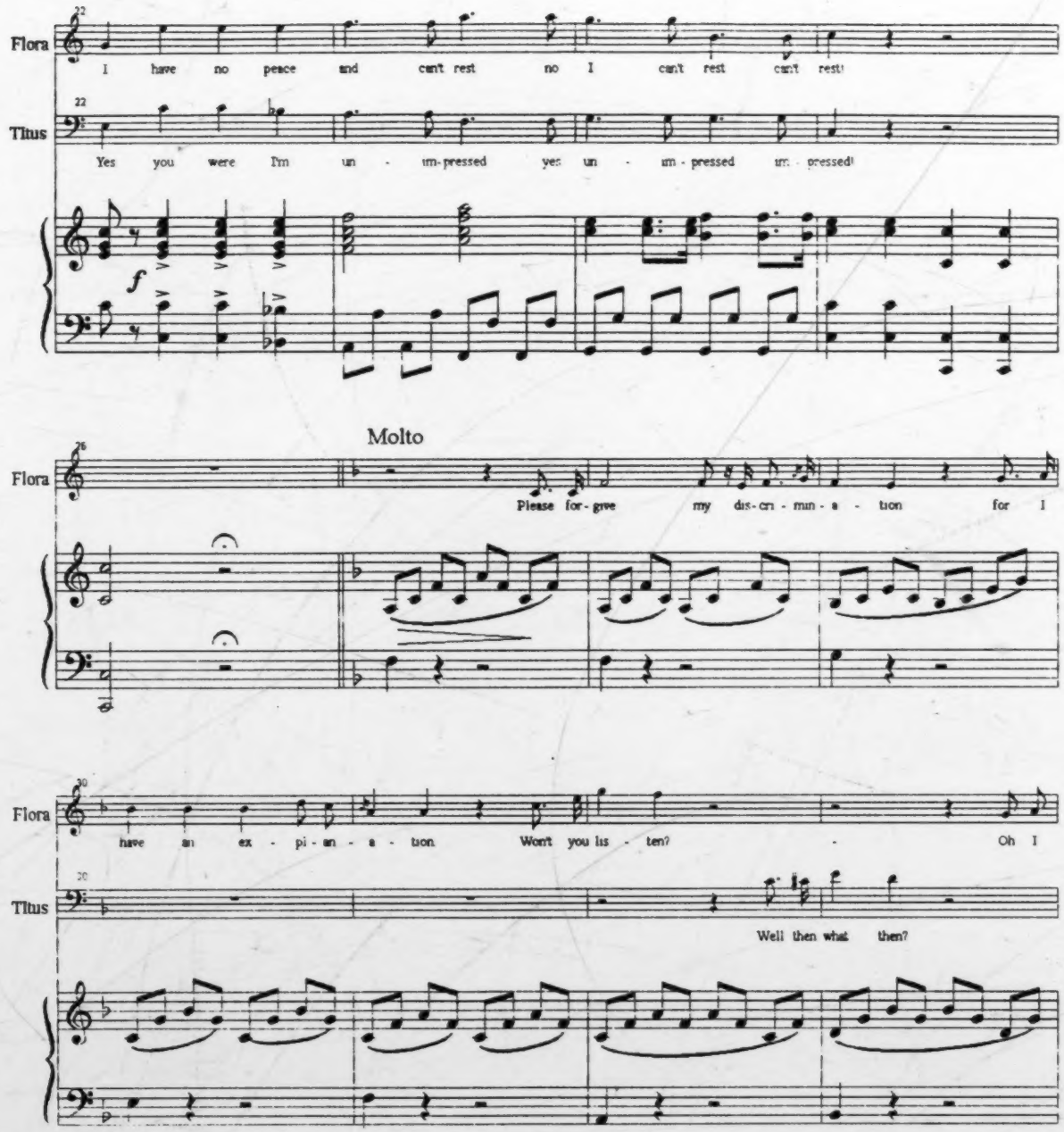
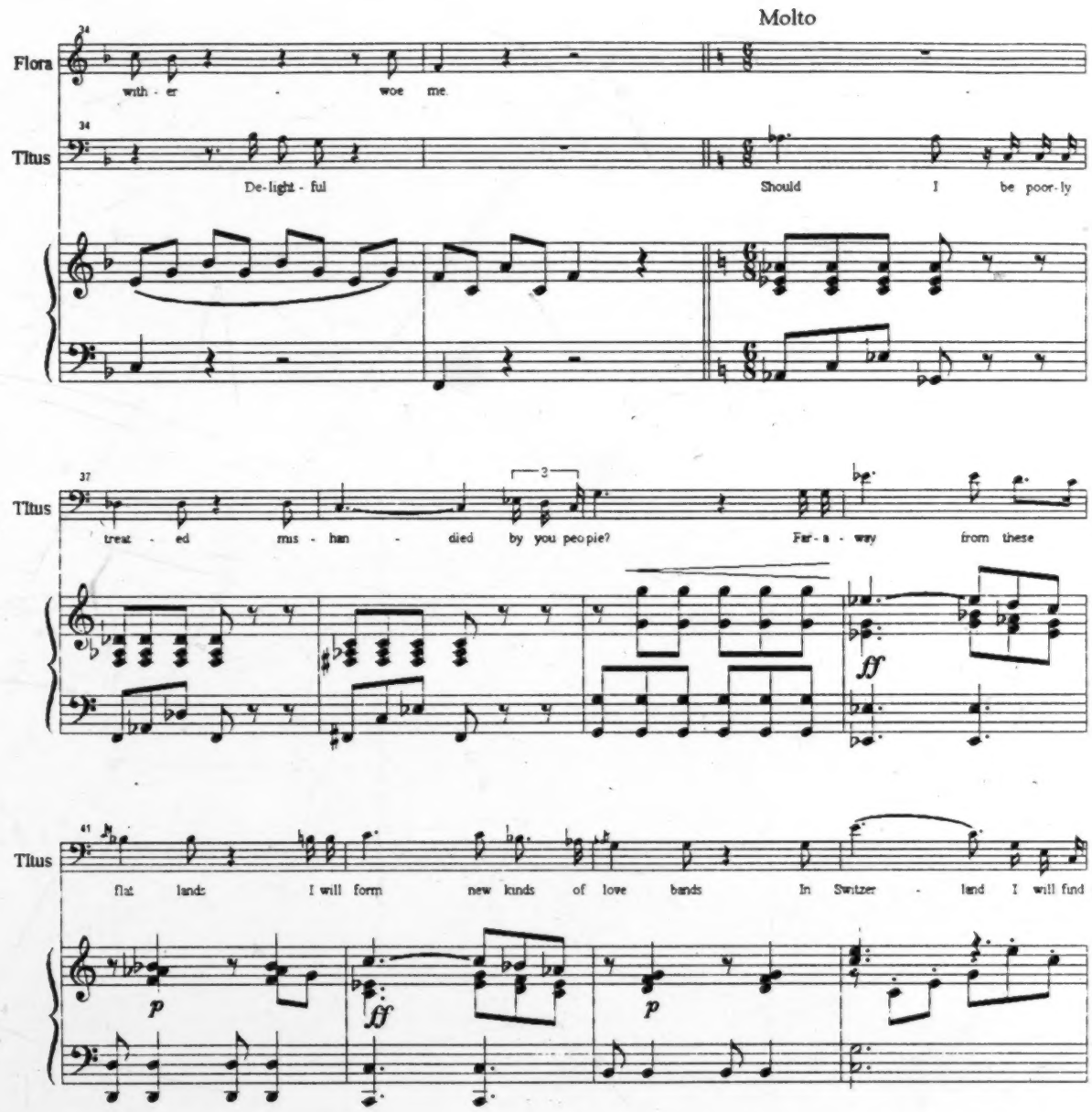
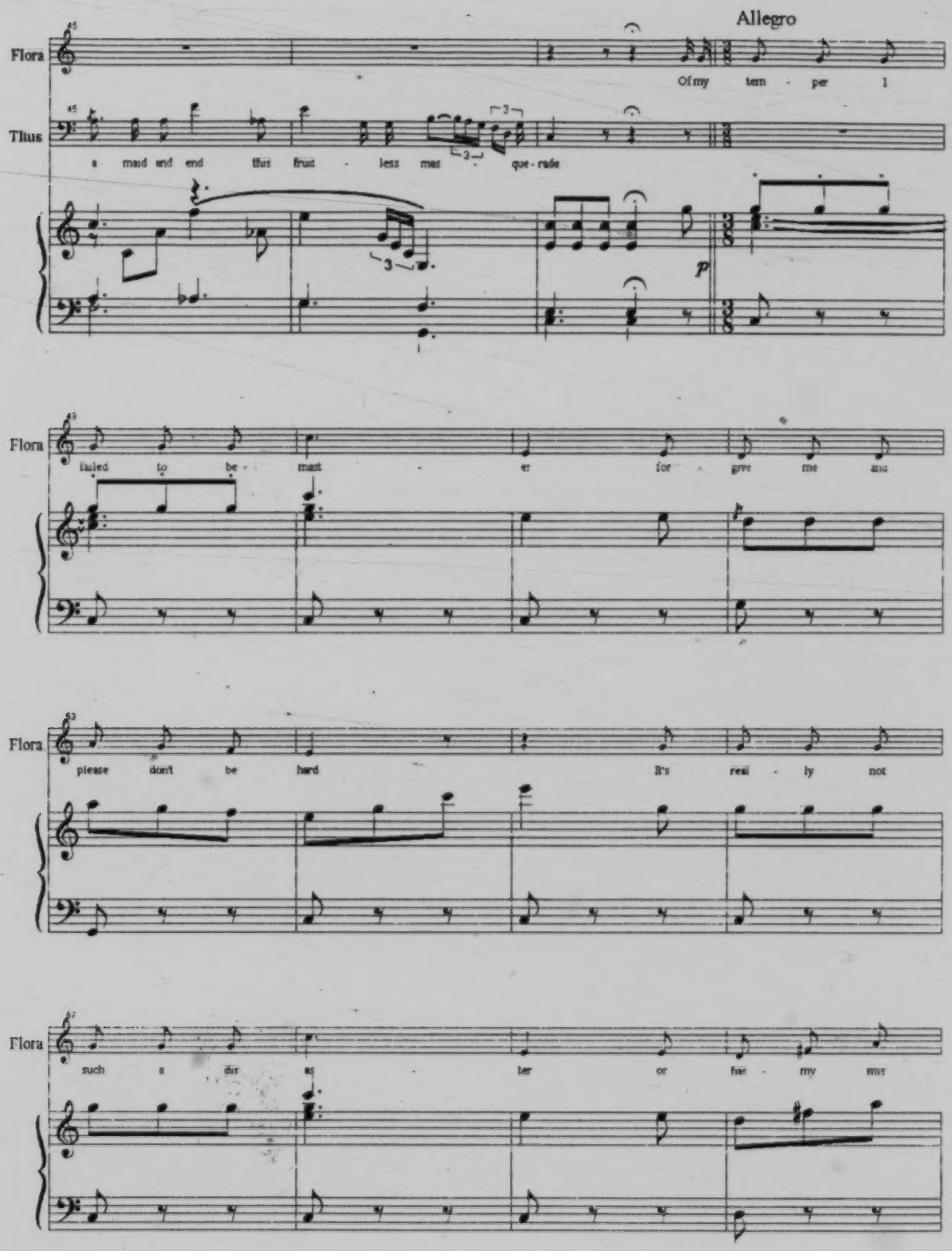
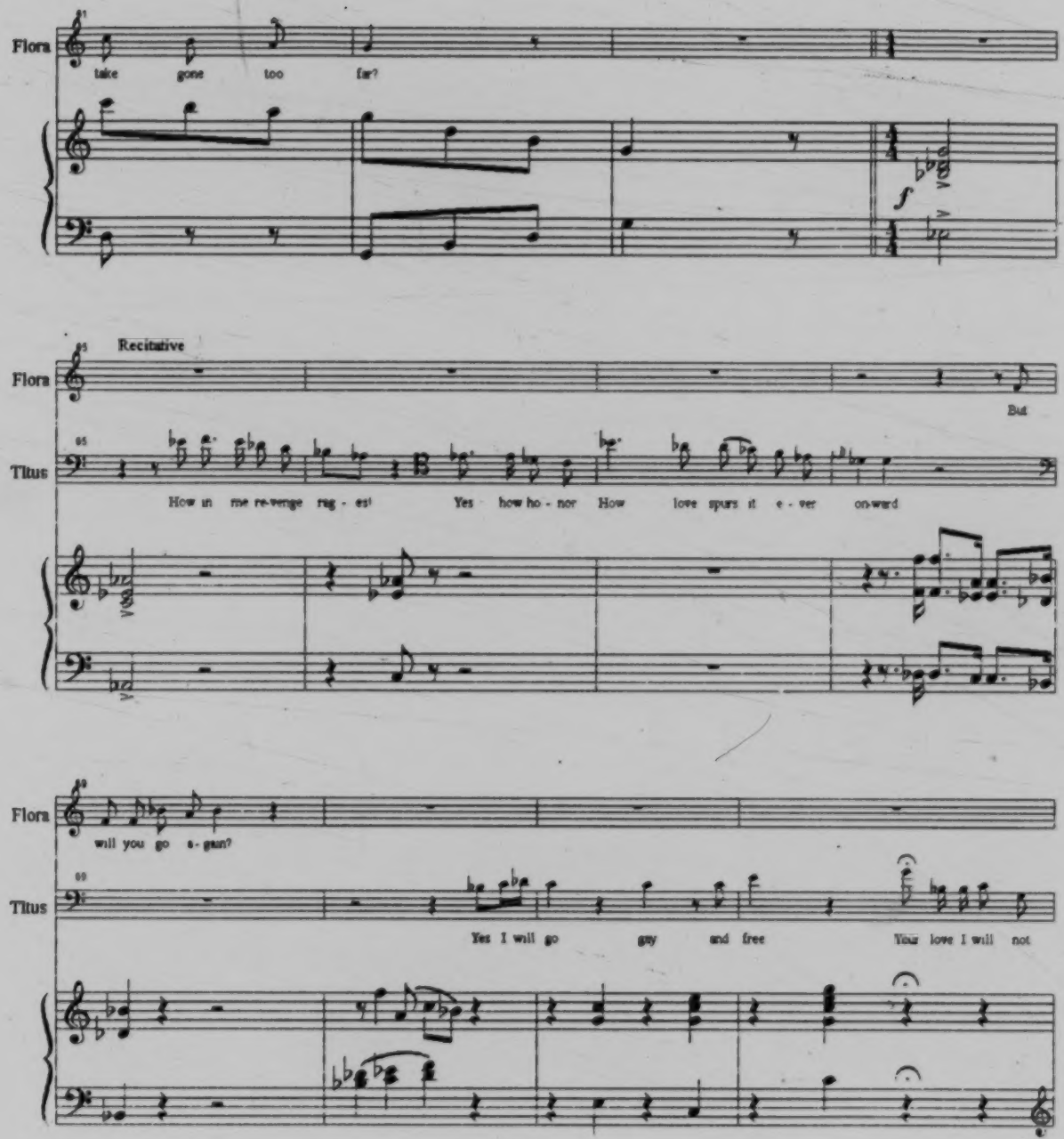
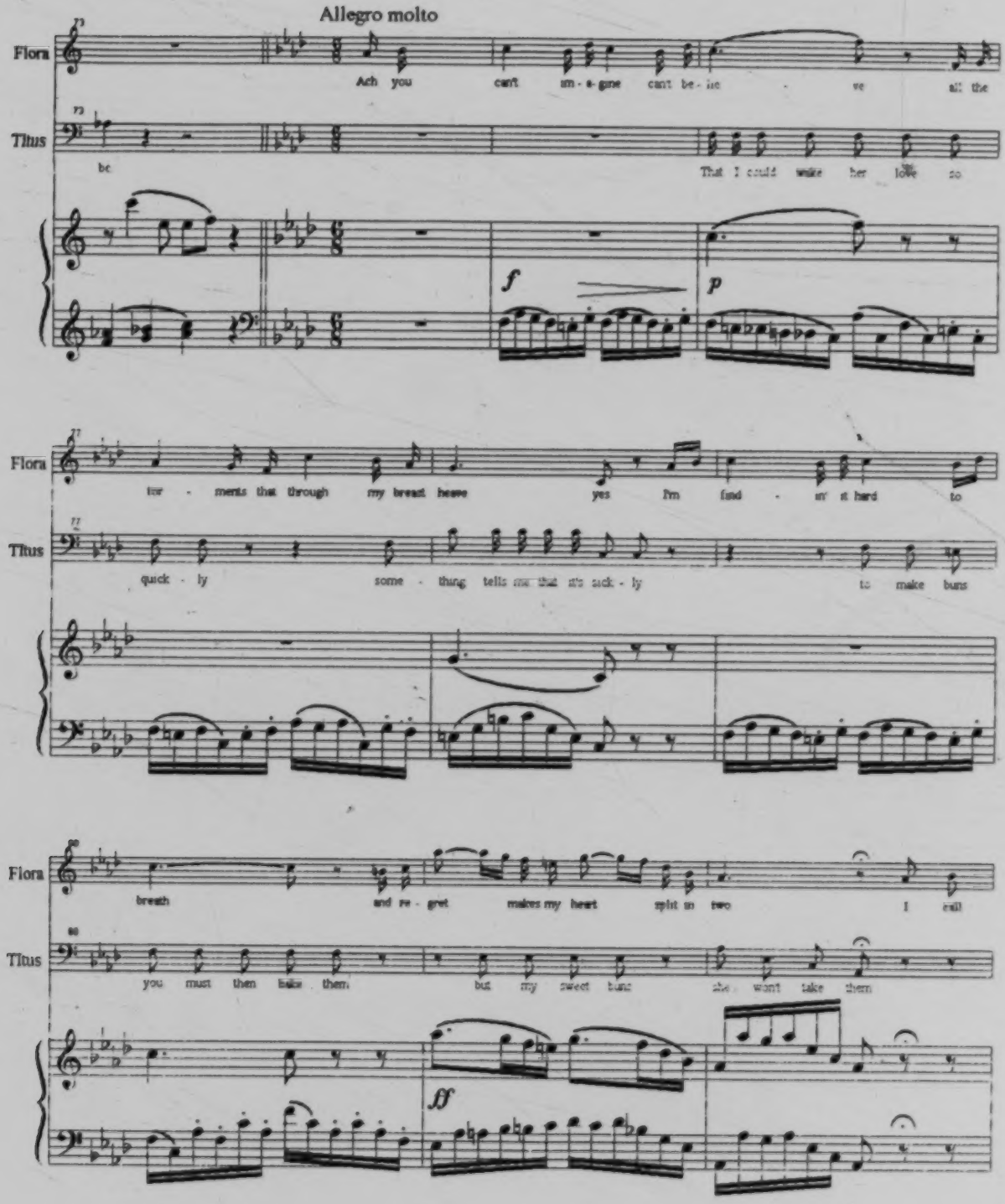
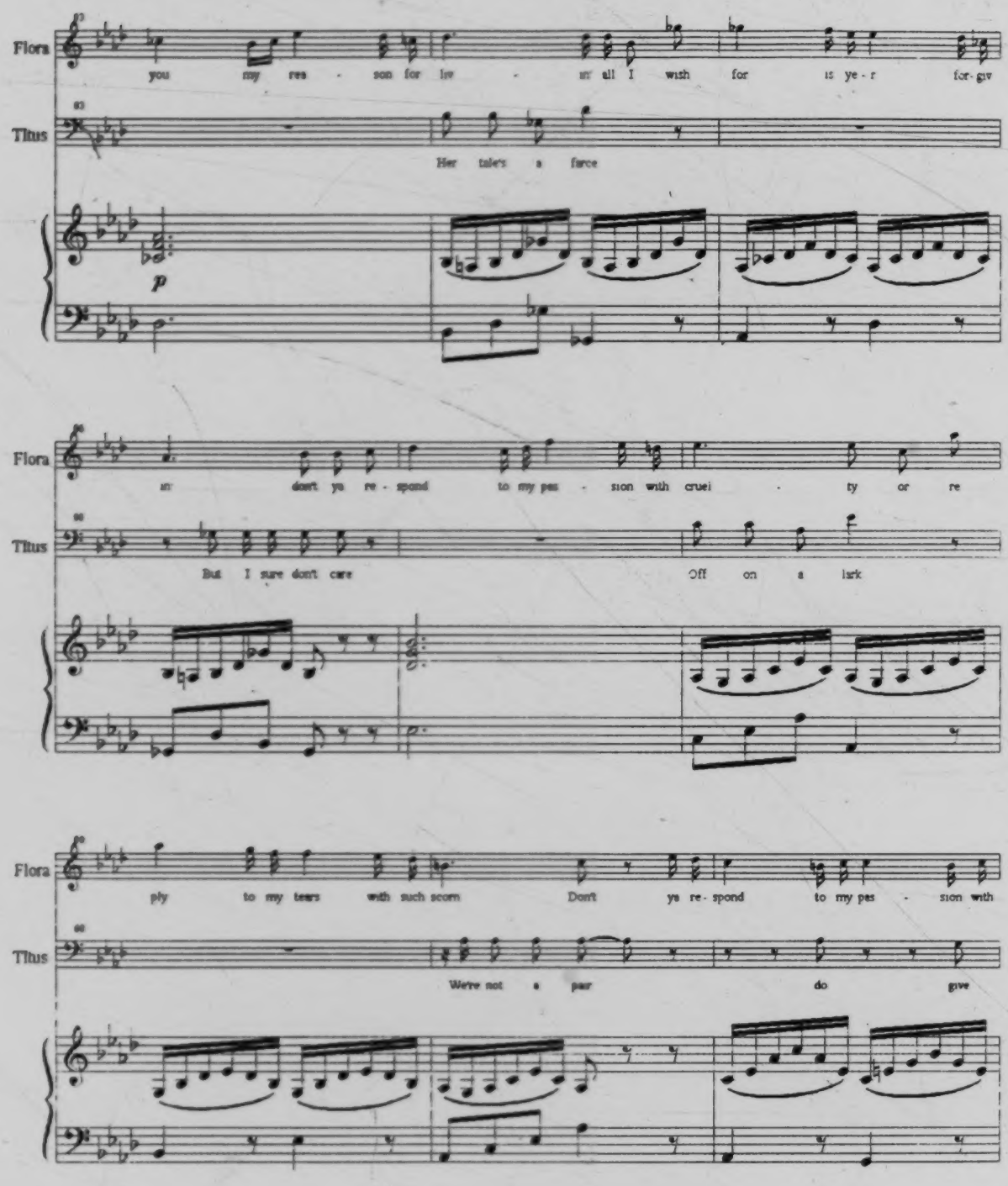
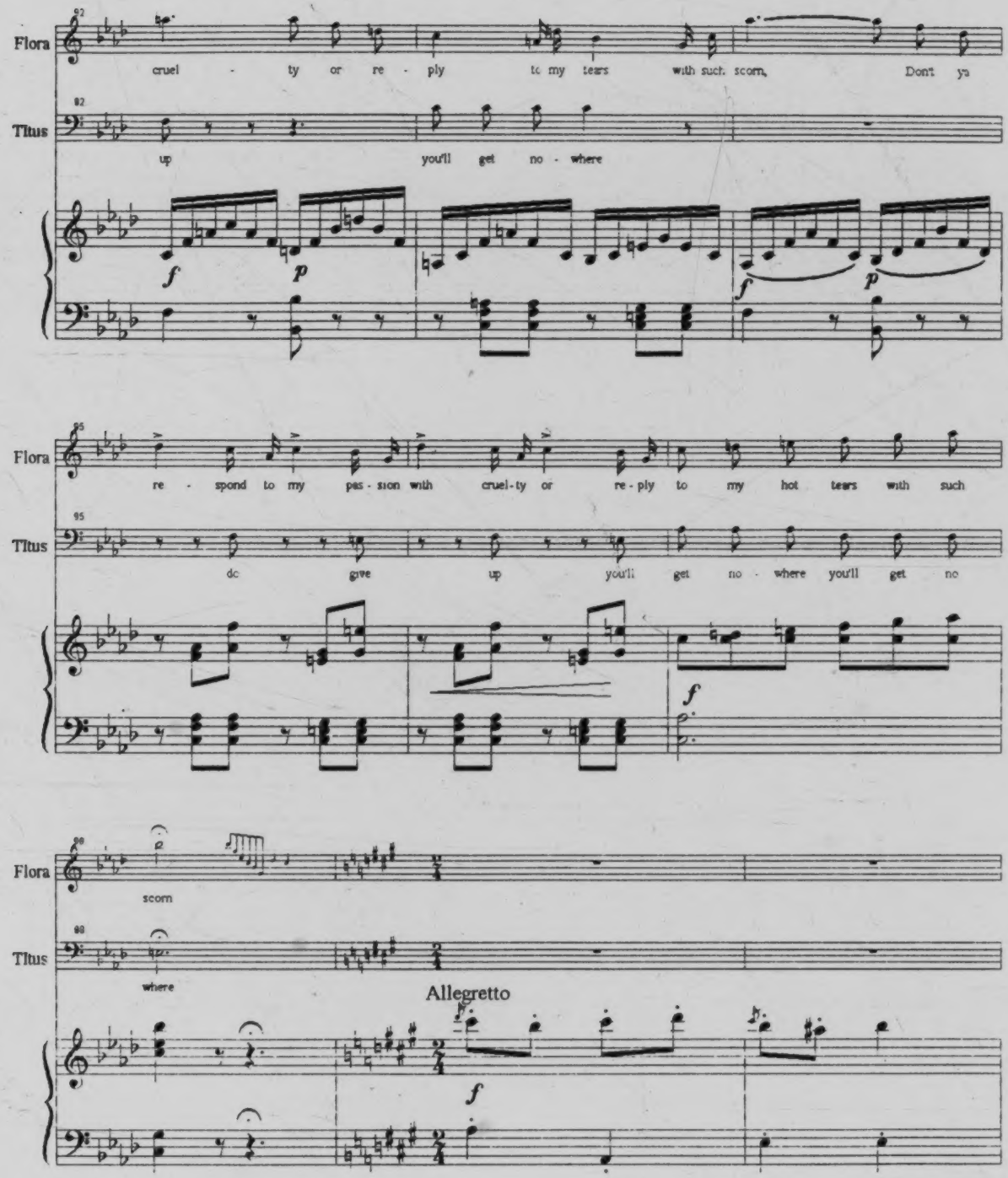
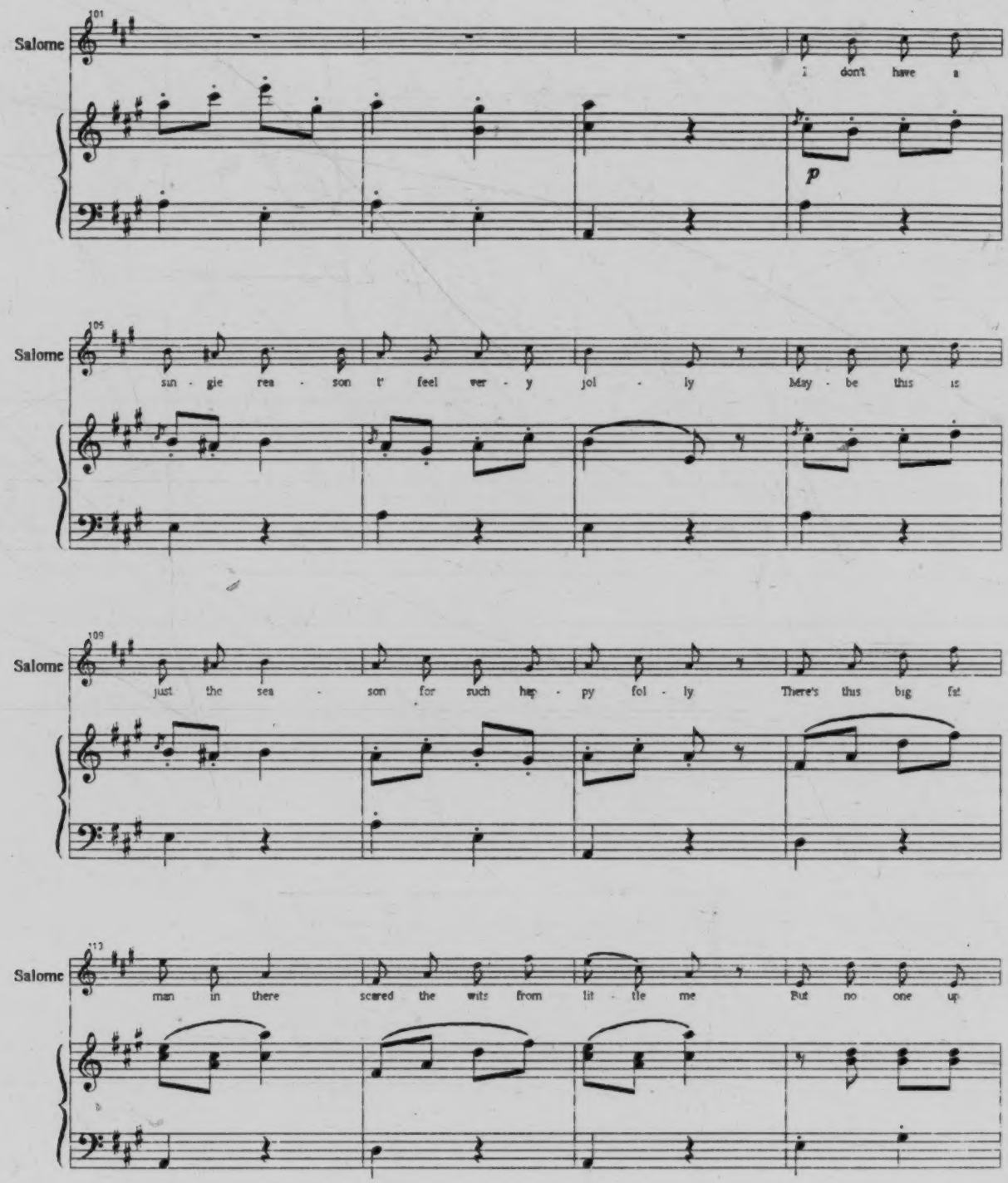
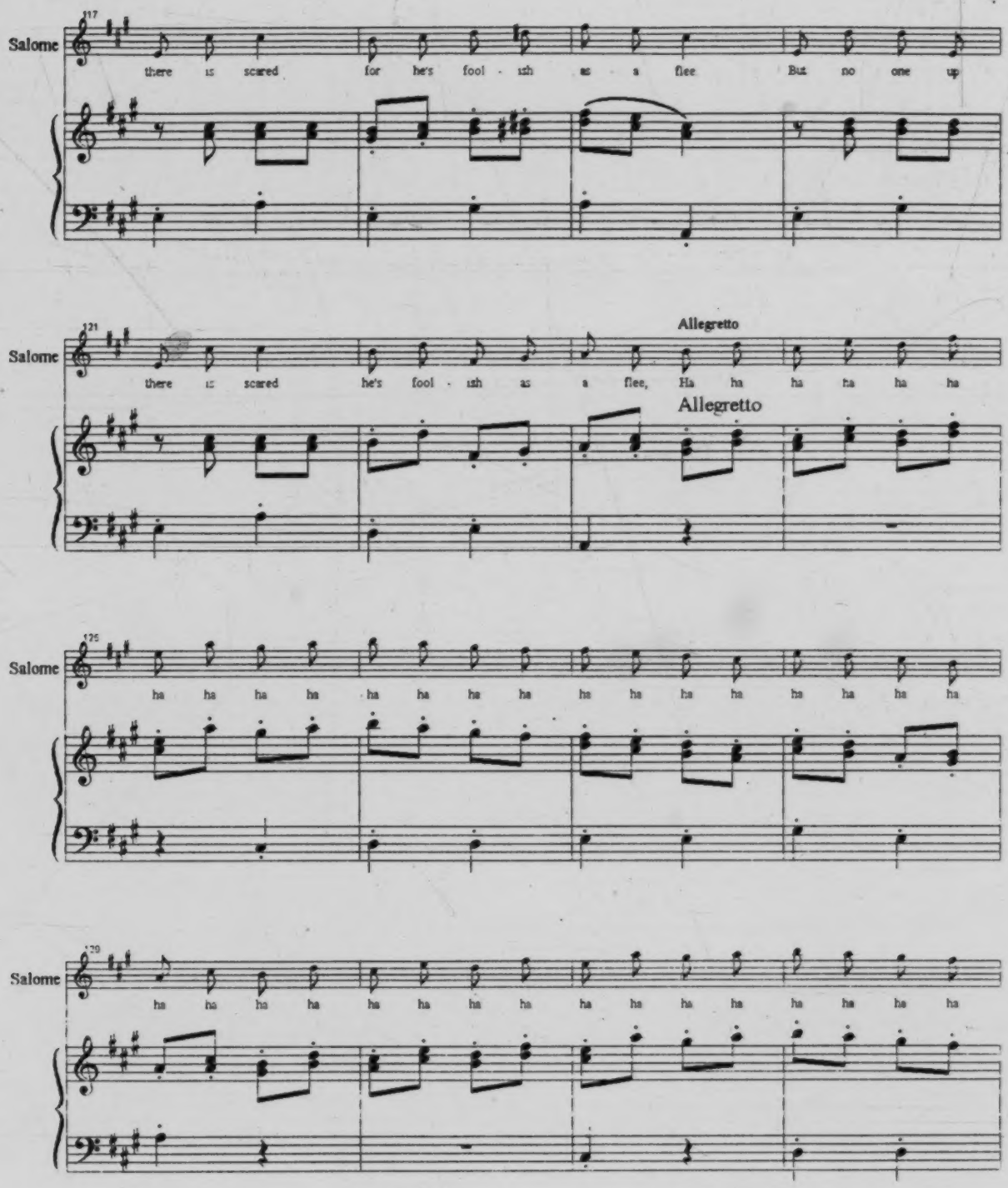
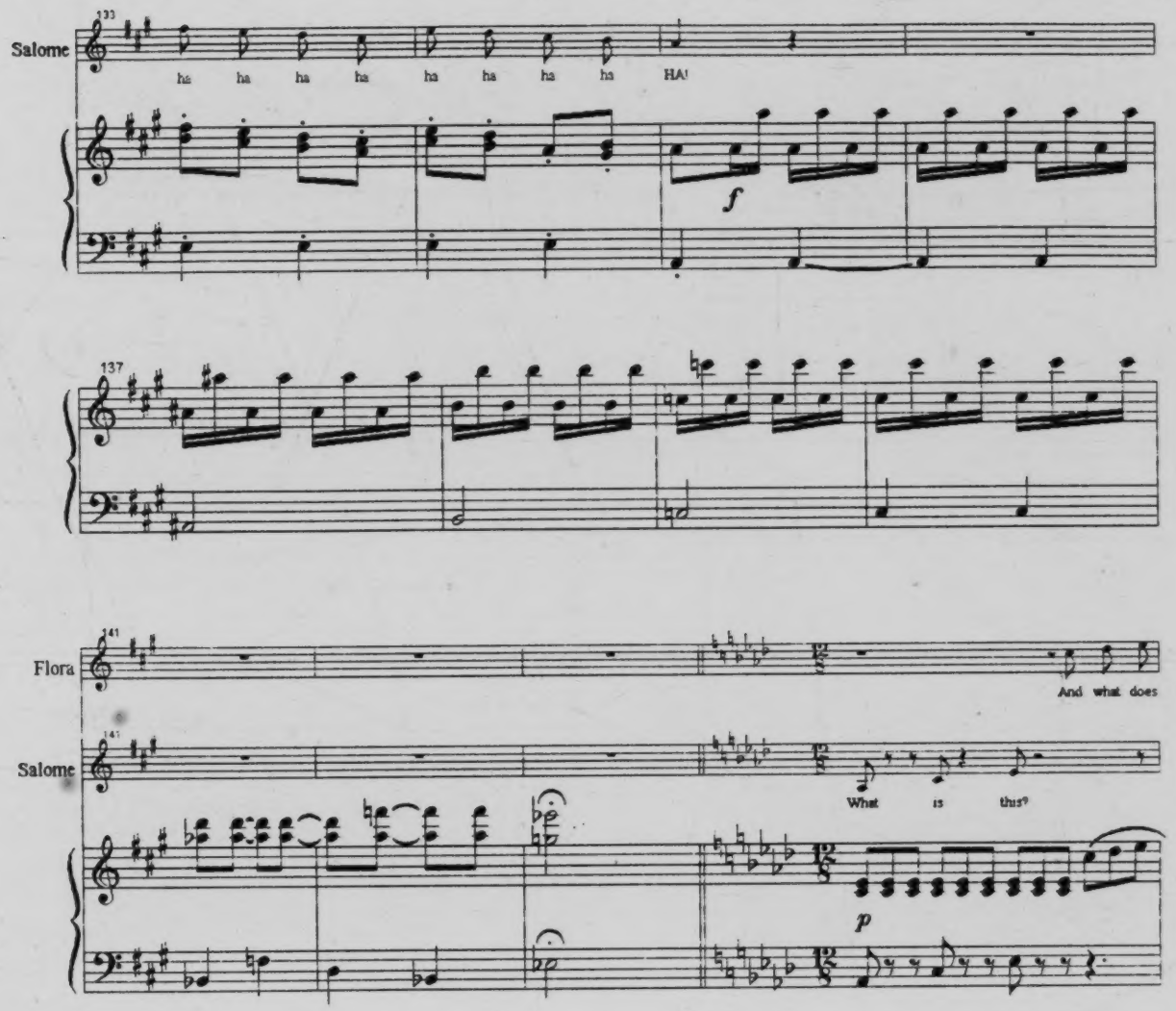
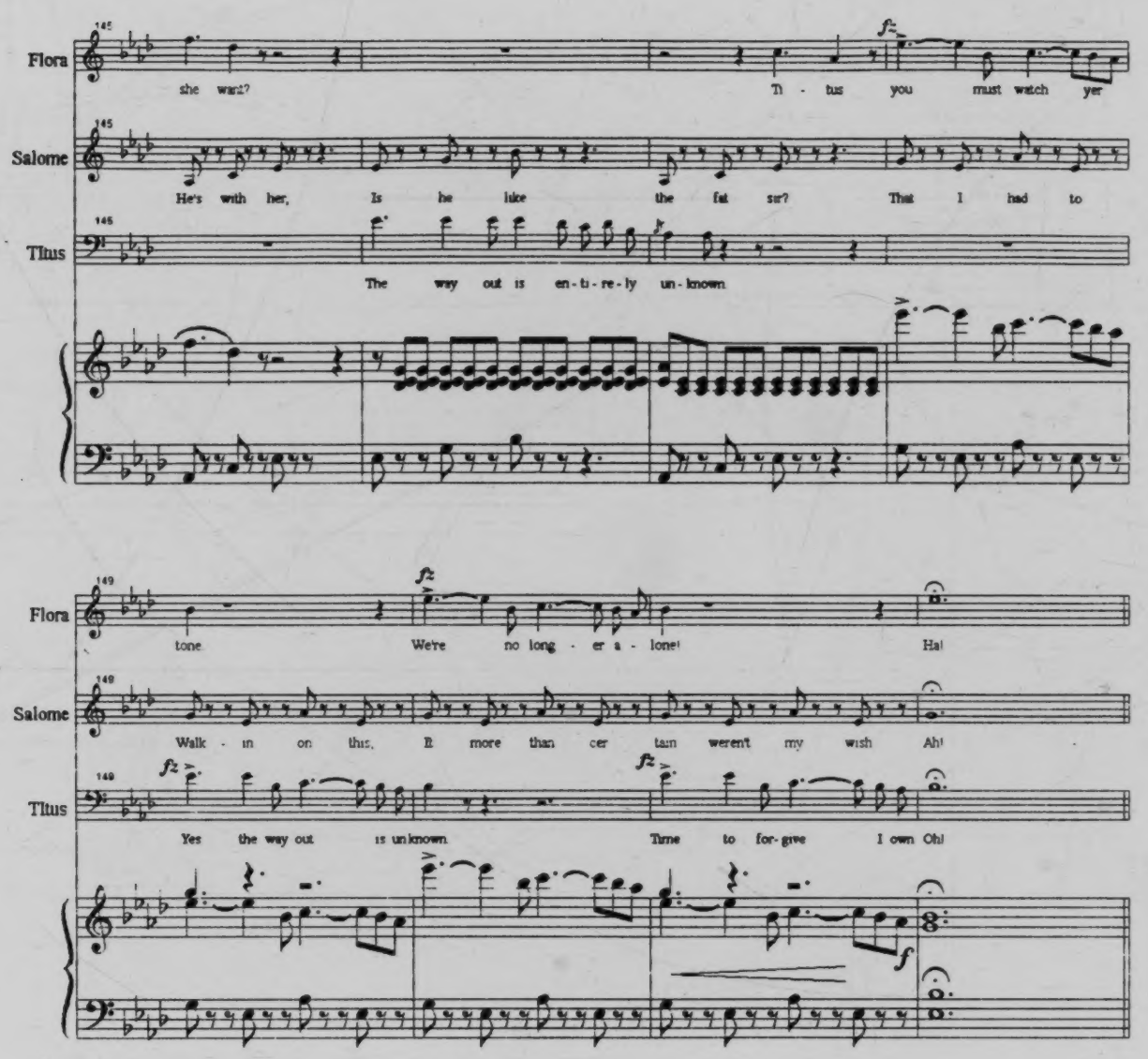
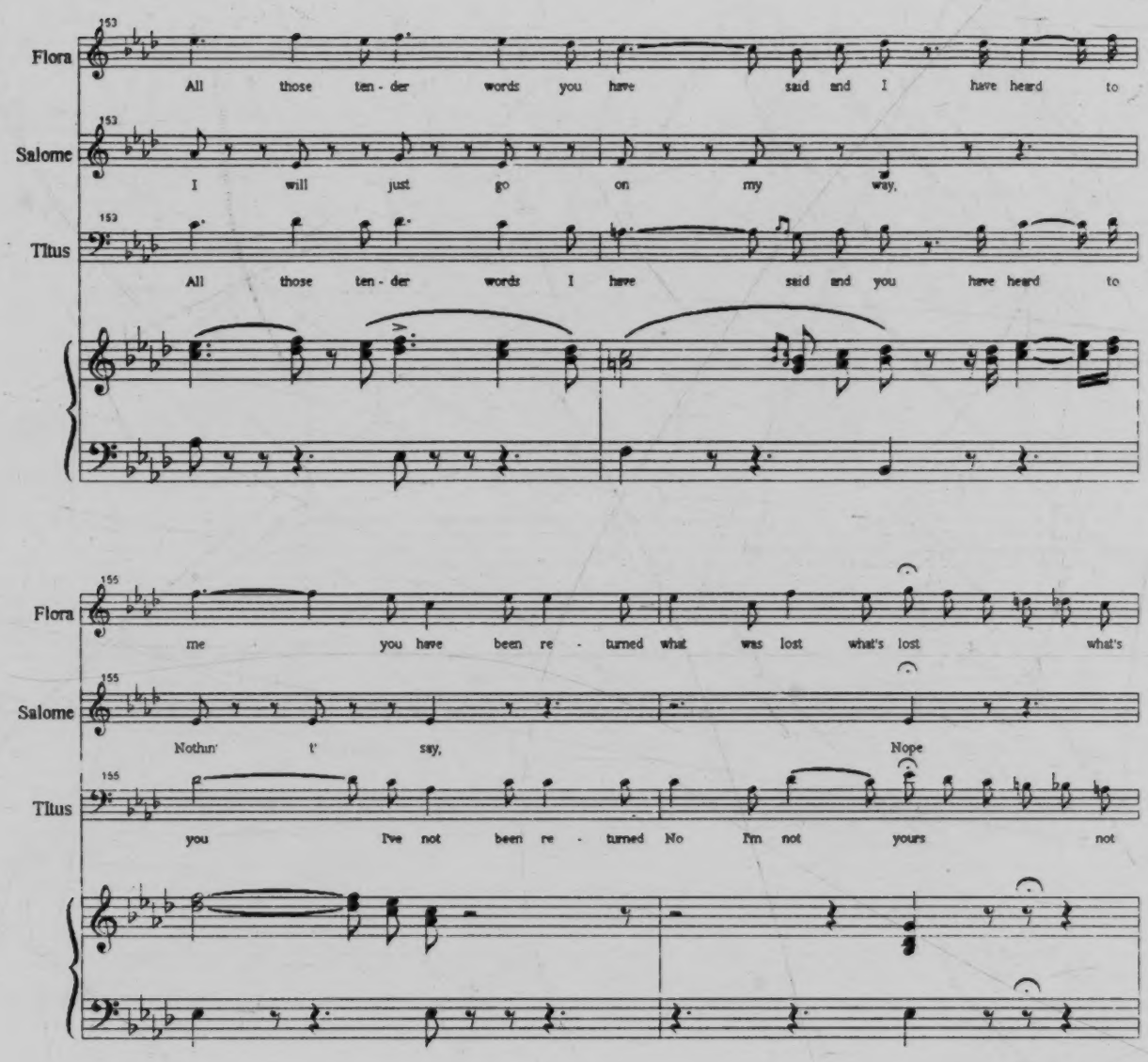
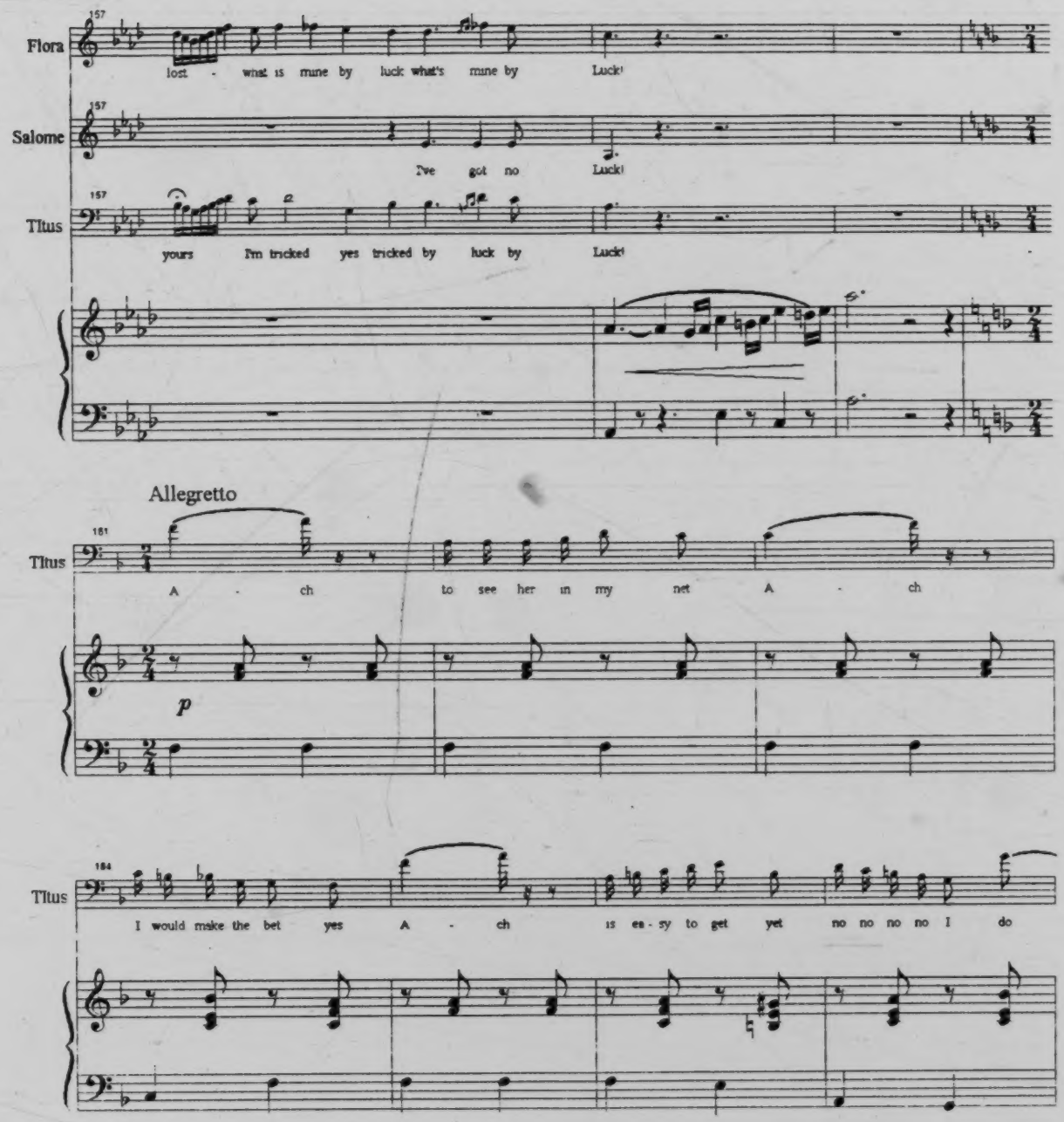
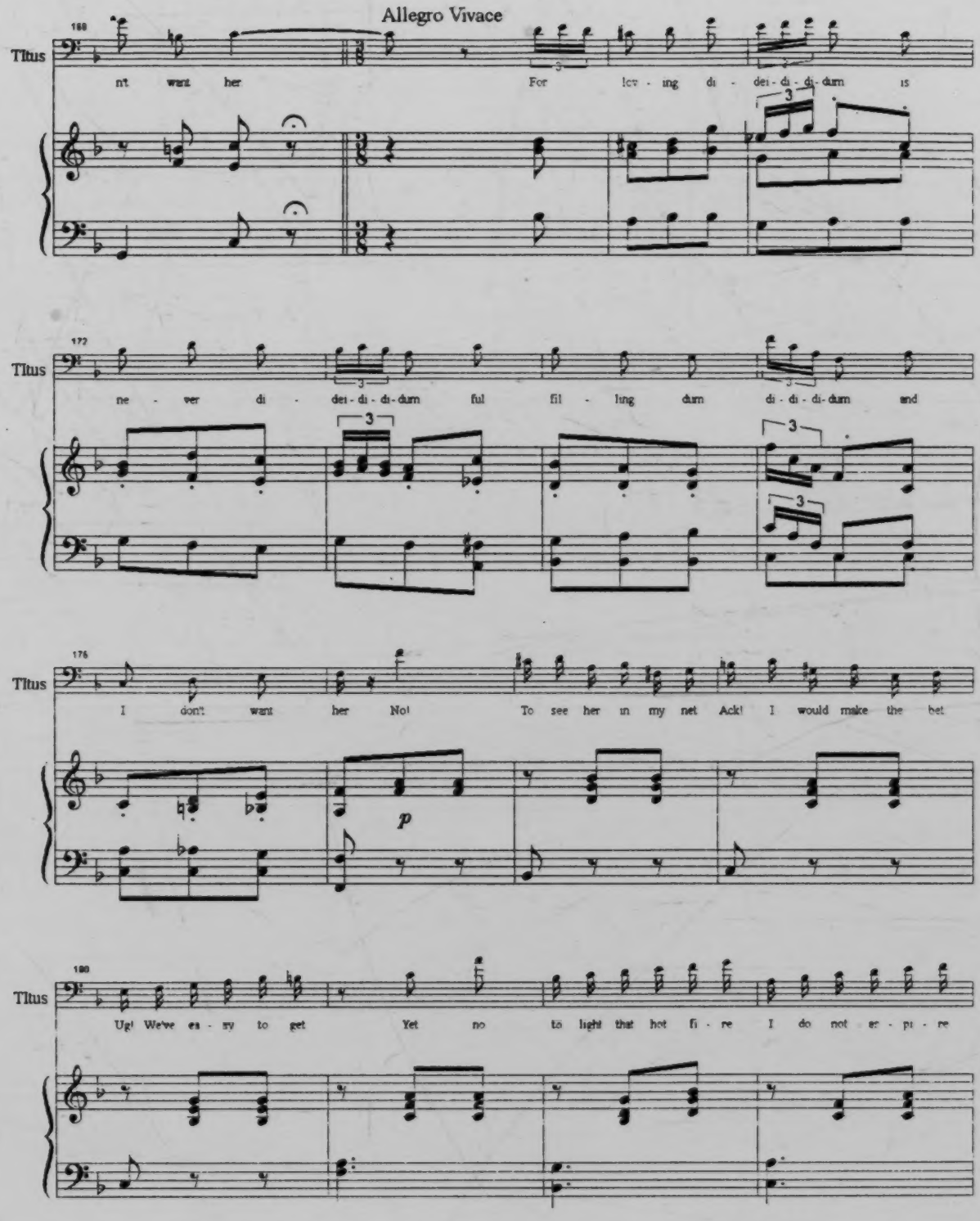
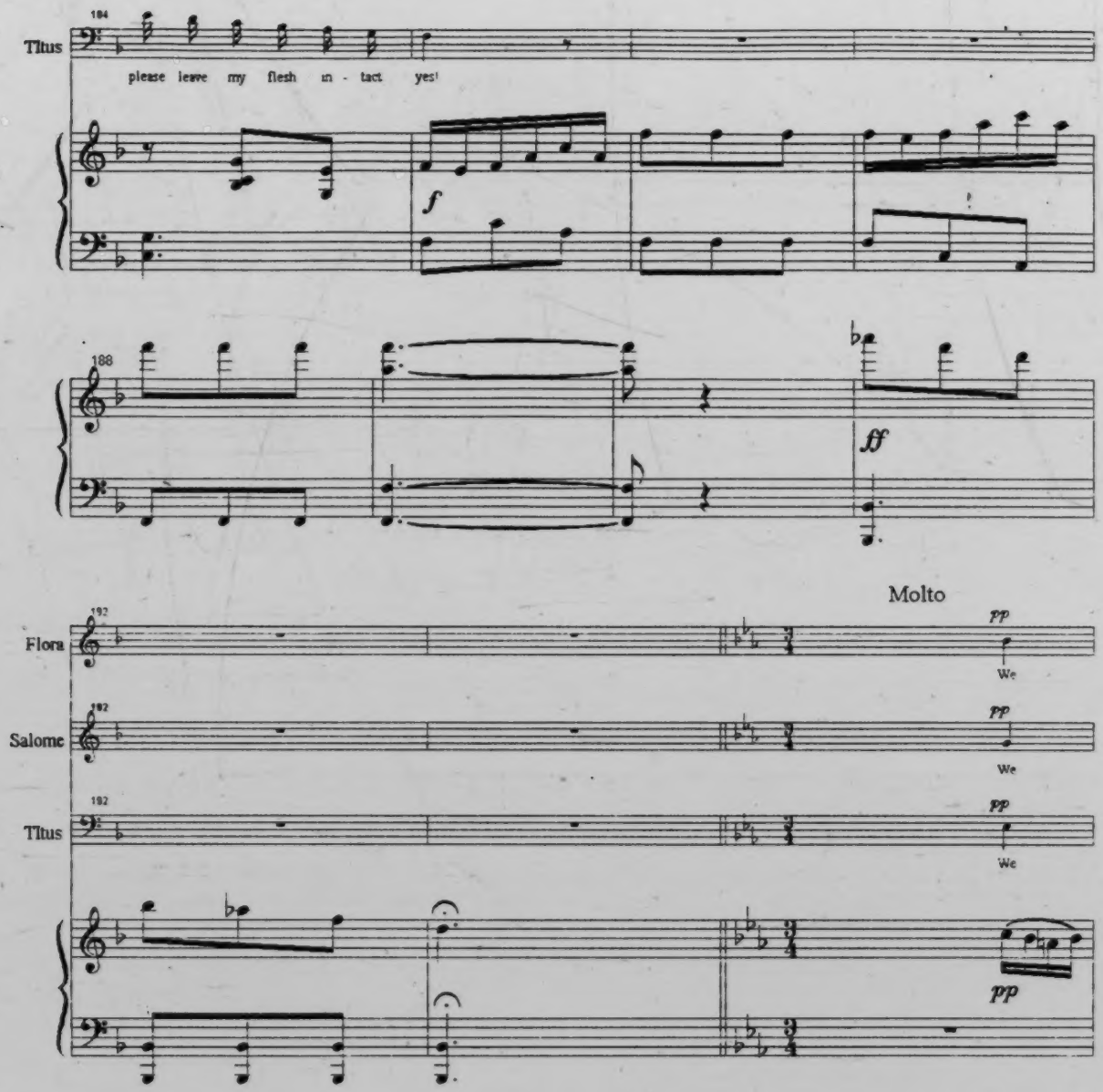
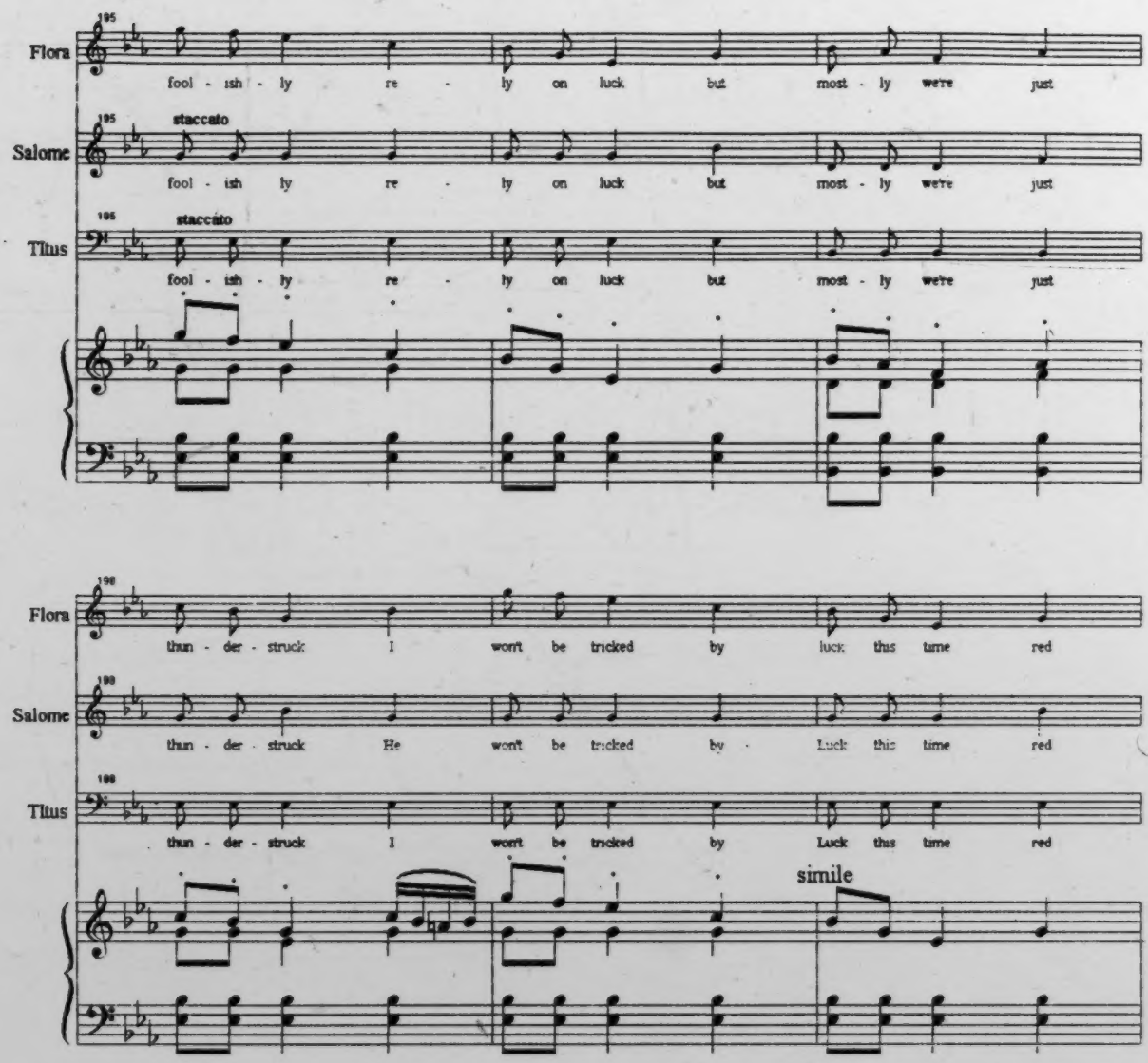
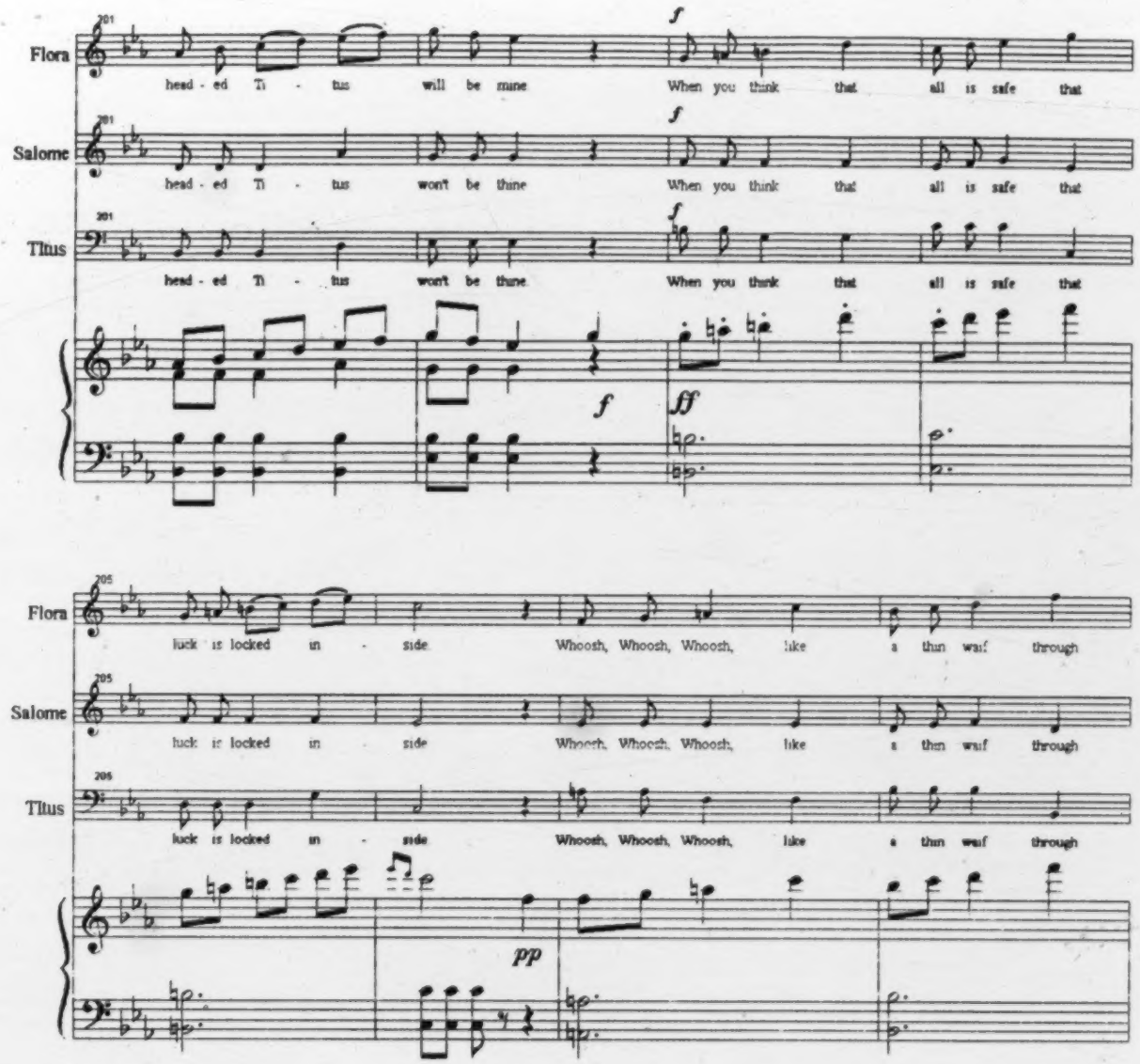
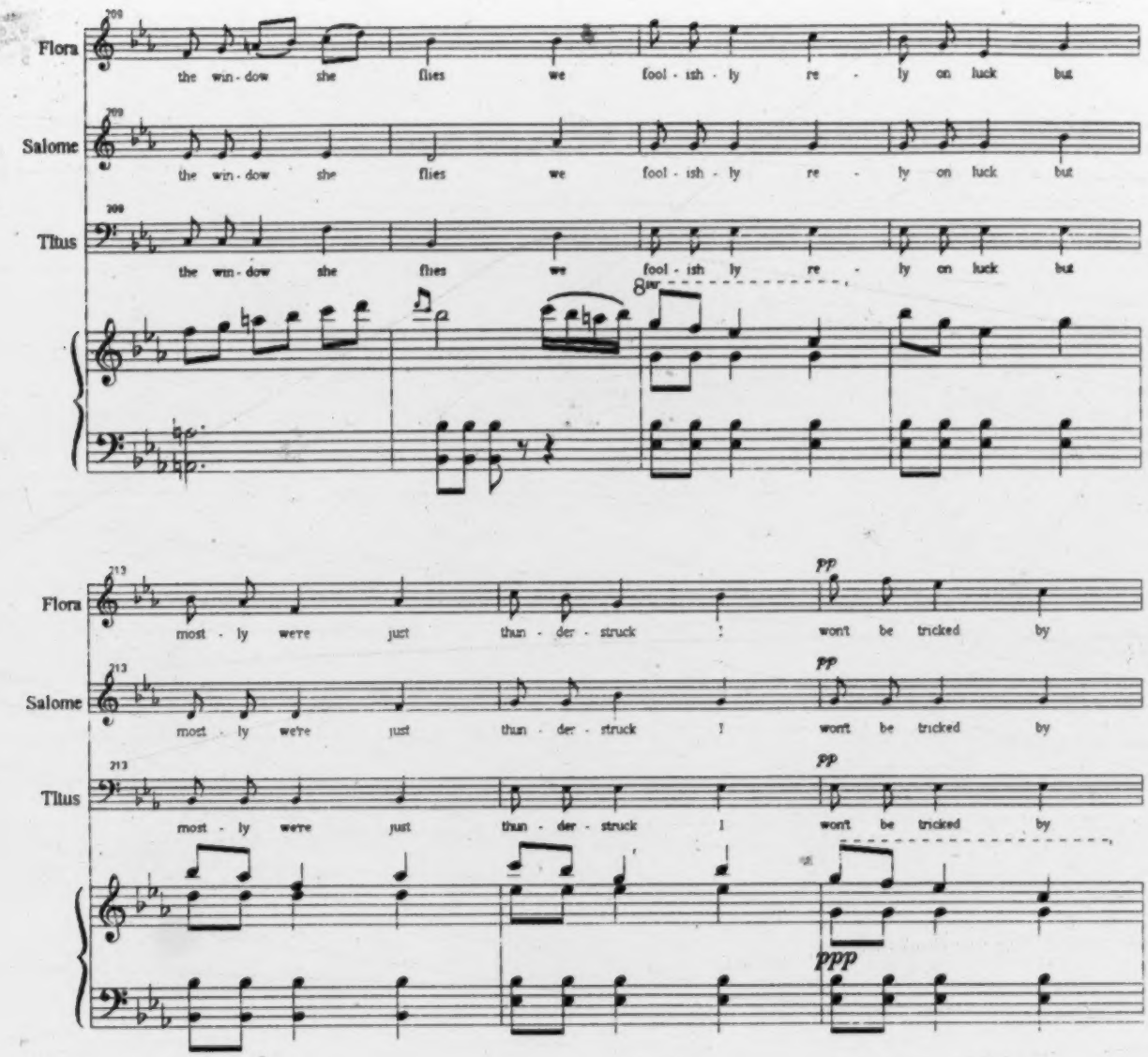
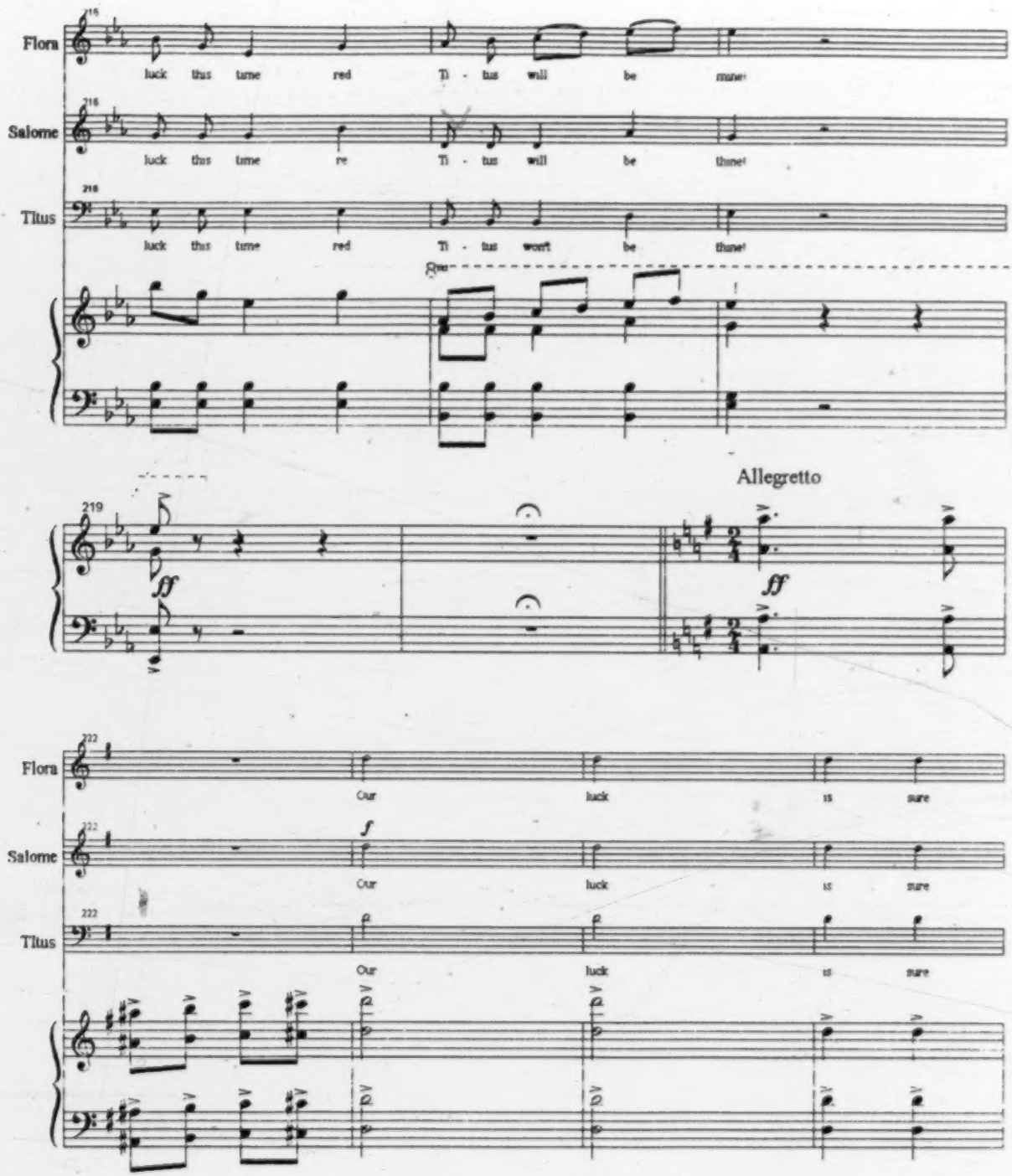
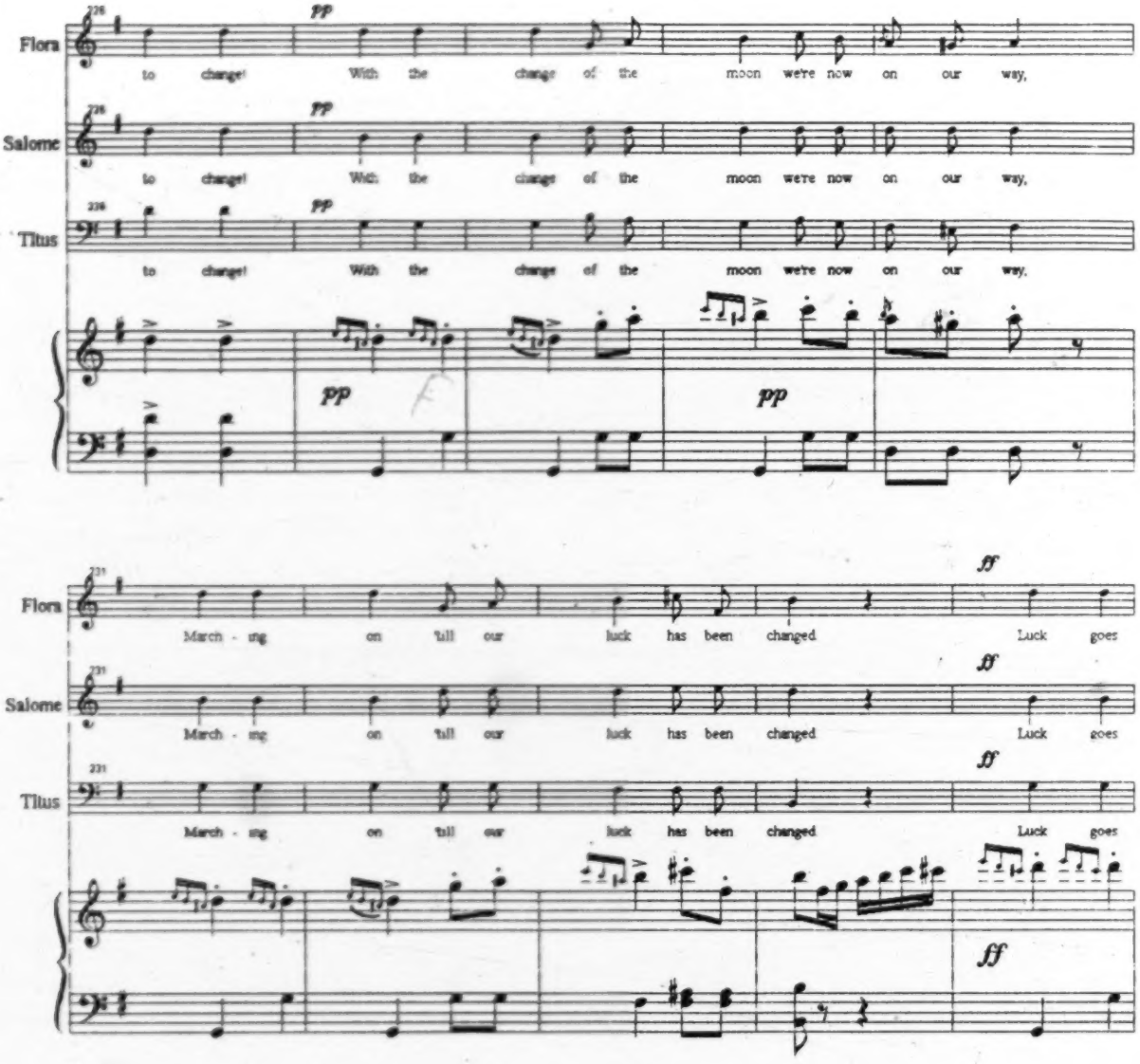
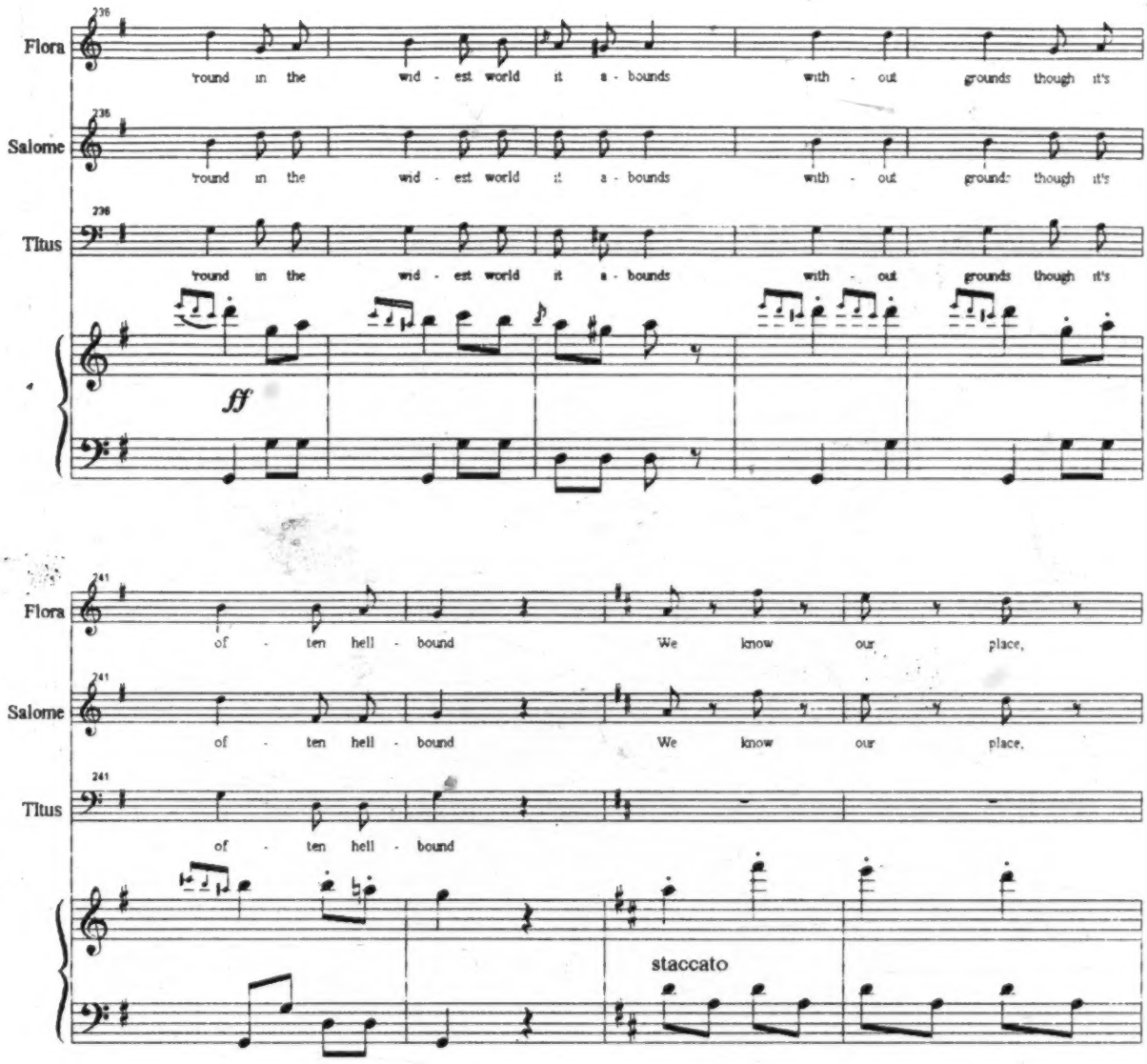
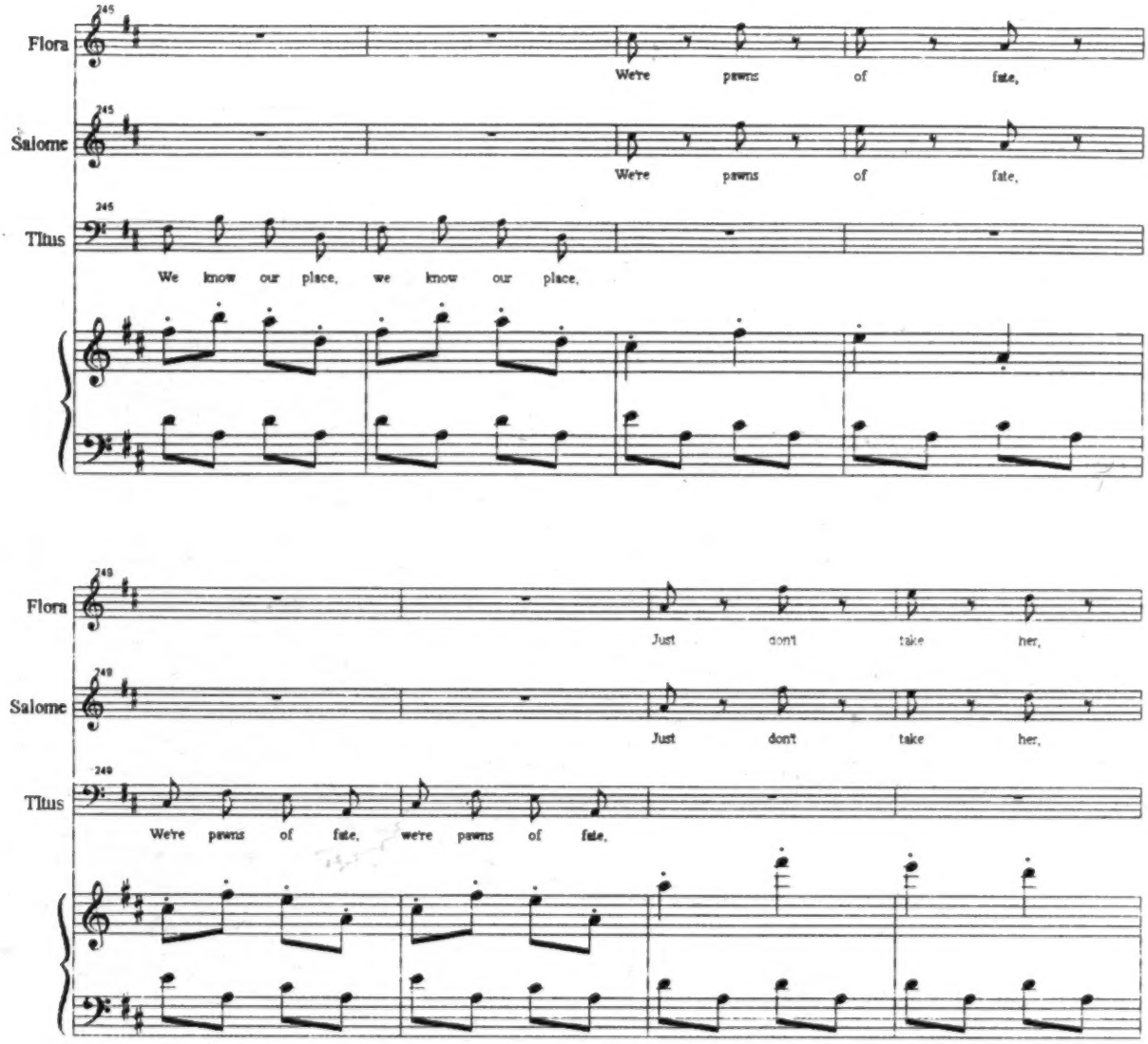
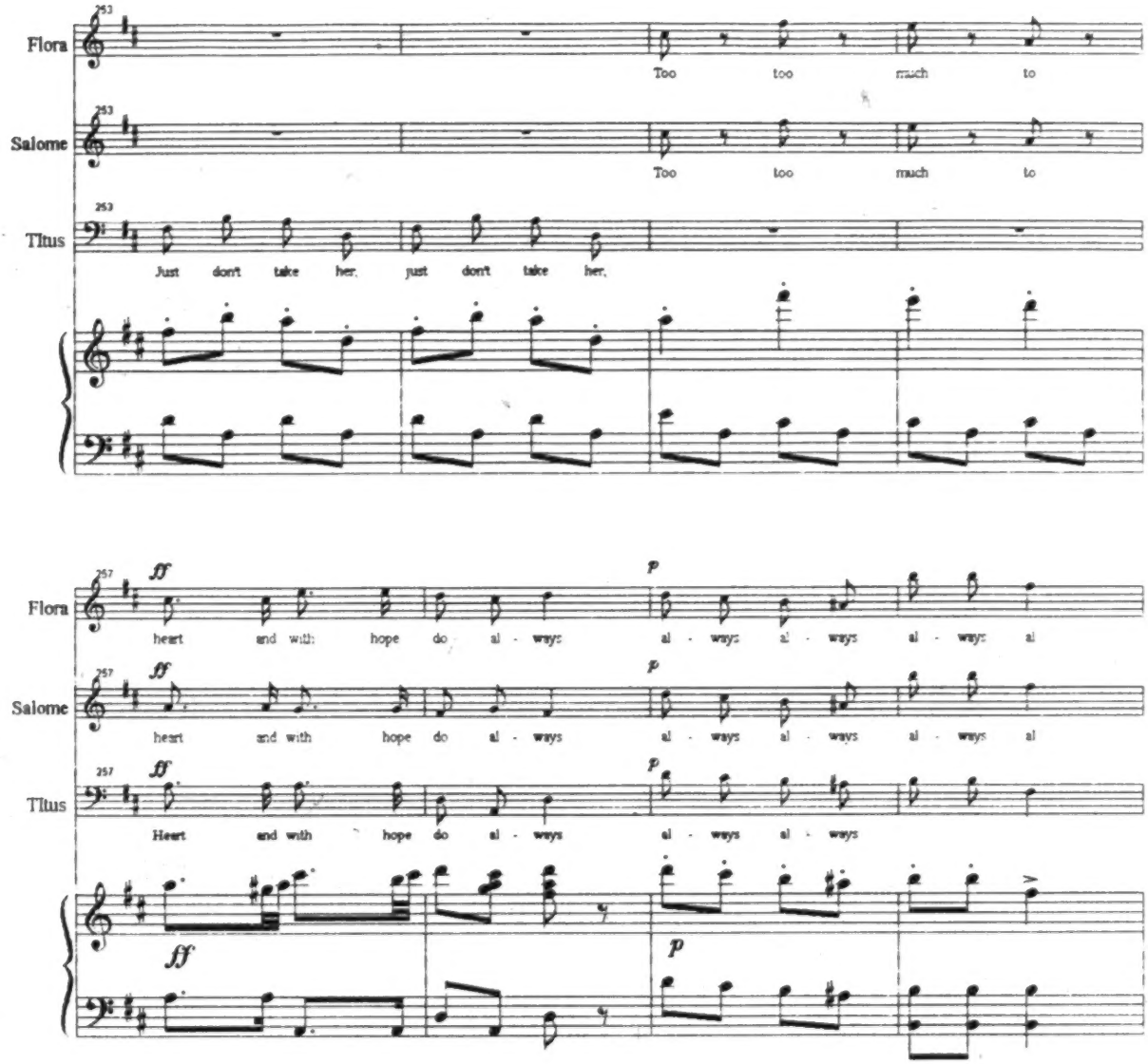
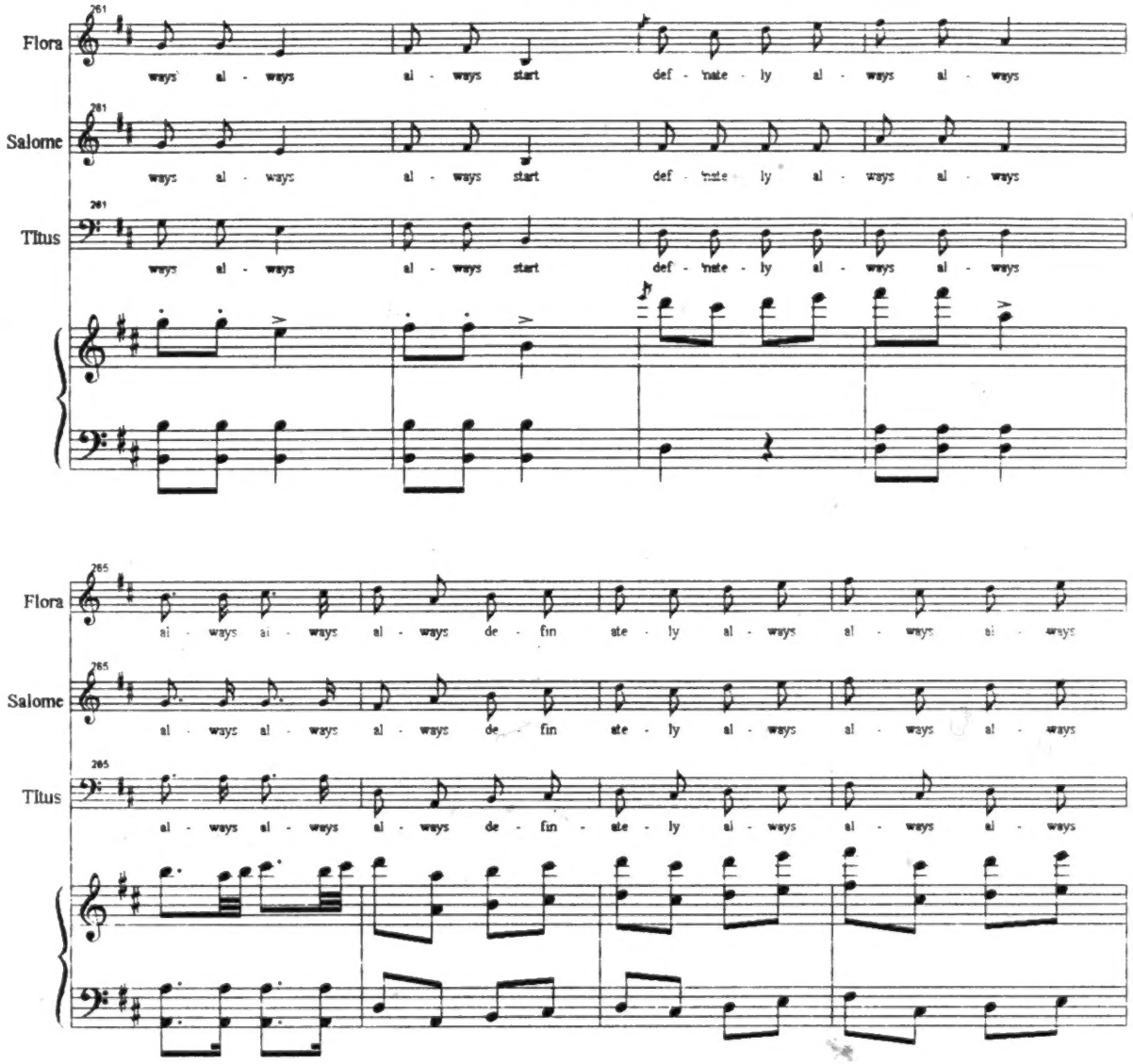
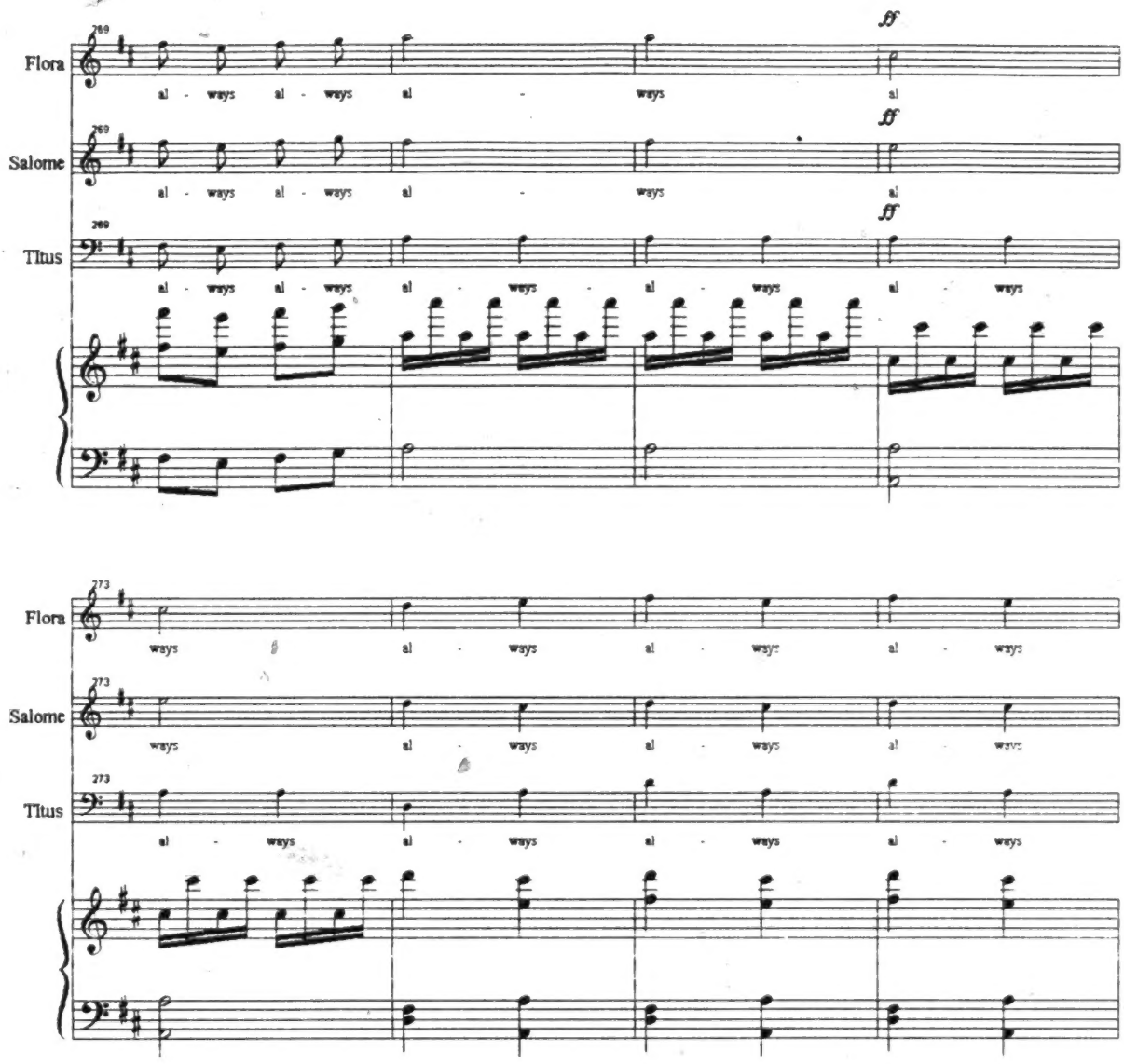

S
dice. At la - dy Cy - press - cas - tle in sour - ee We de - light in the mus - es and
T
dice At la - dy Cy - press - cas - tle in sour - ee We de - light in the mus - es and
B
dice At la - dy Cy - press - cas - tle in sour - ee We de - light in the mus - es and

S
T
B
21
in the tes, De - light in the mus - es and in tes, De - light in the mus - es
in the tes, De - light in the mus - es and in tes, De - light in the mus - es
in the tes, And in tes,

S
T
B
25
and in tes
and in tes
and in tes

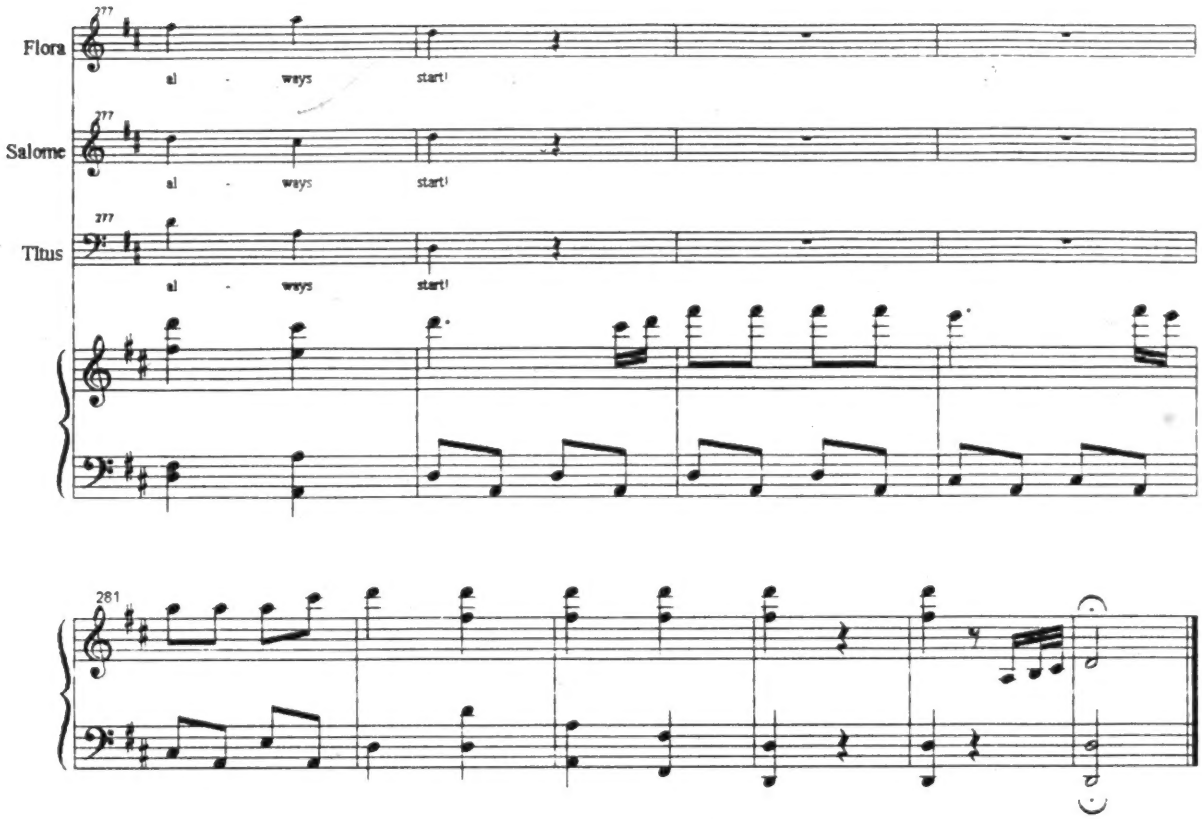
Song 8 (II.xxvii): Ladies and Gentlemen

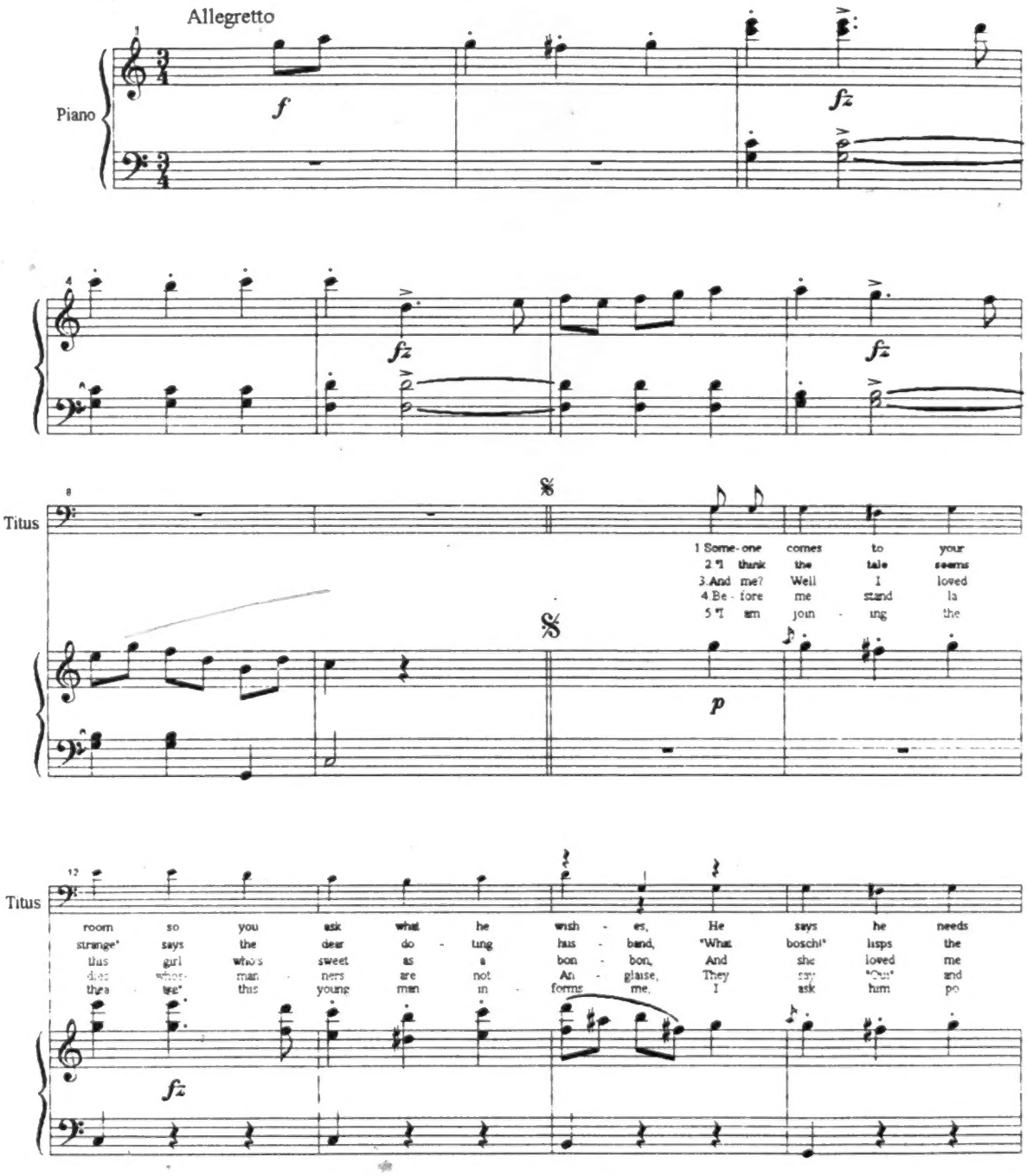
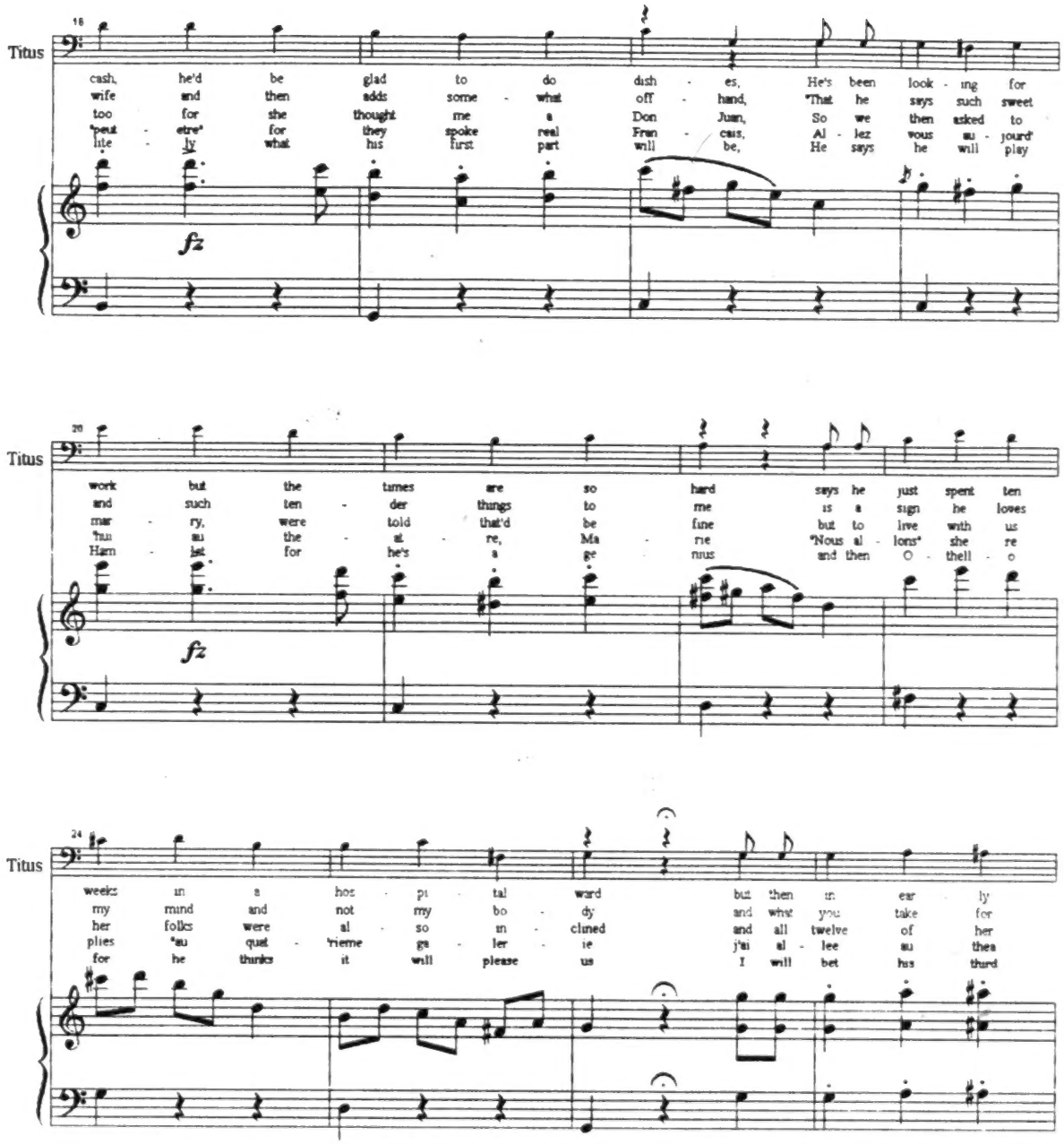
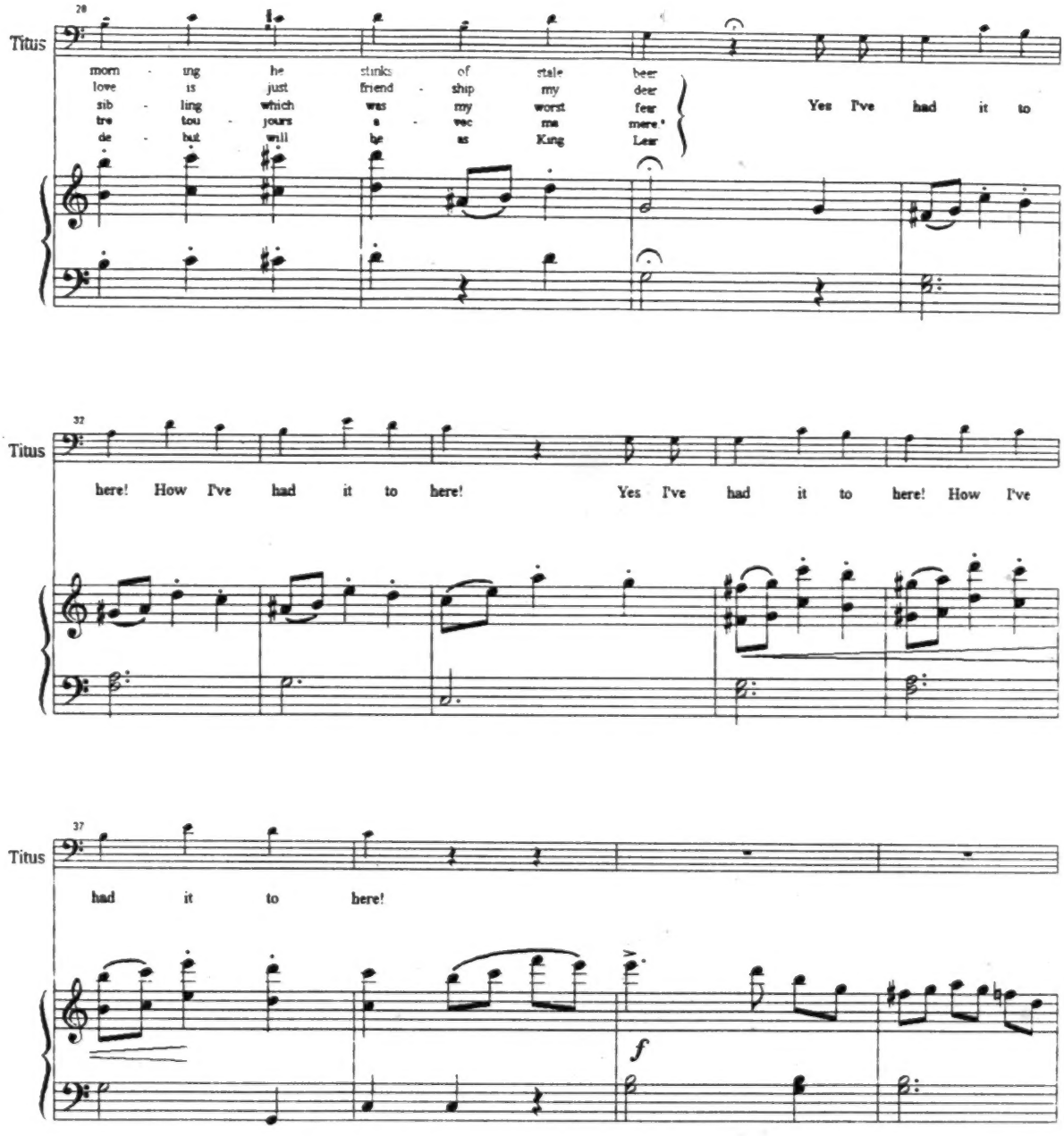
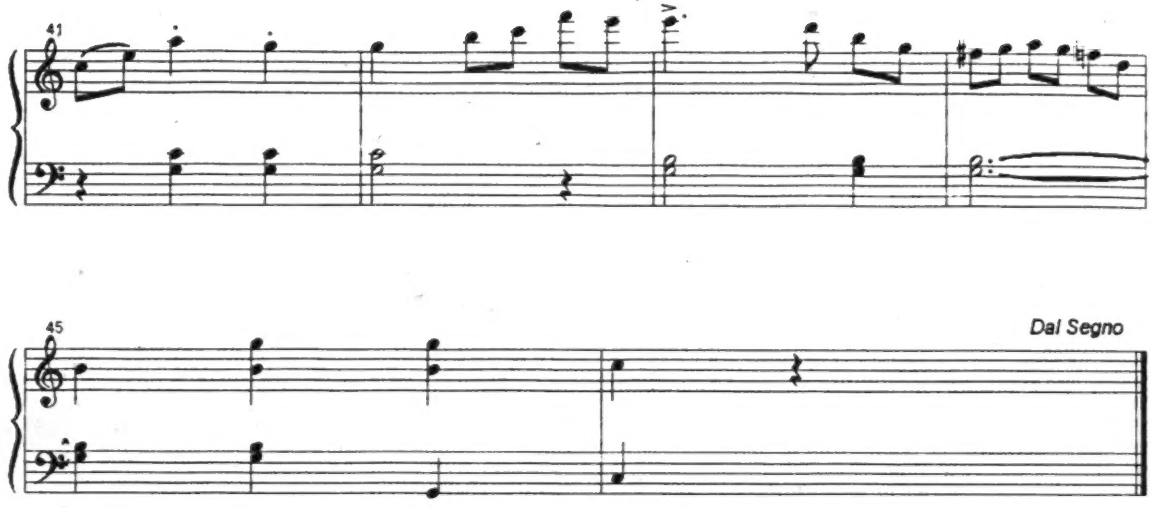
"Oh My Word"

Allegro
Soprano
Tenor
Bass
Piano
Oh! My word
Oh! My word
Oh! My word
ff
S
T
B
did you no - tice that? We must at - tempt not to laugh, We must
did you no - tice that? We must at - tempt not to laugh, We must
did you no - tice that? We must at - tempt not to laugh, We must

S
at - tempt not to laugh!
T
at - tempt not to laugh!
B
at - tempt not to laugh!
12
16
20
24

28

Song 9 (III.xi): Titus, Flora, Salome

Quodlibet-Terzett

Flora
Ach dear Ti - tus hark to
Titus
hear you call - ing me
f
Flora
me I have no peace and can - not rest - Can I have been so pre - ju
Titus
Then speak and I will do my best
p
Flora
diced I have no peace and can't rest can I have been so pre - ju - diced
Titus
Yes you were I'm un - im - pressed then speak and I will do my best could you have been more pre - ju - diced
p

Flora
I have no peace and can't rest no I can't rest can't rest!
Titus
Yes you were I'm un - im-pressed yes un - im - pressed im: pressed!
f
Molto
Flora
Please for-give my dis-cri-mi-na-tion for I
Flora
have an ex - pi - an - a - tion Won't you lis - ten? - Oh I
Titus
Well then what then?

Molto
Flora
with - er - woe me.
Titus
De-light - ful
Should I be poor-ly
Titus
treat - ed mus - han - died by you people?
Far - a - way from these
ff
Titus
flat lands I will form new kinds of love bands In Switzer - land I will find
p
ff
p

Allegro
Flora
Of my tem - per I
Titus
a mad end end this frust - less mas - que - rade
p
Flora
failed to be mast - er for - give me and
Flora
please don't be hard It's real - ly not
Flora
such a dis as - ter or hur - my mis

Flora
take gone too far?
f
Recitative
Flora
But
Titus
How in me re-venge rag - es! Yes how ho - nor How love spurs it e - ver on-ward
Flora
will you go a - gain?
Titus
Yes I will go gay and free Your love I will not

Allegro molto
Flora
Ach you cant im - a - gine cant be - lie - ve all the
Titus
be
That I could wake her love so
f
p
Flora
tor - ments that through my breast heave yes I'm find - in' it hard to
Titus
quick - ly some - thing tells me that it's suck - ly to make buns
Flora
breath and re - gret makes my heart split in two I tell
Titus
you must then bake them but my sweet bun she wont take them
ff

Flora
you my rea - son for liv - in' all I wish for is ye - r for-giv
Titus
Her tale's a farce
p
Flora
in' don't ya re - spond to my pas - sion with cruel - ty or re
Titus
But I sure don't care
Off on a lark
Flora
ply to my tears with such scorn Don't ya re - spond to my pas - sion with
Titus
We're not a pair
do
give

Flora
cruel - ty or re - ply to my tears with such scorn, Don't ya
Titus
up you'll get no - where
re - spond to my pas - sion with cruel - ty or re - ply to my hot tears with such
do give up you'll get no - where you'll get no
Flora
scorn
Titus
where
Allegretto

101
Salome
I don't have a
p
105
Salome
sun - gie rea - son I' feel ver - y jol - ly May - be thus is
109
Salome
just the sea - son for such hap - py fol - ly There's thus big fat
113
Salome
man in there scared the wits from lit - tle me But no one up

117
Salome
there is scared for he's fool - ish as a flee But no one up
121
Salome
there is scared he's fool - ish as a flee, Ha ha ha ha ha ha
Allegretto
Allegretto
125
Salome
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
129
Salome
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

133
Salome
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha HA!
f
137
141
Flora
And what does
141
Salome
What is this?
p

Flora
she want?
Ti - tus you must watch yer
Salome
He's with her, Is he like the fat sir? That I had to
Titus
The way out is en-ti-re-ly un-known
Flora
tone We're no long - er a - lone! Ha!
Salome
Walk - in on this, It more than cer tain weren't my wish Ah!
Titus
Yes the way out is unknown Time to for-give I own Oh!

153
Flora
All those ten - der words you have said and I have heard to
153
Salome
I will just go on my way,
153
Titus
All those ten - der words I have said and you have heard to
155
Flora
me you have been re - turned what was lost what's lost what's
155
Salome
Nothin' t' say, Nope
155
Titus
you I've not been re - turned No I'm not yours not

157
Flora
lost - what is mine by luck what's mine by Luck!
157
Salome
I've got no Luck!
157
Titus
yours I'm tricked yes tricked by luck by Luck!
Allegretto
181
Titus
A - ch to see her in my net A - ch
p
184
Titus
I would make the bet yes A - ch is ea - sy to get yet no no no no I do

Allegro Vivace
Titus
nt want her For lov - ing di - dei - di - di - dum is
Titus
ne - ver di - dei - di - di - dum ful fil - ling dum di - di - di - dum and
Titus
I don't want her No! To see her in my net Ack! I would make the bet
p
Titus
Ug! We've ea - sy to get Yet no to light that hot fi - re I do not ex - pi - re

184
Titus
please leave my flesh in - tact yes!
f
188
ff
Molto
192
Flora
pp
We
Salome
Titus
pp

Flora
fool - ish - ly re - ly on luck but most - ly we're just
Salome
staccato
fool - ish ly re - ly on luck but most - ly we're just
Titus
staccato
fool - ish - ly re - ly on luck but most - ly we're just
Flora
thun - der - struck I won't be tricked by luck this time red
Salome
thun - der - struck He won't be tricked by Luck this time red
Titus
thun - der - struck I won't be tricked by Luck this time red
simile

201
Flora
head - ed Ti - tus will be mine
When you think that all is safe that
Salome
head - ed Ti - tus won't be thine
When you think that all is safe that
Titus
head - ed Ti - tus won't be thine
When you think that all is safe that
f
ff
205
Flora
luck is locked in - side
Whoosh, Whoosh, Whoosh, like a thin waif through
Salome
luck is locked in - side
Whoosh, Whoosh, Whoosh, like a thin waif through
Titus
luck is locked in - side
Whoosh, Whoosh, Whoosh, like a thin waif through
pp

Flora
Salome
Tlus
the win - dow she flies we fool - ish - ly re - ly on luck but
8va
most - ly were just thun - der - struck ! won't be tricked by
pp
ppp

Flora
luck this time red Ti - tus will be mine!
Salome
luck this time re Ti - tus will be mine!
Titus
luck this time red Ti - tus won't be mine!
Allegretto
ff
ff
Flora
Our luck is sure
Salome
f
Our luck is sure
Titus
Our luck is sure

Flora
Salome
Tlius
to change! With the change of the moon we're now on our way,
pp
March - ing on 'till our luck has been changed Luck goes
ff

Flora
Salome
Tlus
236
235
236
'round in the wid - est world it a - bounds with - out grounds though it's
'round in the wid - est world it a - bounds with - out grounds though it's
'round in the wid - est world it a - bounds with - out grounds though it's
ff
241
241
241
of - ten hell - bound We know our place,
of - ten hell - bound We know our place,
of - ten hell - bound
staccato

245
Flora
We're pawns of fate,
245
Salome
We're pawns of fate,
245
Titus
We know our place, we know our place,
248
Flora
Just don't take her,
248
Salome
Just don't take her,
248
Titus
We're pawns of fate, we're pawns of fate,

253
Flora
Too too much to
253
Salome
Too too much to
253
Titus
Just don't take her, just don't take her,
257
ff
p
Flora
heart and with hope do al - ways al - ways al - ways al
257
ff
p
Salome
heart and with hope do al - ways al - ways al - ways al
257
ff
p
Titus
Heart and with hope do al - ways al - ways al - ways
ff
p

Flora
Salome
Titus
ways al - ways al - ways start def - nate - ly al - ways al - ways
al - ways al - ways al - ways de - fin ste - ly al - ways al - ways al - ways

Flora
Salome
Tltus
al - ways al - ways al - ways al
ff

Flora
Salome
Tltus
ways al - ways al - ways al - ways

277
Flora
al - ways start!
277
Salome
al - ways start!
277
Titus
al - ways start!
281

Song 10 (III.xvi): Titus
"I've Had It To Here"

Allegretto
Piano
Titus
1 Some-one comes to your
2 "I think the tale seems
3.And me? Well I loved
4 Be - fore me stand la
5 "I am join - ing the
Titus
room so you ask what he wish - es, He says he needs
strange" says the dear do - ting has - band, "What boschi" lisps the
thus girl who's sweet as a bon - bon, And she loved me
dies whos- man - ners are not An - glaise, They say "Oui" and
this" the" this young man in forms me, I ask him po

Titus
cash, he'd be glad to do dish - es, He's been look - ing for
wife and then adds some - what off - hand, "That he says such sweet
too for she thought me a Don Juan, So we then asked to
"peut - etre" for they spoke real Fran - cais, Al - lez vous au - jourd'
lite - ly what his first part will be, He says he will play
fz
Titus
work but the times are so hard says he just spent ten
and such ten - der things to me is a sign he loves
mar - ry, were told that'd be fine but to live with us
'hui au the - at - re, Ma - rie "Nous al - lons" she re
Ham - let for he's a ge - nius and then O - thell - o
fz
Titus
weeks in a hos - pi - tal ward but then in ear - ly
my mind and not my bo - dy and what you take for
her folks were al - so in - clined and all twelve of her
plies 'au quat - 'rieme ga - ler - ie j'ai al - lee au thea
for he thinks it will please us I will bet his third

28
Titus
morn - ing he stinks of stale beer
love is just friend - ship my dear
sib - ling which was my worst fear
tre tou - jours a - vec ma mere.'
de - but will be as King Lear
Yes I've had it to
32
Titus
here! How I've had it to here! Yes I've had it to here! How I've
37
Titus
had it to here!
f

41
45
Dal Segno